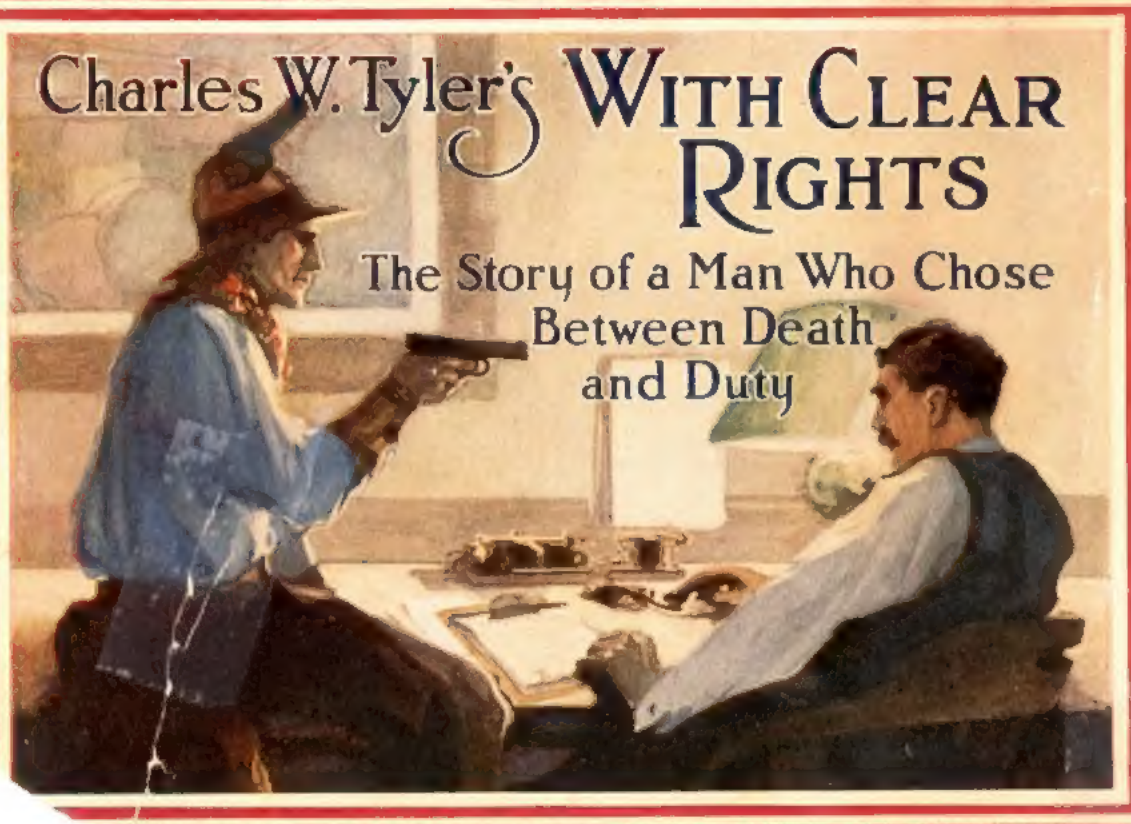
RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE



Charles W. Tyler's

WITH CLEAR RIGHTS

The Story of a Man Who Chose Between Death and Duty

MARCH

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FC

Tone and Tone Control

Two Victrola characteristics

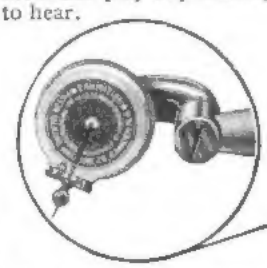
The Victrola tone is a wonderful thing. It is the tone of pure reality—throbbing with life and power. When you hear the world's greatest artists on the Victrola, you hear them just as truly as though they were singing or playing right before you.

Besides this true-to-life tone there is incorporated in the Victrola the important feature of tone-control — the ability to play each individual selection just as *you* personally want to hear it.

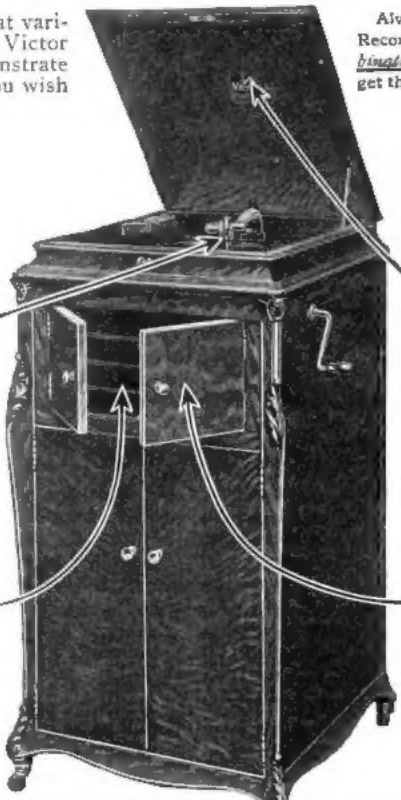
These two distinguishing features demonstrate the perfection of every detail in the Victrola. It not only brings you the world's best music in all its beauty, but enables you to enjoy it to the fullest extent.

There are Victrolas in great variety from $15 to $250 and any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear.

Always use Victrolas with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victrola tone.



The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm in playing position.



The famous Victor trademark is on every Victrola, Victor, and Victor Record.

"Goose-neck" sound-box tube—the flexible metal connection between the sound-box and tapering tone arm, which enables the Victor Needle to follow the record grooves with unerring accuracy.

Victor system of changeable needles—a perfect reproduction is possible only with a perfect point—therefore a new needle for each record is the only positive assurance of a perfect point. You also have your choice of full tone, half tone or further modification with the fibre needle.

Concealed sounding-boards and amplifying compartment of wood—provide the very limit of area of vibrating surface and sound amplifying compartment, so absolutely essential to an exact and pure tone reproduction.

Modifying doors—may be opened wide thereby giving the tone in its fullest volume; or doors may be set at any degree graduating the volume of tone to exactly suit every requirement. Closed tight the volume is reduced to the minimum and when not in use interior is fully protected.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Victrola XVI, $200
Oak or mahogany

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

FA

Manufacturers Calling for Over Two Hundred Inventions

Money Is Waiting to Back the Good Idea

(By a Washington Patent Attorney)

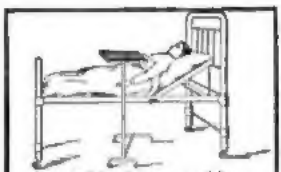
Never was there so good an opportunity for the inventor of something—*anything*—of merit as right now.

Non-Refillable Bottle readily placed with $50,000 Company

Manufacturers with money and facilities are asking for ideas—*calling* for them. The supply is not nearly equal to demand. Over 200 inventions are asked for in a list just given in a little book "What to Invent." The demand is not for anything extraordinary—just the common everyday things that make work easier or life more pleasant in the household, the shop or the field.

You might think the possibilities of the window screen had been exhausted, but I know of 28 concerns that are looking for a new screen, duly covered by patent, which they can manufacture. I know of 46 manufacturers and others who are ready to manufacture any good, patented household article such as can openers, baking pans, coffee pots, washing machines carpet sweepers and other devices.

Within the last few weeks I have received forty special requests for a dishwasher and drainer; seventeen others request an improvement in scissors. Manufacturers know that everyone must have a pair of scissors in the house, and they realize that a novelty in them would always sell in place of the old kind, and hence the demand. Among my letters are sixteen requests for a device to turn sheet music on a music stand or piano, and seventeen people are interested in the purchase of a patent on a device for holding an electric light in any position. Besides these there are hundreds of manufacturers who do not specify any particular device but state that they would be interested in anything of merit.



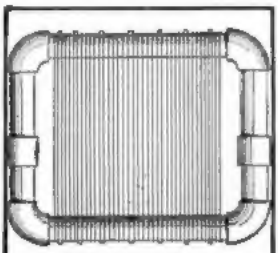
Invalid bed invented by a woman. A company was immediately organized for its manufacture

A Chicago man says: "I want something that can be sold to farmers by mail. There is practically no limit to the investment my associates would make in a good proposition." A man in Woodhaven, N.Y., says he is in the market for a small household article, light in weight, which can be sold somewhere around ten cents.

A prominent manufacturing company is interested in something to sell to hardware stores, but would also be interested in other things promising to be money-makers.

A man in Revere, Mass., says: "I am looking for something that can be manufactured, plant equipped, etc., and marketed for an outlay of not over twenty-five thousand dollars."

A big textile machinery company says they are interested in newly patented devices that can be either bought outright or manufactured on royalty. They do not require machinery inventions alone, but anything of merit.



Grain Separator The inventor sold his Canadian patent alone for $150,000

A company in Belvidere, Illinois, wants patents on small tools or metal novelties.

A Dayton, Ohio, concern writes for some machine or device that would have a general sale throughout the land.

The names and addresses of these prospective purchasers are supplied absolutely without charge by Messrs. Chandlee & Chandlee to those who obtain patents through their firm. This firm has been in practice before the Patent Office for over twenty years, and its members are, consequently, familiar with every detail of patent work. They also issue a booklet entitled "How to Obtain a Patent," which tells in simple words just how to go about protecting an invention. The two books, "What to Invent" and "How to Obtain a Patent," are both free. Why don't you write for them and learn what manufacturers are looking for and how to protect your ideas? If you have an invention, send a sketch or model and description of it to Chandlee & Chandlee, 1005 F Street, Washington, D.C. They will give you a free opinion as to whether or not it can be patented.

FB

RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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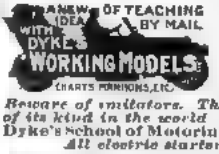

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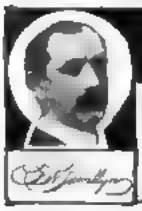

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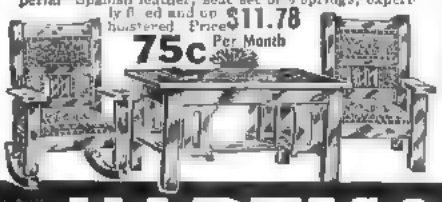

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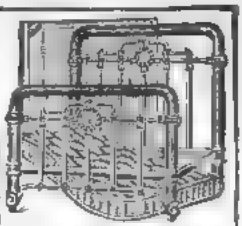

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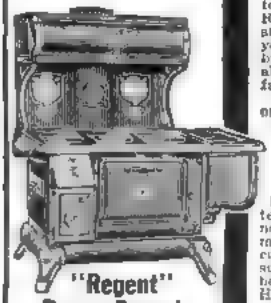

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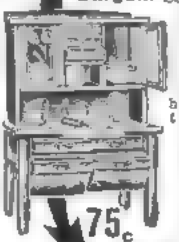

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RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

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With Clear Rights.

BY CHARLES W. TYLER,

Author of "When 505 Went to Glory," "When 6 Passed Summit Spur," "When First No. 18 Ran Wild," "Keepin' a Fire in 'Flatfoot,'" "The Hiram Stories," etc.

"Silent" Corson and "Black Jack" Meet Without Orders on the Steep Grade Between Stampede and Big Bend.

"SILENT" CORSON, third trick despatcher at Castle Rock, was alone in the bare, rough-studded, second-floor room which, crowded under the rafters of the gray, weather-beaten station, answered to the name of telegraph office.

A few minutes before the night caller had gone to call a crew for an extra east. It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, and there was about the place that undefinable hush which always pervades the atmosphere of the hour before dawn. This strange calm even laid its touch on the chattering telegraph instruments which, their night's work nearly done, seemed to be resting as they echoed the breath of the outside life in less strident voices, while the world prepared to give birth to a new day.

The despatcher's eyes were on the clock which hung on the wall before him. He frowned meditatively, turned to his order-book, studied it for a minute, ran a forefinger down across his train-sheet, then leaned back and stared into the night.

He was listening for the train-wire sounder to snap Big Bend's OS of No. 2, the East Coast Limited. Stampede had reported her by at 2.18—right on her scheduled time. She was due at Big Bend at 2.54.

Corson's glance returned to the clock. He watched the minute hand creeping on its perpetual round of reckoning—2.59, 3, 3.01, 3.02. His frown deepened. No. 2 had been running to the dot every foot of the way. And yet, trains climbing the west slope frequently lost time on the heavy grade between Stampede and Big Bend.

On any other night, Corson, in all probability, would not have given the matter a second thought, only as it would cause delays to other trains at meeting and holding points. But this night the despatcher had been following No. 2's movements in particular. He had watched her progress over every mile up through the bleak and lonely stretches of the Great Southern's Mountain Division — up toward the Continental Divide.

The only cause toward which the third-trick man could attribute the

vague sense of uneasiness which he felt, was the fact that No. 2 was carrying the pay-car which contained an unusually large amount of currency to remunerate a construction gang just west of Livingston.

The presence of the car in No. 2's train was nothing out of the ordinary. She carried it east, Castle Rock to Livingston, every Thursday. There had never been any trouble, and neither was any looked for; but it was understood that the despatcher would, however, keep his eye on her. This night, acting almost unconsciously, Corson had been unusually careful to follow her movements.

Everything on the division had been moving with the smooth, mechanical precision of clockwork—was moving with that even, pulsating throb of a well-regulated machine—up till 2.54—so far as the despatcher knew.

The Pacific Mail, No. 5, a train made inferior by direction, was coming against the limited. These two opposing trains—both of the same class—were to meet at Napavine: No. 2, the superior, and No. 5, the inferior. But with No. 2 running late and, possibly, losing time, it would mean the loss of many valuable minutes to No. 5, as she held at the designated meeting point for the arrival of No. 2.

Corson was thinking of this as he watched the minute-hand slowly passing from the hour to the 5 past, and then, 3.06, 3.07, 3.08.

At 3.09 the despatcher decided to arrange a new meeting point. No. 2 was fourteen minutes late. He reached for the key—and then hesitated.

Should he lay out No. 5, with her long, trailing train of Pullman sleepers, heavily loaded express and mail cars, at Napavine, and give No. 2, because of her superiority—and the pay-car—all the best of it, or should he hold No. 2, for reason of her tardiness, at the lonely water-tank siding at Wind River—that he might save No. 5 from running late?

Corson did not have to answer that question for himself—not then. But before his night's work was done he had a far greater, more vital problem to solve—a bigger thing to do.

Silent Corson was not a popular man. He was not good enough a mixer for that. He had few friends, and he made none. He always kept to himself, had little to say, and was mild of manner.

From 11 P.M. to 7 A.M. he sat in at the third trick. He was a good despatcher; beyond that, little was known about him—past or present. It is not considered good etiquette, out there in the Rockies, to exhibit *too* great a degree of inquisitiveness regarding something which does not have a direct bearing on one's own personal affairs; so he was never questioned very closely. In fact, few had sufficient interest in him to do so anyway.

The Mountain Division was getting shaken down into a permanent, single-tracked right-of-way. And the best, at that time, were a pretty rough lot. Corson was different. It wasn't his kind of a life. Why he chose it is something of which many have attempted to write.

To theorize on the actions of a young man who is in love is one thing; to idealize is another. But cold, bed-rock *realism* is something with which Silent Corson had to deal. That will come in a minute.

Just when or where on the division he first got the name Silent is hard to say. How he got it is an easier question. He was so entirely different. It was the contrast. It was something too deep for the rough-spoken, hard-fisted men with whom he came in contact. They couldn't fathom him; and so they called him Silent.

So it will remain — Silent Corson. A name that will be remembered out on the Great Southern's Mountain Division long after bigger, more eminent and more famous names chronicled in the pages of the history of the road have been forgotten.

Corson came to Castle Rock because

that was as far as his money would take him. He came West because the country was new, and, apparently, offered greater opportunities than the seemingly overcrowded East. He came, a bungling telegraph-operator—a "ham"—looking for a "baching" job. He wanted to make good because there was a girl—back East.

The name of *this* girl is of no consequence.

It was the same old story: The great, golden rainbow of opportunity which ever appears through the mist on the western horizon with its alluring pot of gold and fame—and the girl who waits.

Many have gone; many have waited. And so, in all probability, it will be in the years that are to come, just as it has been in the years that have passed. Some find gold and fame—then forget; but more often there is no gold and no fame, and on returning there is no one waiting—which is, perhaps, just as well. It has been a pretty grim old game on both sides.

Corson neither found much gold nor *much* fame; but he found work. And he did not forget.

There was nothing soft about holding down a job at some of the Mountain Division's tiny, gray telegraph stations out on that isolated stretch of iron—out where the solitude and not incompetency lifts the operator; but Corson worked and studied with a heart full of love and a soul full of ambition. For he cared for the girl—a great deal, and out on those kind of jobs a man has more time to think than is good for him.

The girl? Yes, she cared, too, in a way. That is, she wasn't quite sure—then. She liked her gay little life of social activities, which was only quite natural. And it was, oh, *so* lonely—waiting. Then, after the first few months, it was so hard to spare the time to write so often.

To Corson, who noted the ever lengthening lapses between the arrival of her letters, there came that grim awakening. She was drifting away from him — drifting away on time's tide of life—on that tide which hopes to heal all wounds of Cupid's making.

She was slipping out of his life, because he had not yet saved enough—was not making quite enough for two. So he thought. She might not have agreed with him. It is hard to say; but he was not a despatcher then.

And, again, he realized that to bring the girl away from her kind of a life it would prove a desolate and forsaken country — that mighty cold, black range of those far-reaching and silent Rockies. So he did not ask her, and that, too, was perhaps a mistake.

The months slipped swiftly by; and then the years. But as time passed and the letters ceased, neither quite forgot.

And that was Silent Corson, the man who leaned over the telegraph table that night in the despatcher's office at Castle Rock. His hair was touched with gray at the temples, there were wrinkles around his eyes, and in their somber depths a look that had been there long. Even before her *last* letter came. He had aged since then; and not entirely with years.

Now, with his eyes fixed on the train-sheet, with the insistent but subdued murmur of many metallic relay and sounder tongues in his ears, with his mind engrossed in the matter at hand, Silent Corson failed to hear the outer door as it swung softly open; he failed to see the sinister form which moved stealthily into the room; he failed to glimpse the two beady, close-set eyes which were fixed steadily upon him—but he felt them.

He was gripped by that strange, unexplainable sixth sense which has the power to communicate a vague, indefinite something between an individual and an unknown presence.

With a start he jerked himself erect in his chair. He found himself confronted by a short, weazen-featured person, who held an ugly looking automatic on a direct line with his face.

The despatcher grasped the edges

of the table, half rose and then dropped back as he stared at the man before him.

Corson recognized the face. It was Black Jack, the outlaw, the long sought train robber who had engineered the attempted hold-up of No. 6 at Summit Spur; whose photograph adorned every public bulletin board within the radius of the Great Southern's system.

He was the man who had covered Dick Martin, one night, up there on the Continental Divide. A score of lives were charged to this man.

In an instant Corson realized that he was in the power of a man as grim and merciless as any outlaw the West had known: Black Jack from up in the Shoshone's — up in the Black Horse Cañon country.

The despatcher's mind flashed to the pay-car; but that had long since left Castle Rock. No. 2 was carrying it; and No. 2 was some eighty miles east, battling her way up toward the Continental Divide.

Why, then, was this man here? Corson failed to understand the man's motive for appearing in the despatcher's office at division headquarters — right under the noses of men who would shoot him on sight.

The outlaw, in turn, was studying Corson's face. For an instant both were silent; then the intruder uttered one short, terse command:

"Stick 'em up!"

Corson hesitated a minute. And then as he slowly raised his hands above the table, he inquired evenly:

"What's your game, Jack?"

The reply was dry and grim.

"*I'm your relief.*"

In one, swift, all-seeing flash, Corson understood—he remembered. This man was an operator — he knew the Morse. *He* was going to sit in!

Corson's face went white. He remained silent; but his mind was active.

The outlaw stepped quickly behind the despatcher, brushed his hand across the latter's pockets, yanked the drawer out of the telegraph table, then, satisfied that Corson was unarmed, he said:

"Lis'en now, Mr. Despatcher. Lis'en, sharp, an' get yer runnin' orders. Then see that yer foller 'em, or I'll have t' annul yer rights with a '38' order." And he shook the blue-barreled gun ever so slightly; but with grim significance.

He paused a minute after that and eyed Corson with keen, speculative scrutiny. He glanced first at the clock and then at the train-sheet. He appeared satisfied with his inspection, for he said:

"Yer can lower them hooks, now; but see that yer keep 'em off th' keys No funny work; an' no delays. This is our last job, an' it's goin' through or some one gets free transp'tation to th' happy huntin' groun'. Remember, I'm follern' th' stuff yer put on th' wire. One click that's got any 'S O S' stunt to it, an' out goes yer light. *Now!* Stick th' red out f'r No. 2 at Big Bend. Yes; yer can charge it t' me f'r knockin' 'er out; that was part of th' game."

Mechanically, Corson opened the key, called Big Bend and upon receiving an answer, snapped "31 East."

"Give 'er a meet with No. 5 at Wind River instead o' Napavine!" was the next command as the outlaw glanced at the open order-book.

Corson was puzzled. It was the order he had been intending to send himself when he found that No. 2 was losing time. What *was* this ghastly game. Was it to be a show-down between his wits and quickness of thought and action against Black Jack — and the gun?

He sent the order.

The outlaw's next words came cold and deliberate. Each one distinct in itself. Corson was completely unnerved by the terribleness of the thing. His hands clenched till they went white.

"Give — No. — 5 — an — order— to—meet—No.—2—at *Big—Bend*— instead—of—Napavine!"

Corson whirled half way around in his chair, struggled to an attitude half erect, and faced the other man. One hand clutched the edge of the table; the other the back of his chair. He was shaking like a leaf of poplar.

"For God's sake!" he almost shrieked. "Do you know what *that* means? It's a *lap order! A—lap—order!*"

Silent Corson was filled with a wild frenzy of rage. It was something wholly foreign to his nature. It left him weak and shaken. After that first sudden outburst of passion he sank back into his chair, white and trembling. But his mouth was set, and there was a defiant light in his eyes.

"I'll see you in hell first!" he gritted.

The outlaw laughed — short, hard, and mirthless.

"Not me—first! Remember, *I* got th' drop! *Now!* You send that order! An' send it quick!" He glanced at the clock. "Before No. 5 gets away from that brass pounder up at Elkhorn."

Corson made no move, but sat staring straight before him—thinking.

"Send it!" came the low, insistent command, grim with its insinuation. "Send it, or I'll short circuit yer day line an' send it m'self!"

There were men on the division who said that Corson's silence covered up a yellow streak. Others held to the old maxim that still water runs deep; and while there might be a current of yellow in the depths, they maintained that it wasn't quite fair to hold it against him until its presence became visible on the surface. But even those who were generous enough in their views to give him the benefit of the doubt, more than half suspected that it was somewhere in his silent make-up.

Now that is a question which must be decided outside of this story. For it may resolve itself into a matter of opinion.

Would Silent Corson have done just as he did, if it had not been for that strange message which chattered through on Western Union commercial copper, No. 138? Did he need that sad incentive — that communication which the relay whispered to him from the outside world—from his yesterday —and the girl's. Or does that make any difference in the deed? Should that enter into the general summing up at all?

Corson sat studying the face of the man before him. There was neither compassion nor feeling in the cold, immobile features. It was like an image of Saturn chiseled in granite.

The despatcher realized that whatever the grim play was he might as well seek for traces of clemency in the hideous faces on a totem pole as to look for any mercy from this man who came down from the rugged fastness of the Black Horse Cañon country to attempt this daring hold-up. And Corson was not thinking of himself—of his own danger should he make one false move.

He realized that it must be a play for time, with an everlasting prayer for something to shift the uneven odds.

Corson's mind grasped at every frail and elusive straw in his effort to find some way to checkmate this man's ghastly game. He knew that it was far better to play into the outlaw's hand for a time than to rashly commit some act which would terminate his own usefulness and only further the ends of the other.

With this thought in his mind he called Elkhorn and sent the lap order to No. 5. Then he sat back to wait.

At three-eighteen the train-wire sounder snapped the signature of No. 2's conductor, at Big Bend. Corson gave the complete and let the Limited go by.

The outlaw gave a short nod of satisfaction and a grunt of approval as he caught the import of the instrument's short-lived activity. Corson only moved uneasily in his chair and again turned to study the other's face.

"I suppose," the despatcher ventured

slowly, after a minute, as he sought to engage the desperado in conversation that he might, perhaps, slip something —some note of warning—over the wire unobserved, "I suppose, that whatever your hellish plans are, your chief objective point is the pay-car on No. 2?"

Black Jack laughed: a sneering, contemptuous laugh.

"Huh! Th' *pay-car?* Thirty or forty thousan' bucks in gold t' cart off? Nuthin' doin' alon' that line, bo! *This* is a *big* haul; an' it's goin' t' be a long one with a quick getaway. So yer c'n bet yer last iron man that we're runnin' light."

"What we *are* after," he continued, as he swung one leg across the far corner of the table and rested the automatic lightly on his left arm, but still keeping it on a line with the despatcher's face, while his eyes followed Corson's every glance and every movement, "what we *are* after is some three hundred thousan' in yeller backs all wrapped up in nice sealed packages in th' first express car on *No. 5.*

"Some o' them wise Fargo guys in Chi got a idea that they could slip it through to th' coast on th' Q.T.; an' without any guard but th' messenger. He's asleep by now, if he wan't wise enough t' spill th' safe combination when they boarded 'em at th' last water stop. They "soup" th' safe — if it comes t' that—j'st after the drag clears Wind River. After that it's unload an' getaway. Wind River's OS is *my* signal t' high-ball. D'ye savvy th' lay, now, cully?"

Corson's face was as white as if marked with the imprint of death. He sat tense and rigid. His answer broke through his dry lips in high-pitched and unnatural tones.

"*No!* I'll be hanged if I do! Why is it necessary to let two human-freighted trains into each other? What are you dirty stick-up artists doing that for? What in the name of Heaven kind of a rotten game is that? Why are you making a holocaust out of it —why are you sacrificing human souls after you've already got your bloody hands on the money?"

The outlaw smiled: an ugly little grimace

"That's a blind! A stall! That's t' cover up our getaway. You'll either be absent or found here with a gun beside yuh! Th' book'll show a lap order! *You* made a bull an' skipped—or plugged yerself.

"By th' time they sort th' express car an' safe out of th' mess, up there at Wind River, an' get wised up to th' fact that th' long green is missin', why, by then, we'll be a good tidy bit on our way out of th' country. An' you? You'll be right here ferryin' Jordan, or perhaps hikin' east with me an' th' guy who's doin' the sentry act down-stairs.

"When we come up with th' rest of th' gang we'll, maybe, turn yer loose; but that's only in case you act gen't'manly enough so's we'll feel like botherin' with yer that long.

"*Now,* d'ye get me?"

Corson did; but he did not answer. He was thinking—thinking as only a man can think who faces a grim alternative with self-sacrifice, even a seemingly useless factor to be used against the approaching disaster. The audacity of the plan was almost incomprehensible.

At three-twenty Napavine flashed an OS of No. 5. The heavy, Pacific mail train was streaking along, right on her schedule, toward Big Bend—the meet she'd never make. Sweeping over the Mountain Division's single iron, trusting to the flimsy, yellow tissue train-orders tucked in the jumper of her grimy engineer and crammed into the side pocket of her blue-coated conductor—train orders that were sending her straight down toward No. 2's big helper engine.

And there was just one chance in a thousand — just one. One miserably weak, undefined ray of hope which rested on a man whose first move would invite a leaden death — Silent Corson.

Minutes passed. The telegraph instruments chattered spasmodically. The big pendulum swung slowly backward and forward as it ticked the time away. The outlaw silent, alert, with a grim watchfulness, waited. There was not one trace of emotion on his weazen, rat-shaped face. Commiseration was as entirely foreign to his make-up as is passion on the face of the Sphinx.

Corson watched the minute hand. He watched it from the .20 to the .25; then, .26, .27, .28, .29—3.30. Eight minutes and it would be everlastingly too late.

And then — Corson's attention was attracted to the murmuring of a relay —a relay through which Western Union commercial copper, No. 138, was working one way.

There had been a failure somewhere up in the mountains and the line was temporarily patched with a stretch of iron wire. The repeater chief at Ashland had called Castle Rock in for a test to see how it came through. It was bad and the wire had been set up to work single instead of duplex.

After the test earlier that night the despatcher had neglected to cut the line through his office. It was still plugged in, at the switch-board, so that the current passed through one of his instruments. Commercial business was now rippling through this main-line relay. It was a breath of the outside world —the world east of the Rockies. Chicago was relaying a message from New England.

Corson listened for a minute—and then gave a start. He caught a (from). It was his home — the old home town back in the Bay State.

Unconsciously, he stiffened in his chair; and then leaned toward the chattering instrument. As the magnet attracts steels, just so the metallic tongue of that relay caught and held Silent Corson. He forgot everything for the instant as the Morse, flowing swiftly through, left its meaning seared across his brain.

He was listening to a death message!

It was the girl! She had crossed life's great meridian! And her last words had been for him—of him. She wished him to know—if they ever found him. She sent her love! She hoped that they'd meet—later on!

Corson caught his breath. A great lump rose in his throat and choked him. Tears sprang into his eyes. And then his face lighted with a smile.

He glanced at the outlaw. It was going to be so easy—this thing he had to do. And then he'd go to meet her —the girl. He wouldn't keep her waiting—long—over there.

There had been a mistake—it had been all wrong, somehow. They both had waited too long on this side of the Divide.

The despatcher glanced again at the clock. It was three-thirty-six. In just two minutes No. 5, the Pacific Mail, would come roaring down out of the blackness to the East and, with a sobbing rush of air, would thunder past the station at Wind River and sweep on into the blackness to the West—to meet No. 2, the East Coast Limited.

Silent Corson's right hand shot forward and rested on the train-wire key. Black Jack sprang to his feet. The hand that held the gun became tense. He stepped back and raised his arm.

"Get away fr'm that key!" was the hoarse command. "Get away fr'm it, or by—"

He was interrupted by the despatcher who motioned for quiet with a slow gesture of his left hand, while he turned on the outlaw such a look as the other had never seen on the face of man before.

Corson's features were like marble. They were white and rigid. His eyes shone with a strange, fierce light. He was cool and self-possessed now. When he spoke his voice contained a compelling note of power. There was neither fear nor emotion in its tone. It was like the flow of a mighty river: slow, placid, cold.

"Just as sure as death—just so sure—there's going to be no wreck at Wind River to-night!"

And he opened the key.

Then he began calling: "wr-wr-wr-ds, wr-wr-wr-ds."

The sounder broke. Wind River answered.

The outlaw uttered an oath, leveled the automatic—then hesitated.

With his Morse still clear and steady, Silent Corson sent, "Hold No.—"

There was a vicious spurt of flame from the black muzzle of the pistol followed by a sharp report! Then another! The despatcher seemed to wither after the manner of a leaf which has been exposed to a sudden, fierce blast of heat. He slumped forward. The upper part of his body drooped over the table and his head rested against his right arm.

The outlaw dropped the still smoking, blue automatic on the floor just below the despatcher's left hand, which hung limply at his side, hesitated an instant, then darted across the room, glanced back—once—slipped through the door into the stair-hall and disappeared.

Again the third trick man was alone.

For nearly a minute he remained motionless, then, as one who is numbed and cramped from an unnatural position in sleep, he struggled slowly and painfully back in his chair. There was a great red blotch on the train-sheet. But Silent Corson was smiling—a queer, tired little smile.

The big minute-hand on the clock was moving slowly past the .37. A mile east of Wind River, No. 5's headlight was darting its sharp, far-flung rays of brightness around the bend and along the two ribbons of silver which stretched down toward the tiny, light-dimmed station and its lonely siding.

The key of the train wire was still open. The despatcher reached for it and began to slowly form the Morse characters. His sending was weak and broken; but the operator at Wind River grabbed its meaning hungrily from the wire even before it was complete.

"H-o-l-d—N-o—5. H-o-l-d—N-o 5," was what the sounder stammered

A twinkling eye of white glimmered, blinked and slowly faded into a dot of red. A hoarse, water-choked whistle screamed a muffled answer. And then circling streams of fire fringed the many wheels of the heavy train as the brakes went to work. No. 5 was slowing with her ET equipment handle in service

The operator, leaning toward his resonator, listened.

There was a pause; then in spasmodic chatterings came the brief message: "P-u-t—5—i-n—c-l-r—f-o—2 -q-k." (Put No. 5 into the clear for No. 2, quick!)

Wind River answered—a short snappy ripple of current which flashed over the wire and was echoed by the sounder at Castle Rock in an all understanding, "I I—WR."

At three-forty-one No. 2 whistled a shrill blast of approach as she pounded up around the black face of Eagle Butte. A distant lantern swung over and back in a "high-ball" arc and the big helper engine yelped its answering interpretation in two short, exultant blasts.

With the mighty rythmic roar from the exhausts of her big Pacific's echoing through the crisp air, with the intermittent flashing relief of yellow-tinged clouds of smoke and steam trailing away in the graying light, with her white-plumed defiance as she came snorting, slipping, fighting on the grade, No. 2 battled up past the Wind River station—on and up the west slope toward the rising sun—with clear rights.

At Castle Rock a white-faced figure in the despatcher's chair waited, listening—listening. And then it came:

> OS, No. 2 by, three-forty-two. No. 5 heading out. Attempted hold-up in express car discovered and frustrated after the mail stopped.

Silent Corson smiled. His work was finished.

The door of the telegraph office burst open and Holden, the superintendent, preceded by Conrad, the chief despatcher, flung themselves into the room. They were followed by the frightened call-boy who, making a belated return from his rounds, had heard the two sharp reports and, a moment later, glimpsed the two figures scurrying across the tracks.

"Corson! What is it?" gasped the superintendent as he slipped his arm around the despatcher's shoulders and steadied the limp body.

"Black Jack — got me!" was the faint, almost inaudible reply as the despatcher stared dreamily past Holden out into the early dawn. "He was going to—to put 'em together—2 and 5. But it's all right—it's all right. I caught the mail at Wind River before it was too—too late. That's all. I—I'm going now. She's waiting for me—over there. Good—night—boys."

Holden grasped a limp, blood-stained hand and felt for the pulse. Then he slowly shook his head. There was only a slight flutter.

"God bless his silent soul!" the superintendent murmured chokily as his eyes filled. "He was right here pulling the wires to the last! Whoever *she* is, I hope he'll find her waiting. May his orders read, 'Through eternity—with clear rights.'"

"Amen," said the chief despatcher huskily, as he bowed his head.

And so Silent Corson, still smiling, passed out with rights for that meet—later on.

THE CARS THAT COUNT.

BY LYDIA M. DUNHAM O'NEIL.

A Box Car's Address to a String of Pullmans.

SOME class, old top, to your line of cars,
Free from the faintest of travel-scars;
Gilded and varnished and all agleam,
From observation to pilot-beam;
Decked within like a lady's bower;
Your pick of the crews and the motive power;
A schedule strained to a tension high,
That sends you speeding joyously by,
With a whirl, and a swirl, till your journey ends—
But say!
Do you reckon you're paying the dividends?

Some class, old scout, to the speed you make!
All else for you must the siding take,
And stand, and watch, and wearily wait—
Though you'd die of disgrace if *you* were late!
And I reckon we'd share the shame of it,
Same as we'd stand for the blame of it.
You're the public's boast and the company's pride—
A star of first magnitude; decked like a bride,
In gilt and varnish and glass and brass—
But say!
Are you in the dividend-paying class?

A car of lumber from Washington;
A car of apples from Oregon;
A car of copper from Michigan,
And a car of steers from the Texas "Pan";
A car of sheep from New Mexico,
And the pungent tang, and the golden glow
Of a car of oranges out of "Los"—
These are the cars that pay, old hoss!
Chalk-marked and shabby from end to end—
But say!
We're the cars that are paying the dividends!

HOW WESTINGHOUSE FOUGHT TO THE TOP.

Untold Incidents in the Remarkable Life of the Late Inventor, by One Who Knew Him Well.

AIR-BRAKE BROUGHT HIS GREAT FAME.

Invaluable Device for Stopping Trains Was Only One of Numerous Inventions in Many Fields of Steam and Electric Engineering. Courage and Persistence That Won Honors in Civil War Carried Him to Success in Spite of All Obstacles.

BY ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

A PARTY of men were standing on the platform of a railroad station in Buffalo, New York, some years ago, waiting for a train to Niagara Falls. The train was composed of a special engine and a private car. The men were eminent electrical engineers, prominent railroad men, and captains of industry.

Among them was a tall, heavy-set figure, with a large head covered by thick, iron-gray hair. On his cheeks and upper lip he had a white beard of the style known in England as "Lord Dundreary." This man was the leader and the most distinguished member of the party.

The train was now ready, and the party prepared to go aboard. Just then the engineer leaped from his cab, and with rapid strides he approached the group. As they saw him coming toward them all stood still, somewhat wonderingly awaiting him. Arrived in front of the distinguished-looking man with the beard, he touched his cap and, bowing, said:

"Mr. Westinghouse, I have been running trains on this railroad for over thirty-five years, but I never dreamed that on this day I should carry the inventor of the air-brake as a passenger. I am proud to have that honor, sir."

George Westinghouse, who was taking this party in his private car, the Glen Eyre, to see the immense power transmission plant at Niagara Falls, smiled and shook the engineer's hand, asked him his name, and returned the railroad man's greeting with the same heartiness and cordiality.

The engineer then withdrew, and in another moment the train proceeded

to its destination. There is no doubt that the sentiment expressed toward George Westinghouse by that engineer was shared by thousands of railroad men the world over, especially by the men, who make up the train-crews. It is not probable that any man was better known or more highly esteemed by them than this great inventor, engineer, and manufacturer, who died on the 12th of last March

Although it sounds somewhat paradoxical, it is nevertheless true that, while he has individually invented a larger number of railroad appliances than any other man since the days of George Stephenson, and has furnished some of the most epoch-making developments in the progress of railroad transportation, he never was connected with the railway business in any capacity whatsoever.

George Westinghouse was born with the genius for invention. It was the accident of circumstances that brought him into contact with railroad problems during the earliest part of his career, and his first inventions, as a matter of course, were railway appliances. Later he entered various other fields of activity, such as natural gas, electricity, and steam, and in each of them his inventive genius asserted itself in the same remarkable degree.

But he will no doubt be remembered as the inventor of the air-brake rather than because of anything else he achieved.

Playground in Machine-Shop.

George Westinghouse was born on October 6, 1846, at Central Bridge, Schoharie County, in the State of New York. His father was then a farmer, but he was also a man with inventive proclivities. These he utilized in the production of improved agricultural machinery, and it is related as an interesting coincidence that on the day when his son George was born the father completed a new thrashing-machine.

The Westinghouse family was a large one, consisting of seven boys and three girls, George being the fourth boy. It is also interesting to note that with the advent of this boy—three others came later—the family fortunes began to improve.

The father made such success with the farming implements he invented that he decided to establish a factory for their manufacture. This induced him to move to Schenectady, New York, because the railroads offered there better shipping facilities. The removal from Central Bridge took place in 1856 when George was ten years of age.

It was then that his active connection with machinery began, because he made his father's machine-shop his playground and the tools his toys. It was not long before he showed a natural skill for mechanics. He gave evidence of originality in his ideas of construction when he produced a rotary steam-engine when he was only fifteen years old.

Ran Away to Join Army.

About this time the Civil War broke out, and the spirit of patriotism was aroused in young Westinghouse with great enthusiasm. His father strenuously objected to the boy's wishes, and when, in spite of this, the lad tried to run away from home to join the army, the father was only just in time to prevent his departure by intercepting him at the Schenectady railway station

But this boy, who in his later career again and again demonstrated that opposition inspired rather than repressed his own determination, could not be restrained. His father was finally forced reluctantly to consent to George's going to war. He was successively a member of the New York State militia, the New York cavalry, and the United States navy. From the last branch of the service he resigned as a third assistant engineer at the end of the war.

But his military career did not cool

his love for mechanics. While he was in the army he found time to produce several minor inventions, notably a multiple-cylinder engine, by which he hoped to improve the prevailing methods of marine propulsion.

When he returned home he decided to complete his technical education at Union College, Schenectady, but on the advice of the head of that institution he changed his mind. President Hickock of Union College, who was quick to recognize the wonderful inventive ability of his pupil, persuaded him to abandon his studies for practical work when he completed his sophomore year.

Too Clever for School.

"Our school," said President Hickock, "will not add to your mechanical knowledge, but the exercise of your skill and your natural gift for invention are powers which will be of greater benefit to you and to the world at large than further education."

This was unusual advice for a college president to give to one of his students; but it has entitled Professor Hickock to the grateful memory of every railroad man and the traveling public, because from that incident dates a period of energetic activity from which has resulted inventions that have had the most far-reaching influence on the development of the modern railway systems.

The nineteen-year-old young man now threw himself heart and soul into his work, and before long this bore fruit in his invention of his first railway appliance, a rerailing device, or car-replacer. The idea came to him in this way: He was coming home one evening from Albany, New York, when his train was held up by an accident, common in those days of small rails and light rolling-stock. A freight, running just ahead, had been derailed and the road was blocked.

Young Westinghouse and many of the passengers had left their car to see what was causing the delay. He watched with a great deal of interest the attempts of the wrecking-crew to get the car back on the track, and he wondered at the crudeness of their methods. They were hours replacing a single car, jacking it slowly, inch by inch.

Car-Replacer His First Success.

Westinghouse said to a friend who happened to be standing beside him:

"They could do that work in a few minutes by simply clamping a section of rail to the track, running it sidewise against the derailed wheels, then hitch an engine to the car and pull it right back."

"Why don't you get up such a device?" suggested the friend, who was familiar with the young man's mechanical skill.

"I will—I'll do it to-morrow," replied George Westinghouse.

And he did.

When the model of the device was completed he proposed to his father that they cooperate in manufacturing the car-replacer, but the elder Westinghouse declined. Indeed it was a remarkable fact that the father had positively no faith in any of his son's schemes. He called all his efforts "tomfoolery." He never encouraged him, nor did he aid him in any of his work.

George had saved some money during the war, and he went to Troy, New York, where he made arrangements with the Bessemer Steel Works to manufacture his device. He then went on the road, selling it to railroads. He made quite a success from the start.

Wanted Assignment of Patents.

This car-replacer he followed very soon with the reversible steel railroad frog. He now began to realize that he needed more capital to market his product, if he wanted to be a successful manufacturer. In this respect fortune seemingly aided him. Two acquaintances of his in Schenectady, whom he approached for the purpose

of enlisting their interest in his plans, agreed to become his partners.

They put up $10,000 for the erection of a factory, and the new concern was formed. Before the firm was in actual operation, however, it collapsed, and the young inventor met with his first troublesome experience as a business man.

In his agreement with his two partners the contract stipulated that for his share in the venture George Westinghouse would give the firm the right to manufacture his inventions. He had insisted, however, that the patents remain in his name. And this foresight on his part was a very fortunate thing for him.

When the company was ready to go into the market, a certain quantity of goods having already been completed, the two capitalists called him into a conference just as young Westinghouse was leaving the office for his home one evening.

"We have decided," one of them said, "that for the success of the business we want you to assign your patents to the firm. We do not feel that the mere right of manufacture is in any way equivalent to the amount of cash which we have put up."

First Project Fails.

For an instant the young inventor was dumfounded. Then the whole meaning of their demand dawned upon him, and he realized that by a treacherous trick they intended to be rid of him. It was evident they purposed not only to force him out of the business, but to defraud him of his inventions also. His eyes blazed with indignation, but, otherwise cool and calm, he replied:

"I shall do nothing of the kind. We have made an agreement, and as far as I am concerned that agreement will not be changed."

"Indeed!" continued the other, apparently somewhat taken aback by Westinghouse's determined attitude; "then you had better clear out, and we will take the business ourselves. That is our last word."

"All right, you can take the business; but the patents remain my property."

Westinghouse left the office, determined never to return. He recognized the futility of any further argument, and he congratulated himself on having learned the true character of his partners.

Of course these two men were caught in their own net. They had not expected this outcome. It had not been their intention to be rid of George just yet; but they believed that, owing to his financial circumstances and for other reasons—one of which was that he had been married only a few weeks before — he would merely raise mild objections.

Would Not Stand Browbeating.

They never dreamed that he had the courage to throw up all his prospects in the firm. But they did not know the caliber of the man with whom they were dealing. He could not be intimidated or browbeaten into anything. As a result, the firm very soon went out of business altogether, and the two capitalists were the heaviest losers.

When Westinghouse informed his people of what had taken place the news obviously created much surprise and disappointment. Then he was advised to accept the proposition of his partners on the plea that "a half loaf is better than no bread." His young wife, who felt the disappointment as keenly as her husband, agreed, however, that he had pursued the proper and correct course.

"That is exactly the way I feel about it myself," he said. "When the partnership was formed I foresaw that unless I retained the rights in my patents there would be a possibility of them doing just what they did. That is why I kept them. Now you see I was right. Let them go ahead and run the business without me if they can."

"And what shall you do now?" he was asked.

Makes Start in Pittsburgh.

"Make arrangements to have my devices made elsewhere until I have saved sufficient capital to start a factory of my own."

"And where will you go?"

"I have thought of that. I believe I shall go to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I have the names of a number of steel firms in that city, which is the steel center of this country, and I shall write them at once."

In the course of a few days young Westinghouse concluded an arrangement with Anderson, Cook & Co., Pittsburgh, by which that firm agreed to manufacture his devices, while he was to act as the selling agent. The arrangement also included a salary of $1,500 a year and a small commission on sales.

It was this chain of circumstances that led the young inventor to the Iron City, which became the scene of his marvelous achievements and the great successes by which he has become known the world over as one of the greatest inventors and manufacturers that ever lived.

When Westinghouse arrived in Pittsburgh in the early part of November, 1867, his invention of the air-brake was no longer merely an idea; it was all but completed.

As there have been so many different accounts given of the origin of this wonderful mechanical device, I will present the version as I received it from its creator's own lips. It may be accepted with almost literal accuracy.

Brake Suggested by Wreck.

During one of his many journeys between Troy and Schenectady, Westinghouse one day witnessed a head-on collision between a passenger and a freight train, the results of which delayed temporarily the progress of the train in which he was traveling.

As he watched the removal of the wreckage occasioned by the accident this idea suddenly entered his mind:

"If the engineers had been in control of the brake apparatus of the train this catastrophe might have been avoided."

With that thought the air-brake became a fixed idea, a problem which he determined to solve. With his characteristic energy he attacked the task before him.

The first plan which came into his mind, one which he afterward found out had already been in the minds of many others, was to connect the brake-levers of each car to its draft-gear, so that an application of the brakes to the locomotive, which would cause the cars to close up toward the engine, and apply a braking force through the couplers and levers to the wheels of each car.

Although the crudeness of this idea became apparent upon an attempt to devise an apparatus to carry the scheme into effect, nevertheless the idea of applying power brakes to a train was firmly planted in his mind.

Experimented with Steam.

He next considered the use of a long cylinder to be placed under the locomotive, the piston of this cylinder to be so connected to a chain that it could be drawn tight by the application of steam from the locomotive boiler with a force, which could be more accurately controlled than was possible with the windlass arrangement he had seen used on a train in Chicago.

A short study of this idea showed that it would be impossible to have a cylinder long enough to operate a chain-brake upon more than four or five cars, whereas trains of ten—and even twelve—passenger-cars were frequently run upon the more important railroads.

His next thought was to place a steam cylinder under each car with a pipe connection from the locomotive beneath its tender and under each car with flexible connections of some sort,

so that steam could be transmitted from the locomotive through the train-pipe to all the cylinders.

As in the case of the attempt to improve the chain-brake, it required little time with experiments to disclose the fact that it would be impossible, even in warm weather, to work the brakes successfully on a number of cars by means of steam transmitted from the locomotive boiler through pipes to the brake-cylinder.

Shortly after he had reached this conclusion he was induced to subscribe for a monthly paper, the name of which he unfortunately could not recall. In a very early number, perhaps the first one he received, there was an account of the tunneling of Mount Cenis, in Switzerland, by machinery, driven by compressed air, conveyed through 3,000 feet of pipes, then the depth of the tunnel.

Starts Working with Air.

This account of the use of compressed air instantly indicated that brake apparatus of the kind contemplated for operation by steam could be operated by means of compressed air upon any length of train. He thereupon began actively to develop drawings of apparatus suitable for the purpose, and promptly filed a caveat in the United States Patent Office to protect the invention.

Convinced that the practical application of his scheme could not fail to demonstrate its commercial value, he had endeavored to interest others in his plans and aid him in his enterprise financially; but so far he had not yet been successful. This was the condition of his affairs regarding the air-brake when George Westinghouse arrived in Pittsburgh.

Here he met Ralph Baggaly, a young manufacturer and a man of some means. The two formed a very close friendship, and after Westinghouse explained to Baggaly the air-brake scheme and spoke to him in his own optimistic enthusiasm of its practical and commercial possibilities, Baggaly agreed to furnish the money to defray the expenses of constructing the apparatus needed to make the demonstration.

Fought Against Skeptics.

With the crudest tools the young inventor constructed the apparatus during his spare time, and it was finally completed in August, 1868. This apparatus consisted of an air-pump, a main reservoir, into which air was to be compressed for the locomotive equipment, and four cylinders to be attached under cars, with the necessary piping so arranged that the operation of the apparatus could be observed as on a train.

In the mean time Westinghouse was also busy bringing his invention to the attention of railroad managers with a view of obtaining permission for a practical test of his scheme. But in these efforts he met with very little encouragement, and any one less endowed with his indomitable spirit of tenacity and perseverance would have given up in despair.

But it is a long lane that has no turning, and the young inventor's chance came at last. W. W. Card, who was at that time the superintendent of the Steubenville division of the Panhandle Railroad, running out of Pittsburgh to Columbus, Ohio, had become interested in the brake, and he succeeded in persuading Mr. Jewett, the president of his company, to permit a practical test of the new device.

It was granted in the following terms:

> That he, George Westinghouse, be permitted to attach his air-brake apparatus at his own expense to the locomotive and cars of the Burgettstown accommodation train of the Steubenville division of the Panhandle Railroad; that he, the said George Westinghouse, be held responsible for any damage done to the train which might be occasioned through the brake apparatus being attached. That, after the trial, the apparatus be removed from

the train at the expense of the inventor. That the railroad company takes no risks or responsibility whatever in the undertaking, or go to any expense whatever in having the brake tried.

Westinghouse was not particular regarding the form in which the permission was granted. All he wanted was a chance to give his device a practical test. He thanked Mr. Jewett, also Mr. Card, and proceeded with the work of equipping the train placed at his disposal. In this there was no time wasted. Soon the job was done, and the day for the demonstration fixed. Railroad men from the Pennsylvania, the Fort Wayne, and the Panhandle railroads were invited to attend and observe the trials and their results.

It was on September 10, 1868.

When the train equipped with the new brake was ready to pull out of the Union Station at Pittsburgh, Daniel P. Tate, one of the most reliable men on the road, was the engineer holding the throttle of the locomotive. The operation and manipulation of the new device had been thoroughly explained to him by the young inventor himself, and Tate, who was a bright, intelligent young man, grasped the principles without any difficulty.

Asked Tate for Square Deal.

The whistle signaled that the train was ready to start. The conductor gave the customary warning, and the wheels were about to revolve, when young Westinghouse ran along the train to the engineer's cab. Taking Tate by the hand, he gave it an impressive clasp, while he whispered:

"Now, Dan, all I want is a square deal."

Then the inventor jumped aboard the first coach, leaving a bright, new fifty-dollar bill in the astonished engineer's palm.

Without any further hesitation, or the least concern, Tate opened the throttle and the train drew out of the station. The Panhandle Railroad immediately on leaving the Union Station in Pittsburgh entered a tunnel, which was about one-eighth of a mile long. This tunnel pierces Grant Hill and ends at the Fourth Avenue depot.

As the train on this momentous occasion moved through the tunnel, Tate rapidly increased its speed because it was not to make a stop at Fourth Avenue. As it reached the little depot the train was running at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour. There were two street-crossings ahead, one at Third Avenue, and another at Second Avenue, after which the train would reach the Panhandle Bridge crossing the Monongahela River. Then the run would continue west into the suburbs on its way to Steubenville, a distance of about forty miles.

Huckster Stalled on Track.

Second Avenue was a much frequented thoroughfare even in those days—the crossing has been abolished—because it was the common highway leading into the city of Pittsburgh from Hazelwood, Braddock, McKeesport, and other points up the Monongahela River. There was often considerable traffic here, and as the train crossed the street at the foot of a grade, leading from Tenth Street to Grant Street, it was sometimes very difficult to stop vehicles when a train approached.

Accidents were, therefore, not rare, although it was supposed to be an inevitable rule of the railroad company for all trains to slow down while crossing Second Avenue.

Test a Dramatic Success.

As chance would have it, a very dangerous situation presented itself on this very occasion. When Tate with his air-brake train ran by the Fourth Avenue station a huckster was about to cross the tracks at Second Avenue. As he saw the train rushing down upon him he urged his horse by lashing it with his whip, frantic with fear of being run over.

The animal, surprised by this un-

expected punishment, must have lost its head, and, instead of running, it stood still. This caused the huckster to ply his whip even more energetically. The horse became completely bewildered. The whole outfit—driver, horse, and cart—seemed to be destined for destruction.

But Tate was not asleep. He had noticed the huckster vainly trying to get out of the way, and with a cool self-possession, which must have been second nature with him, he immediately decided that here was the psychological moment to use the new brake.

By a mere twist of the wrist he turned the brake-lever. With a hiss the air rushed out of the compressor through the pipes into the cylinders beneath the cars; the valves opened, and the piston forced the brakes against the wheels. There was a grinding noise when brakes and wheels came together, the speed instantly slackened, and the train came to a dead stop within four feet of the huckster.

Thus was the first demonstration of the practical operation of the new air-brake completed. It was conducted as if the scene had been set for the purpose. It saved life, and saved property—a mission which it has fulfilled ever since. It was not only a complete, but a dramatic success.

Brake Comes Into Use.

From that day the fame of the air-brake and the success of its inventor grew literally by leaps and bounds. Other demonstrations followed this first one very quickly in Altoona, in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in St. Louis, and many other leading railroad centers in this country. Every succeeding test proved that a new epoch had arrived in railway transportation, because the introduction of this new brake meant higher speed, longer trains, more frequent runs, all great factors in increasing transportation facilities.

George Westinghouse decided to organize a company to take care of the business. This was completed in July, 1869, when the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company was incorporated under a charter from the State of Pennsylvania, at a capitalization of $500,000. He began the construction of a factory for the production of the apparatus.

This factory was located at the corner of Liberty Avenue and Twenty-Fifth Street in the city of Pittsburgh. From the earliest start the affairs of the new enterprise appeared to have the most encouraging prospects. Its success has continued ever since. But an incident took place at the very beginning which might have disrupted the entire future of the organization.

British Patent Causes Trouble.

At one of the first meetings of the board of directors the young president, who was then not quite twenty-three years of age, suggested that a patent expert be engaged for the purpose of investigating all available data on power brakes.

"If we wish to maintain the position," he stated, "of being the leading power-brake manufacturers in the world we ought to familiarize ourselves with the entire state and history of the art."

The wisdom of this suggestion was readily recognized, and the expert was despatched upon his mission. He returned in due time and divulged the amazing information that in the British Patent Office in London he had found an air-brake patent, thirty years old, practically covering all the points and claims of the Westinghouse invention. To prove his assertion he had brought with him a transcript with drawings. An examination of the expert's data made it seem that he must be correct in his assumption.

It may be easily imagined what effect this information had on the directors and large stockholders of the company. The only person who appeared to be wholly undisturbed by

this startling disclosure was George Westinghouse himself. He laughed at the mere presumption that this thing, which his genius had wrought with the most infinite patience and skill, should be worthless—that all the days and nights he had spent over it had been wasted.

Westinghouse Finds the Flaw.

To him such a possibility was unthinkable. And so he called another meeting of the board of directors, to which he also invited the patent expert with his papers, drawings, and documents that were to prove his own patent a worthless paper.

When all were assembled the young president called the meeting to order and requested that the British patent be read aloud, clause by clause and claim by claim. This was done. Everybody followed the reading with the closest attention. The room was silent save for the voice of the expert who did the reading.

Suddenly Westinghouse interrupted him:

"What was that? Please read that last sentence again."

"When the engineer desires to apply the brakes he will turn the steam into the pump and compress the air."

"That is enough; you do not have to go any further." George Westinghouse stopped him. "That very sentence kills the British patent and proves the originality of our own invention. We do not have to turn the steam into a pump to compress the air because we have the air already stored in a compressor on the locomotive, ready for instant use. Imagine the loss of time it would mean if you first had to pump the air when you wanted to stop a train. I am not surprised that this British patent has never been used, because it was not worth using."

Rapidly Improves Brake.

The board of directors stared at him in blank amazement; then everybody looked at his neighbor, and finally all gave a sigh of apparent relief. As for the patent expert, when he had sufficiently recovered to realize Westinghouse's sharp-sightedness, he remarked:

"Gentlemen, your president is right. That patent is not worth the paper it is written on. That clause had entirely escaped my notice."

Although the company's business appeared to be established on a most substantial foundation, and orders for air-brakes were received from all parts of the country in a manner most gratifying to the management, Westinghouse did not pause to reap the reward of his work, satisfied that he had done enough.

On the contrary, he fully recognized that his labors had only just begun. With the first practical test of his air-brake his wonderful foresight and his intuitive discernment showed him a number of faults and imperfections, which he now set himself to correct. The air-brake of 1869 was a very crude contrivance compared with the air-brake of to-day.

Off to Conquer Europe.

Like all other great inventions, it realized its admirable utility only by a constant process of development. It has now been going on for over forty-five years, and the end of its possibilities has not yet been reached. With the constantly increasing demands on the operative ability of railroad-trains, the braking-power problem finds itself confronted by new and more exacting expectations.

After the air-brake had been in practical operation for some time, it soon developed that it took considerable time to apply all the brakes in full force, and a longer time to release them; and that in the event of a break in two the rear section would be uncontrolled. If this occurred on an ascending grade, the rear detached section might run away with very disastrous consequences.

To overcome this difficulty a new

development was necessary. George Westinghouse accomplished this by his invention in 1872 of the triple-valve, which made the application of the brake automatic whenever anything interfered with the normal running of the train. The late A. J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is reported to have stated that he considered the invention of the triple-valve as great, if not greater, than the invention of the air-brake itself.

This new and improved feature of the air-brake placed the device as a railroad appliance in a class by itself, and it was then that Westinghouse conceived the idea of going to Europe for the purpose of introducing the apparatus. His first objective was England, and here he met with the greatest opposition. For ten years he went almost constantly to and fro across the Atlantic, and, while his efforts eventually met with success, his experiences sometimes were exceedingly trying.

Speaking of these events years afterward at a banquet, which he gave to prominent English railroad men, scientists, and engineers in London, he said:

> I came here for the first time about thirty years ago, and for ten years I was here half my time. It was exceedingly difficult for an American to get anything done in England. I often wanted to sit down and cry, because I could not get any one to believe in anything I might propose.
>
> I wanted in those early days to try an iron brake-shoe, or brake-block, as it is sometimes called, because on account of rapid wear we could not keep the wooden one adjusted. I had to beg and beg again to be permitted to put a set of metal brake-shoes on one tender of the Caledonian Railway. Finally I succeeded. Of course you all know that nowadays every railway brake-shoe is made of cast-iron or other metal, and they are used upon all the wheels of the train.

Among the first railroads which Westinghouse approached in England was the Midland. After much difficulty, which involved the "unwinding" of an enormous amount of red tape, he finally succeeded in obtaining an interview with the managing director of that corporation.

To the explanation of the air-brake, its description, its merits and advantages, the railroad man listened with indifferent attention. A request on the part of Westinghouse that he be allowed to equip a locomotive, a tender, and car with his apparatus to demonstrate its functions was refused with cold politeness.

Would Not Rent a Train.

"But I will do it at my own expense," urged the young inventor.

"Exactly so, I should assume that," replied the Englishman; "but we cannot spare either a locomotive, a tender, or a car."

"Could I not hire some of your rolling-stock, equip it with my brake apparatus, and demonstrate it before any number of gentlemen you might choose to invite?" persisted the American.

"No, we do not care to rent out any of our rolling-stock for such a purpose."

"Will you then sell me a train consisting of a locomotive, tender, and four passenger-coaches?" Westinghouse perseveringly continued.

The Englishman looked at his visitor in momentary astonishment, but the American's evident sincerity and earnestness convinced him that this young inventor was not bluffing.

"Such a proposition is somewhat novel to me," the manager at last answered, "and I am not prepared to decide such a matter offhand. I will let you know in about a week what can be done. Of course you will understand that in case I accept your proposition to purchase a train we cannot allow you to run it on our tracks. That would hardly be the proper thing, don't you know."

Westinghouse walked out of the office in disgust.

"I wonder where he expected me to run that train?" he asked himself.

Nevertheless, his tenacity of purpose reaped its reward. One after another, though there were sometimes long intervals, the railroads became convinced of the superior merits of the new brake, and Westinghouse decided to form a company and build a factory in London to take care of the English and part of the continental business. This resulted in the organization of the British Westinghouse Brake Company, which has been in successful operation ever since.

On the Continent he was more successful. France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and other countries were quick to see and recognize the merits of the air-brake in comparison with their own antiquated methods, and in the course of a few years the Westinghouse brake became the standard equipment on the railroads of these countries. Westinghouse established companies and built plants in France, Belgium, and Germany. Years later he built factories in Italy and Russia.

In the mean time the parent company in America had greatly prospered. To a considerable extent this was due to the fact that Westinghouse, with the inauguration of his enterprise, established the policy of cooperating with the railroads in the development of the brake. He appreciated that no brake could be considered successful unless it were adopted by all the railroads, owing to the custom of interchanging rolling-stock.

Began Air-Brake Instruction.

For that reason the air-brake company constructed an instruction-car, which was equipped with a complete set of air-brake apparatus. This car was sent all over the country from railroad to railroad in charge of air-brake experts for the purpose of familiarizing engineers and train-crews with the new braking device.

The wisdom of this practise had another advantage. As the improvement in braking brought about radical changes in the entire railway transportation system, these changes again suggested further developments in the brake. They could not have been worked out so easily without this cooperation.

How Westinghouse kept abreast of these constantly increasing demands upon his braking apparatus is well illustrated by the quick-action triple-valve invented in 1887.

By that time trains, especially freight, had increased in length until there was a demand for trains of 100 cars and more. While the action of the brake had been automatic since 1872, as has already been stated, the time for its application on a train of 100 cars was too slow.

The result was the buckling of cars, which was often attended by disastrous wrecks. To meet the emergency a committee from the Master Car-Builders' Association suggested a trial of prevailing brake systems to be held in the summer of 1887 at Burlington, Iowa.

Did Not Meet Requirements.

Westinghouse, who had already embarked in many other enterprises besides his air-brake company, nevertheless attended these trials, because he recognized that the outcome might be of great importance to his concern. The tests lasted a week, and the result showed that, while the Westinghouse brake acted satisfactorily on trains composed of fifty cars and less, buckling would occur in the rear when that number was increased.

As Westinghouse realized the condition of affairs, and recognized the imperative necessity of a new development in his apparatus, he made up his mind that he would supply it, although he did not yet know how it was to be done. When the tests were concluded he said to the members of the committee:

"Gentlemen, I want to congratulate you on the manner in which you have

conducted these tests; but as for me there is only one thing to be done, and I am now going to Pittsburgh to do it."

"And what is that, Mr. Westinghouse?" he was asked.

"Make a brake that will meet the conditions of these tests even beyond the expectations of the members of this committee."

And that is what happened. In less than sixty days after the Burlington brake trials Westinghouse completed the "quick-action automatic brake." He asked the committee for another trial, and on this occasion he substantiated his prediction. The new brake met the requirements in every particular demand.

Last of His Improvements.

The Burlington trials were also responsible for another invention by Westinghouse, which is now in almost general use upon railroads. That was the friction draft-gear. But, while he conceived the idea for this device in 1887, he experimented with it for fifteen years before it was worked out to his satisfaction.

The quick-action automatic air-brake was the last of the more important air-brake developments perfected by him personally, as, owing to his many interests, his attention was largely monopolized by other fields of activity, which gave the versatility of his inventive genius a wider scope.

This did not mean that the air-brake was neglected. On the contrary, a competent engineering staff of experts, with Henry Hermann Westinghouse as vice-president and general manager of the company, has kept steady pace with the constantly changing conditions of transportation.

H. H. Westinghouse is the youngest brother of George, who invited him to come to Pittsburgh in 1877. He has remained with the company ever since. Being an expert mechanical engineer himself, many improvements have been added to the air-brake by him. After the death of his illustrious brother he succeeded him as president of the company.

Invented Many Safety Signals.

While the invention of the air-brake was a wonderful achievement, and its importance as a factor in railway development cannot be overestimated, Westinghouse has produced a vast number of other railway appliances, the utility of which is scarcely less valuable. These are his many safety and signaling devices.

In this field he has done the work, and also experienced the disappointments which usually fall to the pioneer. His connection with the air-brake, and his inherent aptitude for observation and perception, quickly prompted him to see the great necessity for improvements in railroad signals.

In the days when he first began to give his attention to railway operation the methods in practical use were quite inadequate. Indeed, if the truth must be told, the wisdom of safeguarding railroad-tracks has only become generally recognized by the railroads within the last ten years.

Westinghouse achieved his first invention in that field as early as 1878, when he completed a pneumatic block-signaling system. But the railroads were slow in adopting his devices, and for many years he made very little headway. Considering that accidents were frequent, that the locomotive whistle and the despatcher's orders were practically the only signaling methods in use, this seemed remarkable.

Took Out Over 400 Patents.

Westinghouse's faith in his views could not be shaken or discouraged. His foresight finally triumphed, and even long before he died the signal company—which he had founded in 1881—became one of his most successful enterprises.

Among other appliances of this character which he invented were a rail-

way-switch movement, an interlocking switch and signal apparatus, an electric circuit for railway signals, an electrical interlocking mechanism for switches and signals, an electro-pneumatic signaling apparatus, and many more of minor importance.

According to the United States Patent Office records, over 400 patents have been granted to Westinghouse since 1866, and of that number over 150 relate exclusively to railroad appliances and their improvements. These inventions cover practically the entire range of railway operation — the track, the rail, the train, from the locomotive cab to the last car.

In this respect he undoubtedly stands unique among all inventors in history. The value of these inventions, from a practical and commercial point of view, it would be difficult to approximate, and their influence on the development of railway transportation it is equally impossible to calculate.

Speaking of the importance of the air-brake alone in its capacity as a life-saving device, a prominent foreign diplomat at a banquet in Washington said once:

Met Wife on Train.

"In my opinion the Westinghouse air-brake has saved a larger number of lives than were lost in the fiercest battle ever fought."

A friend said to him one day:

"Westinghouse, considering how much you have done for the railways, it seems to me they have been rather ungrateful, because I never heard of them having ever done anything for you."

"You are entirely mistaken," replied Westinghouse. "If it had not been for the railroads I should never have had the many opportunities for the invention of railway appliances, but apart from that I consider that in a sense the railroad has been responsible for the greatest happiness of my life."

"How was that?" the friend exclaimed in astonishment.

"It was on a railroad-train that I first met my wife."

This romance in the career of the great inventor took place in June, 1867. Westinghouse was then not quite twenty-one. He had been in New York on a business trip, and he was returning to his home on a Saturday afternoon.

Controlled Thirty Big Corporations.

When he stepped aboard his train at the Grand Central Depot he found the cars crowded. As he was not a smoker, he walked from coach to coach to find a vacant seat. At last he found a compartment only partly occupied by a young lady, and, her permission being granted him, he sat down beside her.

The young inventor, who could not help observing that his fellow passenger was exceedingly beautiful, ignoring the conventions, tried to engage her in a conversation. As the young lady was as affable and gracious as she was pretty, he was successful.

The result was that when Westinghouse's fair fellow traveler alighted from the train at her destination in Kingston-on-the-Hudson she had become the greatest object of his interest. Then began a period of courtship which on the part of young Westinghouse was carried on with energy and enthusiasm. It was a courtship that was short and swift, and within two months, on the 12th of August, they were married.

Great as Westinghouse was as an inventor, his achievements as a manufacturer and organizer were equally extraordinary. At the height of his career in 1907 he controlled over thirty industrial corporations located in this country, in Canada, and abroad, the combined capitalization of which approximated over $200,000,000.

These companies gave employment to about 75,000 persons—an industrial empire, so to speak, created by his own energy and enterprise within the span of forty years.

The Snake Doctor.

BY E. A. MORPHY.

How He Professionally Assisted in Capturing an Indian Railway Thief.

ONE peculiarly hot and blistering morning in late April—the time when all sensible white men in India are scuttling to Europe or the hills—I found myself at a railway station called Itarsi, on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, about five hundred miles northeast of Bombay.

Itarsi is the junction where one has to change for Bhopal; and Bhopal, as all readers of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE will recall, is the place the Begums come from—the only State in the world that will tolerate no ruler but a woman.

There were no Pullmans, no corridor trains in India in those days, and I had been cooped up for over sixty hours. Therefore, I was glad of a chance to stretch my legs and get a bath, even in such a place as Itarsi.

It was when I emerged from the refreshment rooms, after my bath, that I first noticed the extraordinary interest that was being taken in my strictly commonplace personality. Strange crowds clustered to the railway station and gaped at me with awe and wonder.

A post-office peon came along, groveling. He muttered something that I did not catch—something about a *Burrah Hakim Sahib*, or big Dr. Sahib—as he handed me a telegram.

The message, which was addressed to me plainly enough, had been following me all around India. It announced with concise brevity that the friend I was hastening to visit in Bhopal had died two days earlier from a snake bite. In India a man gets buried the day he dies. It was no use my continuing my journey any farther.

One gets accustomed to short shrifts and sudden partings in the Land of Vain Regrets; but this particular message knocked me out of tune somewhat—so I retired to the refreshment rooms to reconstruct my plans and buck up.

Nothing seemed to be too good for me in those refreshment rooms. I had sent off my own servant—a truculent Peshawari Mohammedan named Chidi Khan — to amuse himself in the bazaars; but the attendants fell over each other in a zealous endeavor to serve me.

My spirits were reviving when old Chidi Khan came hurrying in and handed me the card of a *sahib* who, he said, had commandeered him out of the bazaars

Enter Mr. Deputy Commissioner Callan of the Indian police, who was attached for the time being, as I subsequently learned, to the Criminal Investigation Department.

His apologies for disturbing me were profuse; but was I the snake doctor?

My regrets discounted his apologies. A hog, I assured him, knew as much

about the "Heptameron" as I did about ophiology.

This announcement seemed to fetch him between wind and water. For an instant his pleasant face was clouded by an expression of doubt and disappointment, but it quickly recovered its normal cheerfulness.

"Well," said he, "that's too bad! But now that I come to think of it, it really doesn't matter whether you really understand your work or not. You have the credit of being top-hole at it, anyway."

He nodded at me with the quizzical tolerance of the man who feels that he has cornered a shrewd opponent.

"I might have doubted that Punjabi henchman of yours," he went on, giving a glance at the waiting Chidi Khan, "but it happens there are two Bengalies from some station on East Indian Railway Chord Line, six hundred miles off, and they started the *gup* before your man reached the bazaar. You are the miracle-worker, and what you say about the matter won't alter their convictions!"

Then the light began to dawn upon me. I was prejudged and damned by purely circumstantial evidence!

In the remote jungles of Bengal I had achieved a most uncomfortable renown by rubbing ammonia into scorpion stings. The ammonia instantly counteracted the acid of the sting—and thus assuaged the agony of the sufferer. The latter no longer made the place hideous with his howls. He changed them to pæans of praise for the Hakim Sahib—the Dr. Sahib—the refuge of the afflicted and protector of the poor. All of which things were euphemisms for me!

Subsequently the friends of the lucky person thus healed and consoled would flock into my camp with other ailing mortals — patients with elephantiasis, enlarged spleens, and other complicated afflictions. My failure to cure these in no manner dimmed the ever-widening fame of my scorpion "miracles." I had to hide myself

In Itarsi it had become known that I was hastening to see a *sahib* who had died of a snake bite in Bhopal. Undoubtedly I would raise him from the dead!

It is bad policy for a comparative stranger in any part of India to contradict the statement of any covenanted official. Therefore I bowed to the inevitable and accepted the dictum of the deputy police commissioner.

"All right, Mr. Callan," I said. "I'm your snake doctor! What can I do to serve you?"

Callan unbosomed himself at once.

Every spring there is a tremendous exodus of European passengers from India. They flock by hundreds to catch the homeward-bound steamers that sail each week from Bombay. Their baggage is all labeled in advance, and frequently contains the valuables collected by officials and their womenfolk during years of residence in the East.

For the past six or seven weeks, according to Callan, some ingenious thieves had been looting this precious baggage while *en route*. The boxes, bags, and trunks were deftly opened and ransacked and strapped up again—leaving no external signs of injury—so that the thefts were not detected until the victims were already on the high seas or home in England.

Every effort had been made to locate the depredators. Guards and train hands had been watched and changed. Every suspicious-looking passenger had been kept under surveillance by special detectives. Every conceivable precaution had been adopted—but the thefts continued: and nobody knew how the trick was done.

"There is no *Sherlock Holmes* business in my snake-doctoring, Mr. Callan!" I ventured.

Callan beamed.

"It doesn't matter two rows of pins," said he, "I'm Sherlock. You're the medicine man. For Heaven's sake don't pretend that you're anything else until this job is over! Then we can

talk sense. I want the big snake doctor to travel with me in the Bombay Mail to-night, and I want everybody to know it. It may help us to get a clue that has been keeping out of our way for weeks."

I expressed my readiness to meet him half-way in the venture.

"But," I asked, "have I got to put in any fancy business with the reptiles on the way? To tell you the truth, I don't fancy the idea of handling live snakes in the disturbing environment of a railway train."

Callan beamed again.

"You haven't to do a thing," said he, "except to agree with anything that I may say, in or out of reason, concerning your high repute and undoubted ability as a worker of high-class miracles."

This assurance put me at my ease again.

"And, by the way," added Callan at parting, and after inviting me to dinner with him, "I don't know how you do it in the snake branch of your eminent profession, but when ordinary practitioners are called in as specialists and are asked to put in time and travel and professional services for the *sircar* (the government) they pile on their fees, all right, and get paid into the bargain!"

This tip was not wholly displeasing. The only other word of advice he gave me was that we were to travel second-class. At this I protested—because every native knows that all covenanted English officials are paid to travel first.

"But *you* must insist upon going second," he explained, "and I shall have to accompany you. I want to get among the natives. We shall have a dozen detectives in the third and intermediate carriages. Your presence in the train will give the opportunity for *gup*, and some hint is bound to leak out. Some natives must have a shrewd suspicion how the trick is done. In the first-class we shall only find civilians and soldier officers who know less about the mystery than I do."

All that day Itarsi seethed with the fame and exploits or the snake doctor, and when we went to catch our train at eight o'clock the station and its approaches were packed with surging crowds who wanted to feast their eyes upon the spectacle of the miracle-worker.

There was no empty second-class compartment. The station-master offered to clear one for us, but—obedient to a hint from Callan—I refused to hear of such a thing. I yearned to sit close to the heart of the people.

A fat and shifty-eyed Hindu traveling merchant came along, followed by two stout servitors. They stowed his two little black oil-cloth covered boxes and his pack of piece-goods in the baggage car. Then they bustled along, jabbering and important, and placed his *hookah* and hand-basket in a second-class carriage that had but one other occupant.

We followed him in. He did not seem to appreciate the honor so much as he should have done. Doubtless—as a man who traveled much—he knew that *sahibs*, as a rule, refuse to allow a native *hookah* to be smoked in any carriage they occupy.

But Callan was unctuous in his suavity.

"*Salaam, Sowkar!*" he greeted the trader, giving him the more honorable title of a banker. "You do not mind us smoking cheroots, I trust? Turn on that hookah of yours whenever you want to drown the whiff of them!"

The merchant salaamed. So did the other passenger—some minor official from Bhopal who was going to meet some superior in Bombay. Both men had heard of the Hakim.

"It was he who insisted on traveling in your company, gentlemen!" explained Callan. "The station-master offered to turn you out, but—"

He paused and looked about interrogatively. The merchant hastened to reiterate that the Hakim Sahib was undoubtedly the greatest of all Hakims. It had been said in the bazaar by a

Bengali who—with his own eyes—had witnessed the miracle, that when a crocodile had bitten off the leg of a man and swallowed it, the Hakim Sahib had poured medicine out of a bottle on the stump—and behold, the leg grew again!

Callan shook his head at this improbable story.

"Nay, Sowkar!" said he. "They have been saying things that are not in strict accordance with the facts as they happened. In the case witnessed by the Bengali the *mugger* had not swallowed the severed leg, as stated. He had only chewed it. All he swallowed was the foot!"

The merchant humbly apologized.

"It would doubtless have been all the same to the Hakim Sahib had the creature chewed off its victim's head!" he asserted

In this Callan concurred.

"But the growth of a new leg on a live body!" said he. "What is it to one like the *sahib*—a kickshaw, a bagatelle! Wherein the *sahib* really works his wonders is in wringing life from death. That is why he travels with us to-night. He can cure the bite of the cobra! He can cure the bite of the krait! Thou hast traveled far and wide, Sowkar-ji; tell me hast ever heard of a man who was bitten by a krait and then recovered?"

The Hindu shuddered. Such a cure was possible only to one who allied himself with the higher gods!

The Indian krait, or blue adder, is a small snake, averaging about three or four feet in length. It is the most venomous reptile known, and annually causes tens of thousands of deaths. It is much more venomous than even the lethal cobra-de-capello.

"Yet," explained Callan genially, "the Hakim Sahib travels solely for the benign purpose of curing a thief from the bite of a krait!"

Mayhap the Sowkar and the honorable gentleman from Bhopal had heard of the thieves who had been pilfering the baggage of the *sahibs* in the Bombay Mail trains? Well, so great was the philanthropy of the Hakim Sahib that he would even cure such a man of the poison.

The gentleman from Bhopal pricked up his ears. The Sowkar seemed to blench. Both had heard much about the miscreants who robbed the *sahibs*. Of a truth, their turpitude was unbelievable. But how came they to be bitten by a krait?

"Gently! Gently, my friend!" pleaded Callan. "I did not say that anybody was as yet bitten; but to-night, or to-morrow night, or some other night—whenever next he seeks to rifle the baggage of the *sahibs* that is marked with the white and red labels of the steamships—then shall the thief be bitten!"

The merchant leaned over, as though hypnotized.

"Tell me more, O *sahib!*" he begged. "All I own is in the baggage car. If I am robbed I perish! Think you the miscreant may be bitten this night?"

Callan laughed lightly.

"Rest easy, Sowkar!" he bade the man. "No thief will touch thy bales and boxes. The miscreant knows the steamer tickets on the baggage of the *sahibs*. Those only does he pilfer. And— What hath been done hath been done by order of the *sircar*—in every such ticketed box and bag to-night there is a live krait—starved and exceedingly venomous. Whoever opens the box unwittingly will be bitten and perish! That is why the Hakim Sahib travels with me. If the bitten wretch still lives when the train reaches Bombay he shall be cured, so that we may learn from him who are his accomplices, and then—"

With a gulp like a choking dog the Hindu merchant flung himself from the seat and sprang for the safety alarm cord that runs along the side of the compartment

Callan stretched out a nimble foot and tripped the man as he jumped.

Then before I could quite realize

what it was all about Callan was kneeling on the broad back of the Hindu, throttling him with a viselike grip of the brown fleshy neck, while I clutched at the naked, squirming legs that were kicking up the dust about the police officer.

The gentleman from Bhopal, scared as a scalded cat, was screeching madly as he battered his head against the solid teak in a vain attempt to dive through the partition.

The struggle was one-sided and of short duration. The merchant suddenly ceased wriggling and lay limp and gasping. Callan stood up and lifted the man bodily, as one would lift a sack, and flung him on the seat of the carriage.

"Speak, Sowkar!" he rasped grimly. "Why wouldst thou stop the mail train of the *sircar?*"

The man gobbled in his bruised throat, then squealed in an agony of despair:

"The kraits!" he shrieked. "Ai! Ai! Protectors of the poor—save the small one! Spare him, *sahib!* I am the evil-doer! The dwarf is in the box, *sahib*—the little black box! He is my baby, *sahib!* My only son!"

The howling wretch flung himself on the floor and clasped Callan by the knees.

"Fountain of all light and mercy!" he screamed, "save my precious one! Stop the train! A lakh of rupees for the Hakim-ji if he save my son—an thou stop the train!"

Callan hauled the merchant back to the seat and soundly clouted his ears.

"Sit up and cease thy bellowing, offspring of a pig," he commanded, "and tell us of this hopeful child of thine!"

The unhappy man cowered into the corner by the window and sniveled out his extraordinary story.

The gods had given him a dwarf for a son. The lad was now fourteen years of age and not three feet high. The chance remark of an English lady in a shop where he was trading informed him of the treasures that were packed in the baggage of the *sahib-log*, especially when such baggage was labeled with the red and white tickets of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which meant that the piece so labeled was being taken to England over the sea. Everybody knew that such baggage was most plentiful at the time the hot weather begins.

He had studied the subject and worked it out with care. Then he had prepared one of his little black trading boxes that nobody would suspect of holding a human creature. He had bored ventilation holes and fixed inside clasps, and little Devidass, his son, was trained to conceal himself therein and emerge and pick the locks of the *sahibs'* baggage while the train was running between stations. He took to the scheme even as a duck takes to water.

He, the trader, was himself a man of good repute and above all suspicion. Therefore it came about that the system had worked like a charm.

His story ended the wretched man clasped his hands again and wept.

"Now thou knowest all, *sahib!*" he pleaded. "Wilt thou not pull the cord and stop the train so that the Hakim-ji may save my son?"

Callan shook his head stolidly.

"Divil a bit!" said he. "Not until you tell us what you have done with every atom of the loot!"

The Hindu groaned and resumed his tale, while the train sped on through the hot night to its next stopping place—Khandwa.

At Khandwa a platoon of police sepoys were on the platform awaiting the train. Before it stopped a couple of the detectives in the third-class carriages had leaped out and were taking orders from Callan as they ran along the platform.

A moment later the merchant's two servants were being hustled away, handcuffed, without being allowed to see their unlucky master. Then the trader himself was bundled out and

frog-marched, lamenting loudly to the baggage car.

"Art thou dead, my Devidass?" screeched the distracted man. "Jewel of my soul, speak if thou survivest!"

Blasphemous mutterings burbled from one of the boxes that seemed scarce large enough to hold a cat. The Mohammedan police inspector in charge of the platoon lifted it down with a bang to the platform.

"Open, thou son of Shaitan!" he thundered. "Open, or I send the box and thee with one kick to Gehenna!"

The lid of the black box flew up with a click. A deformed and stunted urchin sprang upright, like a jack-in-the-box. At his feet was a regular mush of watches, chains, bangles, rings, and other trifles that he had looted from the baggage during the short run of a hundred miles or so to Khandwa. There were also bunches of skeleton keys and pick-locks.

As the inspector lifted him up the eyes of the little chap blazed with fury, and he snarled at his weeping parent.

"Scum of a tanner's cesspool," he spluttered, "art thou proud at having betrayed thy son to the *Lal Puggri Wallahs?*"

The *Lal Puggri* (or Red Turban) *Wallahs* is what the natives call the red-turbaned peons of the Indian police.

The merchant screamed afresh

"The kraits!" he shrieked. "The boy is mad of the snake bites! He is demented! Oh, Hakim-ji, save my little son!"

Callan assumed an expression of preternatural gravity as he turned to me and spoke in a whisper:

"Now, supposing there had been any snakes or snake bites hereabouts," he murmured, "what would you, as a worker of miracles, proceed to do at this juncture?"

In my professional judgment there lurked no rudimentary shadow of a doubt as to the course to be pursued in such an emergency.

"I should run like a scared hare," said I.

THE "PENNSY" CARRIES $99,000,000 FREE.

SINCE the beginning of the war in Europe, the United States government has shipped two hundred tons of gold, worth about $99,000,000, from Philadelphia to New York without cost for railroad transportation. This was accomplished by sending the gold as parcel post. Railway-mail pay provides compensation only for carrying the ordinary mail and includes no specific allowance for such extraordinary service as handling gold transfers for the Treasury Department.

The statement containing the above, issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad, gives this example of how principles of high finance may be applied under the parcel-post system:

"A general merchant of a West Virginia village, who happened also to be a fourth-class postmaster, recently received an order for four barrels of flour from a customer living twenty-six miles away.

"Being a keen business man, the merchant sold himself $11.69 worth of postage stamps, loaded the flour into thirty-two sacks, and shipped it by parcel post. Then, having a claim on the government for the face value of stamps canceled through his office—such being the method of paying fourth-class postmasters—he refunded to himself, as storekeeper, the money he had paid himself, as postmaster, and so was out nothing for delivery costs.

"The interesting question arises, Who paid for the transportation of the flour?

"The answer is that no one did. The railroad by which the flour was shipped lost the freight revenue it would otherwise have earned and was obliged to haul the thirty-two sacks as mail without supplementary payment under its four-year contract made in 1913 for carrying the ordinary mails.

"The government lost nothing by the transaction because it paid nothing for the additional service.

"There are 50,000 fourth-class postmasters in the United States, many of them country storekeepers. Each of them, it would appear, possesses the equivalent of a frank for freight or express service via the parcel post."

CHASING WINTER OFF THE LINE

American Railroads Spend $7,258,722 Annually to Maintain the Regular Operation of Trains in Cold Weather.

BIG STORMS CAUSE EXPENSIVE DELAYS.

Gangs of Especially Trained Men Are Supplemented by Snow-Plows, Sheds and Chemicals in the Fight to Keep the Track and Wires Open, and Enable Train-Crews to Move the Equipment as Closely as Possible to Schedule.

BY DOUGLAS CAMPBELL.

IT costs the big railway systems of the United States $7,258,722 to fight one winter. At least, that is the direct cost for removing snow and ice on tracks and platforms, clearing switches which are frozen, erecting snow-sheds and fences, thawing out frozen pipes, and so on throughout the list of things which the storm king does to both right-of-way and equipment.

The indirect cost, heating trains and stations, repairing damage done to telegraph lines and tracks, replacing material gone to the scrap-pile because of wrecks caused by cold weather, and the incalculable loss due to stalled and delayed traffic, loss of freight, frozen perishables, and loss of passenger income — there are no figures for these things except in isolated instances.

The direct cost is a sum so large that it is difficult, if not impossible, for the average human mind to comprehend it. Seven and a quarter million dollars is more than all the railways pay for insurance on all their property. The direct cold weather cost is greater than all the wages paid to crossing flagmen and gatemen in the country.

It is double the cost of all the oil used on all the locomotives in the United States in a year. It is more than double the costs to these railways for all their telegraph and telephone equipment and maintenance per year. It costs the railways more to fight snow and ice than it does to charge off depreciation on all the passenger cars in the country in a year.

The sum so spent would permit double the number of railway offices in the country so far as their general expenses and office supplies are concerned. It would pay the salaries of all the general officers of all the railroads in the country.

So it can easily be understood why winter spells anxiety to those railroads

not so fortunate through geographic location as to escape paying their tax to Boreas and his minions.

The actual clearing of snow from tracks is probably as large a single item in this total account as any other —rotary snow-plows in the far north; push-plows, scrapers, and flangers farther south; shovel-crews, and sometimes dynamite where plows cannot work, all enter into this account.

The figures given are for an average year. Especially destructive storms of more than usual intensity may run them skyward. The Pennsylvania Railroad estimates that the blizzard of March, 1914, cost it half a million in repairs alone, and a total of two millions is estimated as the loss direct and indirect. Seven thousand miles of Pennsylvania wires were, to use their own phrase, "literally shot to pieces" in this one storm.

Such conditions are, happily, more or less rare. But the battle with winter conditions is never ended, and if the railroads win more often than they lose, and trains run more often than they are stalled, arrive on time more often than materially late, in spite of snow and cold and ice and the devastation of the storm, it is because your railroad man, from the superintendent down to the humblest member of the shovel gang, is a fighter.

"Keep the Line Open!"

"Don't talk about *getting* the line open—*keep* the line open," is their slogan.

In the mountains, and particularly in the northwest, the snow problem is not one to be solved with a rotary plow alone. The snow-shed and the snow fence are the last bulwark of the railroad against its greatest winter enemy. If these fail, the traffic stops, at least until desperate remedies can be offered. Miles on miles of snow-sheds and snow fences protect the northwestern roads, and, to the eastern and the southern traveler, some of them appear to be most peculiar.

Snow fences are more often affairs of slats, erected on a slant, than solid. They are placed, usually, far back from the track. They do not appear to offer any material impediment to drifting snow. But they work on a curious principle. The first idea of a snow fence was of a barrier, a wall against which snow would drift and heap itself, and in the lea of which the track might remain clear.

Such fences were almost prohibitively expensive to erect and maintain, for where the snow drifted, there was the wind, and a high, solid board fence must be tremendously strong to resist a mountain wind in a blizzard. So came the open snow fence, placed back from the track. Its function is to cause an eddy in the wind, which will bring the drifting snow down to the ground and cause it to pile itself up between the track and the fence.

$2,000,000 for S. P. Sheds.

Half the trouble in the east, when a comparatively light snow calls out the plows, is found in narrow cuttings with high sides. These slices out of the earth cause flurries in the wind, which bring the air and snow down into the cut. In windy places the modern practise is to widen cuts and give the walls gentle slopes, with the result that the wind carries the snow out of it about as rapidly as it carries it in.

In the Dakotas, when a snow-plow has cut through ten feet of snow and left white, perpendicular walls gleaming in the sun, it will stay clear only so long as there is no wind with light snow. Let a three-inch fall come afterward with a high wind and these cuts will fail under eddies in the wind caused by the perpendicular sides.

Some conception of the size and amount of snow-sheds and fences, many of them portable, and put up and taken down yearly, may be had from the amount of money thus spent every year, $350,000 being the average year's bill for this form of protection. A large part of it is borne by the

Southern Pacific, which operates nearly forty miles of such snow-sheds in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where protection from avalanches is a vital matter.

The Southern Pacific values its sheds at more than $2,000,000. Fire damages them to the extent of nearly $50,000 a year in spite of a constantly maintained fire-fighting patrol and fire trains. The Southern Pacific spends upwards of $200,000 a year on its sheds and protective service.

Those who have never seen a snow-slide can have no conception of what it is like. Snow weighs from twenty-five to fifty pounds a cubic foot. Thousands and thousands of cubic feet of snow may be carried down in one slide, which, gaining momentum as it goes, is absolutely irresistible when it strikes anything.

Snow Avalanches Irresistible.

Snow-sheds, of course, are always arranged so that avalanches shall slide over them. Their function, with regard to the track, is to keep the slide from covering it or sweeping it away, not to stop the fall. As an instance of the terrific power of a snow-slide, a huge rotary snow-plow, with a crew of seven, was struck on the Kalispel division of the Great Northern near the continental divide.

The slide sheared the plow away from its engine, cutting the draw-bar as with a knife. It picked up the enormously heavy rotary and hurled it over a precipice and then down a five hundred foot mountainside to the river below. That five of the seven men on it escaped with their lives is a miracle.

As a result of this and other accidents and delays, the Great Northern spent a million and a half in permanent concrete and timber snow-sheds in the Cascade Mountains, a total of almost fifteen thousand feet of such protections against snow-slides, in addition to a twelve-hundred-foot tunnel which at once straightened alignment and removed that stretch of track forever from the danger of winter blockade.

Sometimes a snow-slide will get the better of a road, even when it had supposed all possible places were protected with snow-sheds. And when a slide does cover a track it frequently takes something besides a rotary to move it.

Blast Away Huge Slides.

Six hundred feet of metal in the Rockies were recently covered forty feet deep in snow. Like most snow-slides, it was soft, half-melted snow. Well-frozen snow seldom slides. Then it turned suddenly cold and the snow froze a solid mass of ice. The snow-plow made plenty of ice shavings but no progress.

Finally, in desperation, the engineer in charge drove a pipe thirty-five feet down into the snow and exploded enough dynamite cartridges to blow the hole fairly big. In this he piled sixty-two kegs of blasting powder and fired it off.

It snowed for an hour afterward, but the lines were cleared to within a few feet of the track, and the rotary finished the job. Some fear was expressed at the time that the lines would be injured, but the snow not blown away had acted as a cushion and no visible harm was done by this somewhat spectacular method of removing snow.

It is not now uncommon for Western roads that suffer from snow-slides to use several car-loads of blasting-powder in a winter to do in a moment or two what would take a shovel-gang a month to accomplish.

Must Study "Snow Manual."

In the East, except for the occasional blizzard, snow obstruction to tracks is much more likely to be in the form of drifts than absolutely stalling fills of snow. As a result, the Eastern railways begin to clear their lines of snow before it has fairly started to fall. Most Eastern railroads have a regular "Snow Manual," in which each man's

duties are laid out for him, and all plans made for an invasion of cold weather.

One of the principal weapons in fighting snow is the train itself. "Run them often and you keep the snow down," says the traffic superintendent. So, at the first sign of a real snow, trains are split into sections, extra engines are ordered out, and two and three strings of cars run where one ran before.

Reserve motive-power is of the greatest assistance. Many traffic superintendents claim that the interest on the investment, including depreciation and renewal charges, of such spare power units, is more than compensated by keeping the lines open and sending trains through on time.

The world is full of stories of heroes who sat on the right or left side of the cab. The heroism of the chap at the rear end, who must walk back a quarter of a mile or a half mile in a "thirty-degree-below" blizzard when his train stalls, the genuine courage and hardihood of the man with the punch who thinks more of his passengers than of his legs and arms—these are the stories one seldom hears.

Heroic Trainmen Save Passengers.

On the Maukweekee Railroad trains were stalled everywhere by a blizzard which brought thirty degrees below zero, a blinding snow-storm, and high winds. One train was snowbound for fifty hours with no supplies, and women and children on board the cold cars.

On the second day, eight men—six passengers and two trainmen—fought their way back seven miles to a town to obtain food for the women and children. They had the wind at their backs going out. On the return, each man laden with a sack of provisions, six men dropped out and returned to town after traveling three miles.

The weather was so bad that the two who persisted—a conductor and a brakeman—could not see each other ten feet apart. They tied a two-hundred-foot rope about their waists. One would stagger forward until he found a telegraph-pole. By hauling on the rope he would assist his companion to find him. Then the companion would plunge forward alone, and the front man, resting a few minutes, would be hauled forward in his turn.

In this way they covered the seven miles to the train in seven hours, arriving completely exhausted, each with badly frozen faces and hands. But the women and children passengers had food.

Switch-Points a Big Problem.

The public thinks of the snow-fighters as those who clear the rails ahead of the trains in the open country. Yet one of the most vital parts of snow-fighting occurs in the city yards of important stations. Keeping the interlocking switch mechanism clear of ice and snow is a highly important part of the storm-fighters' work. Failure to do it will either stall a train or cause a wreck.

The methods adopted are many and various. Salt was for long supposed to be a sovereign remedy, but its effect in low temperatures is worse than the snow itself. Salt melts snow, and the next thing is ice. An iced switch-point is about as mean a thing to clear as can be imagined. The modern way includes shovels, picks, brooms, and constant patrolling, sweeping, and digging, keeping the switches from freezing by never letting them freeze, and the still more recent development of burning off the snow with some of the less expensive hydrocarbons.

How Hydrocarbon Is Used.

It should be noted that it is not only snow which is the enemy of the switches and interlocking mechanism in a busy yard. Water from leaky tanks, overflow from injector-pipes on engines, drips from car-heating apparatus, water from train lavatories and kitchens, all become ice in low temperatures.

In the hydrocarbon remedy, a central storage tank, which may be either a few hundred or many thousand gallons in capacity, according to the size of the yard, supplies workmen with fluid which they distribute over switches and points and then ignite. The flame is not extinguished by wind, and the heat developed is sufficient to melt ice even in extremely low temperatures.

It also exaporates the greater part of it, so that, once gone, it will not return. The heat developed is not sufficient, however, to damage the steel, since it will not rise above summer temperatures if the flame is carefully handled.

Some statistics of a busy yard using this system for the first time are interesting, and show plainly why the method is rapidly spreading. This yard expended on a certain storm, before the introduction of the hydrocarbon system,

150 extra men, 24 hours each, at 20 cents.....	$720.00
33 regular men, including foreman, 30 hours.....	181.70
Meals for men on continuous duty	109.80
	$1,011.50

For a worse storm, using the hydrocarbon system, the cost-sheet ran:

No extra men, no meals, men able to go home for meals.	
Regular men, 20 hours each.	$121.80
Hydrocarbon, 1,900 gallons at 4 cents	76.00
Apparatus and incidentals...	66.60
	$264.40
Saving, in a single storm....	$747.10

Another method of keeping important switches clear of ice is that system by which they are heated by burying under them pipes through which heated oil is kept flowing. This system has been successfully tried out and worked in a satisfactory way, but its installation is expensive.

Similarly, a gas-heating system, in which small blue-flame stoves are operated so close to switches that the hot air they produce can be distributed in all spaces about switches, which are covered with metal to prevent escape of heat, has been successful. Its basic principle is that of melting snow as it falls or drifts, rather than attacking it after it has clogged the switch.

The bare man-hole covers on city streets when the streets themselves are deep in snow, is an illustration of the principle of this system.

Steam Heat for Switches.

Steam-heating plants for the protection of important switches are sometimes installed in busy terminals. The cost of original installation, of operation, and of putting down and taking up every year, is, of course, great; but it is generally conceded that no one thing is quite so valuable to a railroad as time, and that the time saved by having all switches in a busy yard or terminal instantly responsive, is worth whatever it costs.

Still another way in which winter levies toll against the railroad is found whenever track-water pans are left in operation during cold weather. These pans are filled with water which is kept moving and heated to prevent freezing, otherwise the engine would not be able to scoop it up. But in spite of the care and attention given to automatic watering at speed, there is no known system which prevents almost as much water slopping over the sides of the tank as goes into the engine-tank.

Questions of clearance prevent these pans being built very deep, and the most carefully made scoop does much spilling. The result is that in severe weather ice is gradually built up in layers between track and pan and over the rail, from whence, of course, it must be removed with expensive hand labor.

Steam heat applied in pipes beneath the surface of the track, heating the whole surface of the embankment, has proved one remedy, proper drainage being provided.

But steam-heating plants to heat a whole embankment a fifth of a mile long are expensive. It would not take very many, including their cost of maintenance, to make a respectable addition to the seven and a quarter millions already a standard appropriation for fighting cold weather.

The damage done to track outside of yards and terminals is difficult to estimate. Rail breakage is more common in winter than in summer, especially following sudden cold snaps. This costs the railroads dearly, not only in the time and expense incident to the replacement of such rails, and the occasional wreck which they cause if not detected, but the extra force of track-walkers necessary to guard against such breakages.

There is never a time when an engine has more need to develop all its power than during a blizzard. Tracks are slippery. Cars are heavier with the weight of snow they carry. Head winds cause slow speed.

There is never a time when a good engine develops less power. Water in the tank is colder, radiation from the engine is greater, heat is less effective in the flues, and a hundred and one little things which go smoothly enough in fair weather, go badly in a storm.

The air intake for the air-pump may be clogged. Nothing will serve but fixing it. Journals become hot quicker bucking snow than in any other way. Another cause of expense due to cold weather is the necessity to double head with engines of approximately similar power. This, again, necessitates reserve motive-power, and engines in reserve spell money invested, repairs, upkeep, and interest on investment.

With the heavy ballasting of modern tracks the problem of track heaving in winter grows less and less, but there are thousands of miles of line in constant use which never saw a piece of stone between their ties. When such tracks are thoroughly soaked with melted snow, are then solidly frozen, thaw again and again freeze, too frequently a train-crew must blame poor time on "track heaved."

Winter is one of the worst enemies of the railroad. Snow and ice cost not only in delays, in annoyance, in extra crews, in accidents, and in damage to equipment, but in hard cash. For the one vital thing which is always before every railroad man and never so vividly as in winter, is: "Keep the line open, keep the trains moving, keep the traffic safe."

At times the storm king wins, but the storm king never wins in the long run. You can down the man in blue and the man at the desk with a blizzard, but you can't *keep* him down with all the blizzards that ever blew, so long as the man at the desk has a railroad check-book and the man in blue has courage.

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Send me the names and addresses of three of your friends who you think will be interested in the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, and I will send them sample copies direct from this office. You might, if you wish to prepare them for the coming of the magazine, write to them as well and say that sample copies of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE are being sent to them at your request.

This is just a suggestion. If it is too much trouble don't do it, but I will appreciate it if you do, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have introduced your friends to a magazine they may appreciate as much as you do.

EDITOR, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York.

A SPEEDY THOUGHT CAME TO MIKE MANOGUE. HE DIDN'T WEAR A BULLET-PROOF JACKET

Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

No. 82.—The Members of Section No. 27 Try to Keep Some Trespassers from Wandering Along the Right-of-Way.

SECTION Foreman O'Brien was placed in charge of a construction train for the time, and Casey, who is the senior member of the gang, was given charge of Section 27.

In all the years previous Casey had never found anything particularly perplexing in managing hands or performing the work on the section.

There never was a time when Casey could not tell O'Brien just what should be done and just how to do it.

It is ever so in railroad work.

The man who is a little removed from direct responsibility, who is untouched and does not answer for the results, is always ready with his counsel and positive in his advice, and swift and direct in decision. When he (him-

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self) must answer and be accountable he pauses and surrounds his acts with a degree of caution and circumspection.

From this it follows that there is nothing in the operation of railroads from the broadest policies of financiering pool and traffic problems and feats of engineering down to anti-creepers and splice bars that the ever-present, ever-ready stove-pipe conferences have not settled completely and drastically. Thought, reason, opinion, and judgment are constantly brewing, bubbling and effervescing.

Casey knew exactly how O'Brien should run Section 27; but when Casey jingled the keys of the hand-car house in his own hands and suddenly realized that he (Casey) would be held for the work and conditions of the six miles of track known as Section 27, he awoke to the fact that he now had a man's job.

He found himself perplexed with Haggarty, and out of sorts with the slow indifference of Manogue. He did not understand how it took five minutes to light a pipe, ten minutes to tell a story, all forenoon to explain the tariff question, all afternoon to give the reason why women should not be allowed to vote, and all the balance of the week to settle the European war.

It was quite true that up to that very moment Casey himself had dogmatical opinions on all these subjects, and that he had freely voiced his sentiments throughout all the working hours, but never had he permitted his volubility to stay the hand of labor—never. Such was the fabrication he now made himself believe.

"You've got to be at the hand-car house at six-thirty, Haggarty, and you, too, Manogue," explained Casey. "And six-thirty don't mean six-thirty-five, either. Do you bear that in mind?"

"Since whin," returned Haggarty, "did you come to figure all this out? We've always waited on you from five to twenty minutes."

"That's different," explained Casey, and without further words—as none were necessary.

"I suppose, Casey," ventured Manogue, "now that you are temporary foreman we'll run in every day for a warm dinner at home."

"We will not," answered Casey decisively.

"Ho, ho! Well, well, well," continued Manogue. "Haven't you always advocated it, Casey? Haven't you said hard things of Jim O'Brien over your cold lunch at noon? Haven't you always proposed and upheld the warm dinner for the har-r-r-d working section man?" Manogue took a long and heavy draft on the word "har-r-r-d." "Hasn't them always been your views, Casey?"

"Mike Manogue," returned Casey, gravely weighing his words and, at the same time, mentally casting about for a plausible evasion, "I may have expressed some sentiments of the kind in loose talk. I may have. Loose talk is one thing and facts is another. If I recall I said, 'Hard workin'.' Them was the identical words, 'Hard workin'.' That lets you out, Mike Manogue; and that lets you out, Tom Haggarty.

"I still adhere to my position. If a man works hard—if a man works steady—he's entitled to a warm dinner. But when he does not—does not, understand—put in his best licks, it is only right that he should be deprived of some of the luxuries."

"When you was a hand and grumblin' about the hard rules of Jim O'Brien," retorted Manogue, "you did not have all them extra words about what it ought to take to earn a warm dinner. You just put it down flat that every section man should have a warm dinner. Now then, Casey, you are foreman for a while; are you goin' to stick to it or are you goin' back on yourself?"

Casey took the course of all true diplomacy—he parried for time

"All such reforms and changes, my men," he advised, "must come along

gradually and not all so suddenly that it would upset our calculations and interfere with our work. For the presint—for some time to come—every thing will go on exactly as it has been goin' on under O'Brien. We will proceed with caution, as the books of rules says. Also further, 'Whin there's

"I'M TELLIN' YOU, WOMAN OR LADY, YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED ON THE RAILROAD TRACK! G'WAN BACK TO TOWN AND STAY OFF! THEM'S THE ORDERS!"

doubt take the safe course.' And then added to all the aforesaid, as Lawyer Flanagan says, bein' a hand is one thing and running a section is another."

The work of the section went on much the same. The rules of conduct and the regulations governing the work, instituted and effective under O'Brien, were adhered to under Casey with religious fidelity. Hitherto Casey had been free to express certain radical ideas on the brotherhood of man, and the crying need of universal humanitarianism. He had argued for a larger freedom—for expanded privileges and wider benevolence for the humble toiler.

Now that Casey was foreman Haggarty and Manogue recalled and recited all these fine sentiments and the rod-on-rod, lineal measure of running talk, of superfine emotions and benign convictions, and they hastened to remind him that now was the time to try out his doctrines.

"A man cannot reform the world by himself," retorted Casey with sound philosophy. "He's got to have help, and it can't be done in a day, either. It takes time and everybody working together. When everybody sees it that way, and everybody lends a hand, why then, I reckon, we'll all be better off—maybe."

This was somewhat guarded and qualified; but it served to remove from Casey the burden of any revolutionary

shift in economic conditions and place it on the community as a whole.

It is always safer to be a reformer wholesale than to concentrate on individual cases or instances. Every one of us who has been strong in reclaiming and ameliorating the conditions of human kind find much more satisfaction in restraining a whole nation than in any effort to reclaim some mulish individual who does not thank you for your efforts and does not want to be amended, anyway.

Casey never made a move to change existing conditions. Serfdom was not abolished on Section 27. The daily life of Haggarty, Manogue, and the other hands continued to be ten hours' work under closer surveillance than when O'Brien was in charge. Liberty was wing-clipped. Independence had slipped its eccentric.

Roadmaster Slagle came out over the road to see how the new foreman was getting along.

Casey was attentive and respectful. He addressed Slagle as "Mister," which caused Haggarty to glance sidewise and meet a like sidewise glance from one—Manogue—the significance of which was, "since when?"

For had not Casey, as a hand and a private, spoken of Slagle, whose name appeared on all orders and notices, in terms of scorn and deprecation? Had not he (Casey) told Foreman O'Brien

BY SIGNS OF POINTING WITH HIS THUMB DOWN THE TRACK IN THE DIRECTION OF CASEY AND BY THE FREE AND EMPHATIC USE OF THE WORD "BOSS" OVER AND OVER, HAGGARTY SUCCEEDED IN PLACING THE BLAME WHERE IT BELONGED

over and over what he (Casey) would say to Slagle were he (Casey) foreman?

He would jeer and mock and scoff and traduce.

Now that the moment had arrived, instead of any imperial manifestoes or monarchical ukases, or even plain Hibernian hot-shot, Casey was kow-towing in meekness and submission with nothing stouter in words than, "Yes, Mr. Slagle," "Yes, yes, that's so, Mr. Slagle," "You are right, Mr. Slagle." Those were the words—"Mister, mister, mister!"

It is a great blow to the cause of independence when its leader, defender and mouthpiece is forced to soft-worded agreement and shrivels up to the roll of an obsequious follower to the authority so freely criticized and execrated.

Down in his heart Acting Foreman Casey felt the impulse of apology and explanation to Haggarty, Manogue, *et al.* He confessed to himself a certain humiliation in his position as foreman. It mortified him that he must now disapprove and refute the judgment and statements of Casey, the hand.

Casey, the hand, was honest but a little hasty. Casey, the hand, meant well enough; but he was circumscribed in his view and only saw the petty personal things about him.

As a matter of compromise Casey, the foreman, conceived an idea.

"I am tellin' you, Haggarty," said he, "nothin' is made by oppressin' the laborin' man. Overworkin' men don't get any foreman anywhere on a railroad—I've always said that. You will own up, Haggarty, I have always said that. I can't make any record for myself, Haggarty, by gittin' more work out of four hands than any other section. If it causes the other sections to speed up, some of 'em will soon go round me, then we'd hafto go still swifter and there's no end to it. Where would it stop, Haggarty, short of total exhaustion? If I am to get a reputation for myself as a foreman, Haggarty, it will be in some other way, and I have an idea, Haggarty."

Haggarty was interested. In a general way he intimated that any man who would oppress and exhaust the laboring man to make a record should be striken deaf, dumb, and blind, and laid low with the plague. But if there was any other scheme for establishing a record that did not involve violent physical efforts, he was for it.

"I've been a-readin' railroad statistics," explained Casey by way of introduction. "Do you know that from one-fourth to one-half of all the people injured and killed on the railroads are trespassers? Not railroaders like you and me, Haggarty, and brakemen and engineers; but just wandering vagabond people gettin' on the tracks and about the cars where they ain't got no business.

"Nobody ever tries to keep 'em off the tracks and away from the railroad. We just give 'em the liberty of our premises and then buy them cork legs and pay all the attorney fees. My idea, Haggarty, is to stop the trespassin' on Section 27. I am goin' to have it understood that this is private property.

"Any one strollin' on, Haggarty, is to be shown that its just the same as intrudin' on some one's front lawn. In railroadin', Haggarty, men get their reputation by one little idea, and stayin' by it and pushin' it along. I'm goin' to clear Section 27 of trespassers. That's my idea. I'm goin' to make five miles of this railroad private property. How does it strike you, Haggarty?"

Haggarty concurred with enthusiasm, likewise Manogue. Where is there anywhere a Haggarty or a Manogue who will not jump at the chance to slip from hard labor to police duty? Where is there a Haggarty or a Manogue who will not kindle a bit with the idea of chasing an intruder off the reservation?

It belongs to the name. It is in the blood. Do not make the mistake that

because a man is a laborer he has lost all these primitive and inherent instincts. He may cast the furtive eye and speak with bare-headed diffidence; but somewhere within him there is a current, and a spark may explode him and set him going.

"It is a fine idea, Casey," was the deliberate verdict of Haggarty delivered after two seconds' thought. "Manogue and me are wid you, Casey. We'll eject 'em, Casey, no matter who they are. Over the right-of-way fence they go—one and all!"

"Sh-sh! Not so violent as all that, Haggarty," protested Casey. "First we tell 'em to get off, polite like, understand; then if they hesitate, we heave 'em over; but avoidin' violence, understand."

There was some discussion on this point. Haggarty argued for forcible ejection. Casey stuck for the more pacific policy of precluding all requests to vamoose and avaunt, first with politeness, then if ineffectual to follow with force. As Casey was in authority this plan was adopted.

"There will not be a great deal doin' on track work for a day or two, or maybe a week," explained Casey, "until people get to understand this new order. It will take a little time to educate 'em, and after which we can get down to our regular duties wance more."

It is hard for the lowly chronicler to avoid the use of military terms in describing the doings on Section 27 since they are so freely employed in our daily reading.

The campaign outlined in this way: General Manogue was assigned to the left wing, the far-out end of Section 27. Major General Casey occupied the center, and General Haggarty had the right wing, near the base of supplies next to town.

Every man, woman, and child was to be halted and told to clear off.

It looked easy. A word, a gesture and all is neatly accomplished. We reformers everywhere are an optimistic lot. We outline a plan, speak a word or wave a magic hand, and presto! only the perverse human herd neither hears nor sees and keeps right on in its obstinate course.

There is not much question as to the general soundness of the idea Casey conceived. The trespassing public is a great nuisance and a menace to every railroad. In many ways it costs the railroads enormous sums.

If Section 27, under Acting Foreman Casey, could keep five miles clear of intruders he would set a most worthy example and would win a name. With Manogue on the left and Haggarty on the right, Casey thought it would be easy enough.

In this free-and-easy republic, and from the day Camden was linked to Amboy, people have taken as much liberty with a railroad track as they have with a public highway. It is a liberty that they do not want interfered with or abridged. In truth it can not be taken away without years of education, eternal vigilance and drastic measures.

"I say, you woman or lady, there!" came the voice of Haggarty in challenge, within five minutes after he had commenced sentry duty. "Wot you doin' there? Don't you know you ain't allowed on the railroad?"

A woman had come out from town with a basket to gather coal from along the track. She was a dark and swarthy creature with a hard face. To the few preliminary words of warning from Haggarty she paid no attention whatever; but continued looking about her for bits of coal

Haggarty raised his voice.

"I'm tellin' you, woman or lady, you are not allowed on the railroad track! G'wan back to town and stay off! Them's the orders! Nobody's to trespass on the railroad any more."

The woman did not get panicy. She gave Haggarty so much as a glance, then again cast her eyes about her in quest of more fuel.

"Do'ye hear?" roared Haggarty.

The force of Haggarty's voice led her to set her basket down, place her arms skimbo, and reply with a volley. Her tongue was foreign. It came with a Mediterranean warmth and a Baltic twist.

"NEVER GIT ON A RAILROAD TRACK AGAIN, D'YE HEAR? GIT OUT ON THE PUBLIC ROAD—THAT'S THE PLACE FOR YOU."

Haggarty could not understand; but he stood firm. He saw that he could not make her comprehend by words, so he pointed significantly at her basket, then to her, then along the track to town. To the most dull-witted it was plainly a command to pick up the belongings and dig hence.

The woman continued her oration with the tenacity of a valley statesman discussing the tariff. When there was a lull for breath, Haggarty repeated the gesture which only fanned the flame. At length she shrieked to a climax and finished with a series of gestures that might have been translated into a design to ham-string, quarter, dismember, shred, and Hamburg any arrogant and fool-hardy authority that dared stand in the way of the poor and its fuel supply.

She grasped her half-filled basket and turned back. Two or three times she set it down to gesticulate and add a few sizzling words for extra measure. Each time Haggarty responded by motioning her on. He chuckled with satisfaction. It worked out so easy.

Next, he fired two boys. They offered no resistance. They obediently climbed the fence and made off across the wood-pasture.

Patrolling was a pleasant job. What a vast difference in the feel of even this bit of brief authority to the heaviness and coarseness of manual labor.

Business was quiet. Haggarty stretched his neck townward inviting scrutiny. Events were moving hardly swift enough to sustain interest. Suddenly he looked again. He leaned forward and squinted hard for a better focus. What was it—a picnic party, a mob, or an army? Was it Xerxes, Napoleon or the Russian invasion? Was it infantry or uhlans? Was it only an uprising of the populace?

On they came, nearer and nearer. There were a number of men, as many women and a miscellaneous assortment of children. They were all talking excitedly. A woman led them. When near enough, Haggarty recognized her as the woman with the basket whom he had turned in the direction of town a little earlier.

Haggarty planted himself firmly on the track and held up his hand. It was a sign to halt. So far as the invaders were concerned it might have been "Hail and welcome," for they came along with a quickened step.

"Hold on there; all of ye!" cried Haggarty with energy. "You're trespassers, every wan; and it's skidoo out of here and off of here, the whole bunch of ye!"

The command was well meant and carried the weight of authority; but Haggarty did not appear to have the proper range.

They came on all of them, even to the smallest. Together they raised their voices in the quick staccato of the Far East and surrounded and assailed Haggarty.

The woman with the basket, in security of ample reenforcements, planted herself squarely before Haggarty and defied him in a tantalizing tongue that he could not understand, to now order her off if he dared.

Haggarty did not dare. There were too many of them and they appeared over-excited. He recalled that this class of people when incited even by fancied wrongs, sometimes have a disagreeable habit of using a stiletto to emphasize an argument.

This was Casey's affair, anyway—not Haggarty's. If Casey the foreman wanted to make a reputation for abating the trespassing nuisance, let him engage this bunch of heathens.

It was an exciting session of some ten or twenty minutes. Finally, by signs of pointing with his thumb down the track in the direction of Casey and by the free and emphatic use of the word "boss" over and over, Haggarty succeeded in placing the blame where it belonged, with the result that he trailed off with the whole collection of misfits to the spot where Casey was standing guard.

In the meantime:

Mike Manogue on the far end had concluded an argument with an itinerant pedler whom he had forced to climb, with his pack, over the fence into the adjacent field.

Outside the range of authority the pedler leaned on the wire of the fence, made menacing gestures and vented his feelings in broken Yiddish. At last he calmed down to a commercial temperature and made the best of unfortunate circumstances by trying to sell Manogue a number of excellent articles from hand-soap to shoe-strings. Failing in this, he again grew indignant.

"I hava you arrest," he threatened.

Manogue rather courted legal prosecution for ejecting a trespasser.

"Want my name, old scout?" he asked facetiously.

"Da name. Yis, I taka da name. I tella da judge da name!" He whipped out a pad and pencil.

Manogue carefully spelled it out:

"Mike—M-i-k-e M-a-n-o-g-u-e. And you might write Tom—T-o-m H-a-g-g-a-r-t-y and Tim—T-i-m C-a-s-e-y. There's three of us." Manogue held up three fingers in verification of the numbers involved. "We're keeping everybody off the track. You stay over there, mind ye? Never git on a railroad track again, d'ye hear? Git out on the public road—that's the place for you."

The pedler replied with spirit, and

the argument became more heated and more and more unintelligible. Then Manogue's attention was called to the approach of another trespasser coming toward him with a swift, swinging pace, and now well within the range of his voice.

It was a young woman of athletic build. She was clad in a tan walking suit and heavy shoes.

"Stop where you are!" commanded Manogue, lifting a warning hand and striking a true sentinel pose.

The young lady seemed pleased at the challenge. She approached with the coolest indifference until Manogue stood directly in front of her.

"Step aside, please," she commanded with a little gesture of authority.

"It's you that's to step aside," retorted Manogue. "They ain't no trespassin' allowed on this railroad, and I'm here to see to it! You'll haf to get off and go over to the pike. Them's my orders, and I'm stayin' by 'em."

"Indeed! Since when?" asked the young lady.

"Since six-thirty this morning," stoutly affirmed Manogue. "There's to be no more trespassin' on this road. Half the people that's killed is trespassers," he went on to explain.

"No one else has stopped me," she protested.

"Well, you're stopped now," he retorted with determination.

The young lady expostulated with Manogue a little further, but the left guard held firm.

She stamped her foot impatiently.

"Do you know who I am?" she asked.

Manogue shook his head.

"I am Hilda Hike, the great girl pedestrian, whose name and pictures are in all the newspapers. I am walking alone on a wager from San Francisco to Boston. I have walked two thousand miles on railroads, and this is the first objection and interference I have met with. I have passed all kinds of section-hands and of all nationalities, and never one of them has given me a single rude word or look. You are a new type to me. Here is the last word: I am going on my way right along down the track, and I defy you to lay a hand on me! I will show you that I have the nerve to defend myself."

With a quick motion she whipped a gun from the folds of her dress.

A speedy thought came into Mike Manogue's head. He did not wear a bullet-proof jacket, nor was he any more willing than Haggarty to back the new order with his bare flesh against armed hostiles. So the next second he bluttered out: "Come on! We'll go on down the track and see the boss."

He turned and marched briskly ahead with the globe-trotter, or "trotteress," following grimly a few paces behind, and with the old pedler, who had gathered new courage, bringing up the rear.

Foreman Casey, serenely occupying the center, was approached at the same moment from opposite directions by his two lieutenants, Haggarty and Manogue, in convoy of belligerent trespassers.

Casey took in the situation at a glance. Whatever may be said of the Celt, he is seldom accused of being dull or dilatory. The glance disclosed that the force was outnumbered and that the invaders were armed.

Casey backed out toward the fence.

"Let 'em go, Haggarty!" he commanded as that worthy approached. "Release 'em, Manogue!" he halloed with the next breath.

The procession converged on Casey with gathering speed. Haggarty slid over the fence. Two panels to windward, Manogue ditto. Then in the concentration of the rush for the "boss" Casey did likewise.

No one was scared, mind you, and it was no retreat. It was only a bit of discreet reconnoitering for the advantage of position. A bunch of foreigners on a wild jamboree and a lone

female with a gun make a combination that inspires at least a degree of caution.

"Hold on!" cried Casey. "What do you think now? It's us that's fired. We're off the right-of-way!"

"We are!" confirmed Manogue.

"Let 'em g'wan! Give 'em time to scatter," urged Haggarty with discretion.

"What can you do with women and wops?" elucidated Casey after a time as they found their way back to the track where the hand-car and the two extra men had been left. "Men's different, but you can't fight women and wops. Let 'em git run over—who cares? Let 'em come; let 'em go. You can't show people nothin'."

The pedler with his pack made his way to town with all speed possible. In turn he called at the homes of Casey, Manogue, and Haggarty, where he represented he had been ordered to call and deliver soap for chapped hands to the amount of one dollar—and collected for the same. He cashed in on the names with which Manogue had supplied him. You cannot beat the pedler game.

Miss Hilda Hike reached Boston and won her wager. Manogue read all about it in the Sunday supplement and gazed on her picture, and was puffed up to explain to all that he had "met the lady."

The foreign quarter continued to gather its fuel, piece by piece, in sacks and baskets from the right-of-way.

"It's no use," reflected Casey with gloomy philosophy. "You can't keep 'em off unless you got mortars and howitzers and plenty of shrapnel and a rigiment or two of fusileers."

THE "TALLOW-POT'S" LAMENT.

BY C. CARYL McGILL.

WHEN th' drag is long, an' th' grade is steep,
An' th' hogger is weepin' fer steam,
An' the fire cuts like th' devil's lash,
An' ye feel like ye'd orter scream:
It's then ye commence t' weaken,
Ye feel like a mule that's mired.
When the coal gets back ten feet or more—
Then ye're tired; by heck, ye're tired!

Eight hours o' rest on a five-foot cot,
In a bunk house smelly an' dim.
W'ere th' grub is moldy an' Java's punk,
An' ye lose yer pepper an' vim.
Then back to th' grind they calls ye,
Ye'll go, or else ye'll git fired.
An' ye tries t' wear th' nose off th' scoop—
Then ye're tired; by heck, ye're tired!

Full sixteen hours the law permits
Ye t' slave on the streaks o' rust;
But ten is enough on a stiddy grind,
T' make ye wish ye could bust.
When yer skin hangs onto the coal gate,
And an ungodly thirst ye've acquired,
An' yer coat-tail drags on th' gangway floor—
Then ye're tired; by heck, ye're tired!

A railroad man dies for duty without the roll of a drum or the blare of a bugle, but the greatness of American railroads is a monument to his devotion.

Thirty-Three's Flag at El Rey.

BY ROBERT FULKERSON HOFFMAN,

Author of "Horrigan's Medal," "Why Bayard Stayed," "An Hour in the Pit," "Crowding the 833," "The Red Veto," "The Silver 'X' on Geyser Head," and Others.

In the Dead Heat of Summer, a "Flag Play Comes Up," and Sunny Remembers a "Frost."

ON one of the naked yellow basins of the high and deep Southwest, clear waters of the Canadian Fork, still slender in its modest beginning, purl under the tracks and cheerily across the alkali like a crinkled thread of silver strayed across a dented face of bronze.

On the high east rim the tracks cut a rounded lip of the basin and point away into gray desolation. On the full western lip they again cut in deep, and desolation stretches there, while down at the heart of the basin where the Canadian Fork glistens and writhes in its search for the way out stands the solitary tank.

This, by the card, is El Rey; naked and quivering under the blazing wrath of summer; seared, crackling, all but screeching in the stinging dry blasts of winter-driven winds; superb in its utter loneliness in sun or in storm, in heat or in cold, and again superb and serenely aloof in its bitterly bestowed title of the "Glory Hole."

For men who perch upon the quivering sides of seething shells of steel—just engines, you know—or balance upon their reeling engine-decks, there is a glory in the brains, courage, and skill which enable them to fill up at distant tanks on either side of El Rey and send a thousand tons of freight hurtling down and up again through El Rey without stopping for water. That is called "running the Glory Hole."

There is a glory in the voiceless might of distant despatchers hurling these living answers to an ever-crying world need; a half-sensed glory in the feel of power which sometimes cloaks itself in slap-stick jest or boyish horseplay even when the quick "high-sign" of lamp or hand to rearward knowingly holds and dares the nice balance between run and ruin; when the answer rolls back from the wallowing engine: "We will!" We will take a chance!

There is a glory for the high-groomed Overlands swooping into and out of the Glory Hole, spurning it as flaming meteors spurn a lodging-place upon mere earth. But greater than this and all of these is that glory which there has so often borne the surface-mark of shame—the glory of unnamed heroes who never knew themselves as such; who played their manful game and lost in the cruel odds of the Glory Hole just when they had won, or played that fighting, elemental game and won at the last where all seemed lost. All this, to the pilgrim who sat on the fireman's seat-box one blazing noonday in August, is what Sunny Acre said with a quick-mastered shudder, but Sunny said it this way:

"That Glory Hole surely gives me a chill!" He spoke up through endless waves of heat, welling from boiler-head through window and gangway, to quiver anew with quivering heat of sun.

"In *this?*" smiled the pilgrim, mopping his oozing face.

"In this," nodded Sunny, mopping in turn, while the sharp, double bark of the whistle answered the wide sweeps of a bright red flag just ahead down the eastern slope.

"Till the brasses melt out and the bell runs down over the jacket," he smiled as he stepped up to loll with the pilgrim at the cab-window, "we'll never pick up a flag in this hole that won't send me shivering back to the time of the big, big frost.

"Say, 'Cappy,'" he called with a whimsical turn to the man who sat steadily "pinching the air," "was there ever a 'frost' in this hole in the big wall? I'm thinking that mebbe you'd know."

"There was—and I know," answered Cappy without turning his head from the window, and he pinched the air tighter, rolled along slow and more slowly until the "flag" swung aboard and stood scowling upon the engine-deck.

"We're at it again," he briefly announced. "For the glory o' Glory Hole! Was you fellows aimin' to run this hole? We've plugged you good if you was. We're doubling out some, we are, as usual with that car-grabber con of ours."

"Didn't hurt me none," grinned Cappy. "You couldn't float a dead sardine in all the water I've got. The tank in the hole for us!"

So they drifted down to the lone tank of El Rey, and Sunny filled up, while the flag went plodding savagely ahead through the shimmering heat to his caboose and his doubling; while Cappy dropped down and went oiling around leisurely below; while the sweltering pilgrim sat gazing in awesome wonder upon the bleak and baking reaches of the dented desert, mopping his streaming face, murmuring in grim admiration: "And he managed to speak of a *frost!*"

For a little while the vast, heat-quivering silence of the Glory Hole was broken only by the refreshing rush and gurgling of water into the well-nigh empty tender; the hurried, intermittent throbbing of the air-pump, the quick clink of Cappy's long oiler spout upon some hidden part below, and then the big tank spout went crashing and jangling up against the tank of El Rey, and Sunny came sliding in masterful strides down through the coal in the tender.

"Come on down and set under the road-tank till we get away," he sociably proposed to the wilted pilgrim. "It 'll be a lot better in the shade under there, and we've got some wait till them fellows rawhide back into the hole and get up their hind end—and give us a try at comin' back after a spell to get ours.

"Eh? Oh, sure! We'll have to double. That's part o' the job o' taking water here, the way they are loading 'em now. Come on down! I've got fourteen inches of the cleanest and whitest fire on the mountain right there in that box, and everything's lovely—but it will be a lot cooler down there.

"Come on down!" he urged as he slid out through the gangway. "You're in on a combination. Lemme tell you about the night of the big frost in Glory Hole."

The pilgrim obediently slipped from his cushion and backed down the steps to the ground. In the shade of the damp tank timbers Cappy set down his oiler and joined them where Sunny sprawled broadly at ease.

"Didn't mind that flag's barkin' out his spiel that way, did you?" Sunny quizzed the pilgrim quite gravely. "He didn't mean anything off to you, neighbor. That's just a way he has when it comes him to flag us down right here. He sort o' can't get used to the sight of us—here."

"He," said the roasted pilgrim—"he"—looking after the plodding figure then nearing the distant caboose—"he's a hero, a martyr, a saint—if my say-so can boom him that length."

"Wel-l," drawled Cappy from his comfortable lean on the tank timbers. "N-o. Rixy 'd hardly pass test for a saint — though he sure had a pretty fair call.

"For the hero an' martyr stuff — w-e-l-l, I dunno—but Rixy was game. That's a cinch!"

"If he had cussed us all for a lot of broiled salamanders, and this for the place where the broiled salamanders grow," mildly observed the pilgrim, "I believe I'd have grabbed his good right hand and shook it while calling him friend."

"Guess not!" said Sunny slowly, wagging his head from side to side upon the timber. "Not Rixy's hand. He's kind o 'foolish about that. Won't shake hands with a soul. Don't believe he'd shake with his own pap—but you can't tell. Mebbe it hurts him, for all he's ever said to anybody. He won't talk much.

"But, neighbor, you could sure call Rixy friend, all right, and never miss it much if you was speakin' for me. Rixy and that hand o' his was flag for No. 33 the night that Cappy and me come down in here drillin' a long, swift hole in the big frost. Eh, Cappy? You tell him."

"I'm no song-bird. You know it," declined Cappy, with a quick, sidewise jerk of the head which seemed final. "I done what I could — and that's little enough."

"Rixy thinks it's enough," said Sunny, "but Rixy himself, he did more—lots more!

"That flag play o' Rixy's—back two, three years now," Sunny confided to the pilgrim, "and that winter was just about like any others around here, only both of them was a lot more so.

"'Way back up yonder at the roundhouse burg the wind had been yellin' and screechin' for a week before the big snow come tearin' over the mountain, and it come the night when me and Cappy, here, was called for the lead-engine to double-head Overland west.

"For us they quick slapped a plain old steel snow-plow onto the nose of a big consolidation hog, and the big Prairie hooked in second was to do the rest, when we'd done it all — eh, Cappy?

"When me and that patriot that was called to rest hisself on the second engine had filled up at the bean-house and got a sack or two of chuck to put in the seat-box, he stopped for a shiverin' peek at the thermometer hangin' outside the door.

"Just one scared look he give, an' he turned up his collar and hollered, 'She's busted!' before he started runnin' and wadin' for the roundhouse.

"But he was wrong—just looked in the wrong place. There was still about an inch of the little shine stickin' up above the bullet at the bottom, and she marked off twelve below—cool an' nice as anything!

"The roundhouse just across the way was hid, the yards were knee-deep, and the whole mountain range was chokin' and roarin' and screechin' with the white smother of stuff that was comin' without end—"

"*Amen!*" volunteered Cappy.

"You bet it was!" gritted Sunny without much heeding. "She was whipping it in like dry, white sand with far to go on short time, when some of the bunch come rollin' down out of the white and laid them 'leven cars of hungry Overland down for us three hours late.

"After we got all coupled on and fixed ready enough I hopped off and run back to the hash-counter for another good fill-up of hot coffee.

"When I looked through the open door 'cross the little office an' into the big dinin'-room I r'member that hungry bunch was so glad it wasn't hungry no more that it was all up on end, circlin' and side-steppin' and laughin'

in a kind of a quick dance they'd got up—all gay and togged out with furs and flashin' diamonds and things—till the Overland's con broke up the game by chasin' 'em all out in the snow and aboard. There was an awful bunch of 'em, and they didn't seem to care no more what was comin' to the whole kit of us than rabbits.

"But I ain't blamin' them any. 'Twasn't up to them to do our stunt, no more than it was up to us to do theirn—whatever it was. Only this is what I'm thinkin'—if they'd 'a' knowed this pike only a little bit like me and Cappy and the rest of the gang knowed it that night, there wouldn't 'a' been any dance—an' they'd a sure missed a lot o' fun they was havin'.

"Wasn't but a minute or two after they was bunched snug aboard again till we was turned loose and hittin' it hard.

"Three No. 33's had been sent wallowing out into that big white nowhere, and as the night wore along orders we got annulled two of them and cut them down to extras.

"We went boomin' past them two on their siding by and by, an' they wasn't no better than just banks of snow. They never had a show with one engine apiece in that rippin' hullabaloo of wind and white grit. But first No. 33—that was different.

"She's loaded, we hear, with some kind o' stuff that's rated about as high as the furs-and-diamond bunch that we're pullin'. So with two good engines like us we know she's chasin' ahead best she can for this Glory Hole, and farther if she can hog it through without water here.

"We're chasin' her, chasin' her, watchin' out for her lights with the best bluff we can, you'll know, an' the watchin' is square; but the seein' is mostly a bluff in any such ragin' white uproar as that.

"Well, she made the Glory Hole here, as it turned out, and, without stoppin' for water, she made her big run for the hill.

"She must 'a' plowed it good—full as good as we—to get away with even that. But the track that she plowed closed up smooth as floors, and when we come tearing up over that east lip there we'd to plow it all high-flyin' white new again.

"That's how, when we broke roarin' over up there, into the good old Glory Hole!

"I was patchin' my fire and clawin' my way out under the storm-curtain to look out for lights, and fussin' around general and busy when Cappy here let out his first holler.

"'See anything on your side?' he yells. 'Keep a lookin' now, for we're a goin' to run the hole!'

"I looked good as I could from the gangway and hollered in under the curtain, 'Nothin' up!'—for that's all I could see if I's to die for it!

"'Thought I saw red at the bottom of the hole,' he yelled, when I'd looked again and rooted my way back under the curtain.

"Then he smashed his window-sash slidin' open to the rippin' snow again—this sweatin' eagle-eye right here—and he comes back in quick with his head and starts things while he hollers: 'It *was* red, you gilly; and it's red *now*—somewheres down there!"

"He's all right, Cappy is, and I'll say that to his face—"

"Come off o' that, *omediately down!*" demanded Cappy with a sharp thrust of his oiler spout toward Sunny's amiable amidships.

"Yes, Cappy played things like a piano for a little spell, includin' the whistle, till he got the second-engine gang choked off," Sunny continued, undisturbed. "And *still*, with me crowdin' out of his window—close up behind him I'd jumped when he yelled—I couldn't see a thing but driving and hard-hitting snow in the shine of the cab-lights and headlight.

"Not a sign in the next few turns that we went plowing ahead, with all shoes a grindin', till a ripper o' wind, the biggest yet, split the white mess

apart and sucked it up for a second, and there sets little Mr. Red Light! Short call on the track in the snow!

"Cappy, here, he's pinched 'em down all he possible can, and for luck and the offchance throwed her over and opened a mite of throttle. There's no more for him to do, and we are rollin' on, and rollin' on, although it's all in seconds so far, before a bulk o' black shows stretched out from the red and the rail, and the snow swoops down again and shuts 'em from sight.

"It's plain in that glimpse that we're due to grind down to that spot in the snow. And that idea of ours was a twin! It sent me and Cappy clawing out of the front door and over the runboard to the pilot-deck.

"When she's slowed down to the last chance we have o' beatin' her to it we jumped together, an' run together, an' got to the spot the same.

"It was Rixy layin' there, face down in the snow. He was No. 33's flag in the hole, for she'd lost her game and was doublin' out.

"His red lamp was caught good and straight up in the curl of his left arm, and his white lamp laid smashed on the rail. With his right hand he's clutchin' the rail head, froze fast like it's tighter than glue! First we thought it 's the glove; but he's frosted!

"We grabbed him and pulled him, but there was no let go, and our engine still crowdin' down deep through the snow—slow, oh *slow,* but still a-comin'! Comin' with her brakeshoes spittin' hissin' streaks of white-hot iron into the snow—but *comin',* with Rixy clutchin' his froze-up death grip on the rail and chucklin', sillylike when we'd dragged and pulled him half back to life, *'Yes! Yes! I guess I can lend a hand!'*"

"Gr-e-a-t kingdom!" breathed the pilgrim, and was not aware that he had spoken until Sunny sat suddenly upright in quick sense of accord.

"Sure!" said Sunny. "You've guessed it, first shot out o' the box! That boy, Rixy, he—"

"But, I haven't!" protested the pilgrim tensely. "Don't mind my breaking in, will you, but I have *not* guessed it. *What*—in the name of this sacrificial game of yours—did you *do?* What could you do?"

"Why we didn't do nothin'—much," said Sunny gravely. "There wasn't nothin' much to do! We just drug him 'round and pulled him far as we durst stretch him, an' waited; like anybody else would 'a' done—wouldn't you, neighbor?

"We had to just wait an' hold him stretched steady till the pony wheel rolled down close an' quiet as anything, an' pushed the snow up in a deep ruffle around Rixy's head, an' squashed his first finger, an' stopped.

"But I thought you'd guessed it; that when Rixy fell and froze fast there after standin' an hour in that, he knowed he was fast 'fore he went to sleep with cold! An' that that's what he's tryin' to chuckle out to us that found him— He would *give* a hand, if his red lamp 'd only stay put in the kink o' his other arm! And when we smashed the lamp or tossed her up he banked on that saving the Overland from gettin' into 33's hind end while she doubled out of 'The Hole' here.

"He kep' babblin', babblin' that thing, 'I guess I can lend a hand—I guess I can lend a hand!' so that even when we'd got him thawed loose and back into a tourist sleeper he was chucklin' and sayin' it.

"And when the little doctor that happened to be aboard and went to fussin' over Rixy guessed it out o' something I let slip, why he just up and near about hugged that boy, and he says, 'It's all right now, brother, stop laughing and get to sleep. You did lend a hand, and a very good one, and we are going to do what we can to hand it back to you now. Quiet, now, and get to sleep!' And by then, the dope and stuff that he'd been givin' Rixy after he's thawed, got a half-nelson on Rixy and he went off to sleep like a little papoose.

"And if you'd had a chance for a look around among that laughin' and dancin' Overland bunch, like me and Cappy here did when that full-o'-sense little doc broke out a short spiel to 'em about what had been done for 'em— Well, you'd a mebbe noticed some things sparklin' among them furs and feathers that wasn't exactly di'monds, but they'd grade up just a mite higher, if you could see it that way.

"Guess they was plain little old fashion tears—say now, wasn't they Cappy?"

"Don't ask me!" said Cappy as he reached for his oiler. "I told you I wasn't any song sparrow. But I'll go you one that I've always had a kind of a likin' for these Overland people that we pull since Rixy showed up dead game that way.

"Come on if you're as ready as I am to get out of this hot-pot! Hear 'em calling him in—just for the sake of the book of rules?"

MY BOOMER PAL—BARNSY.

He Was True Blue—But He Did Want the Only Girl South of the Rio Grande.

BY EDGAR YOUNG.

The appended vocabulary may be useful to those of our readers not acquainted with certain abbreviations and terms used by Mr. Young:

PX.—From the Phillips Code, meaning "price." It has come to mean "the price," as a noun, and "to beg as you go" when used as a verb. Used extensively by tramp telegraphers and frequently by others.

WHITE EYE.—Twin brother to Red Eye. White booze, such as *mescel, aguardiente, tequila, et cetera.*

TIENDA.—Mexican Spanish for store.

PELADO (*Paylahdo*) (*Slurred to paylōw in Mexico*).—A "skinned" one. A man who has nothing. Used in Mexico to indicate a peon.

BILLETE.—Paper money.

MERCEDITAS.—Diminutive of *Mercedes.*
—THE EDITOR

PARDNER, I'm telling you, a real good pal is as far ahead of anything else in this life as I am of a crazy monkey, and that's going slightly. Mind you, I said "*pal,*" not "friend." I don't mean one of them ginks you know by his first name that will lend you a few dimes till the pay-car runs. Among several thousand *friends* you may or may not find one *pal.* Do you get me?

I kidded myself along several times during my rambles, thinking I had a real, blowed-in-the-bottle pal. There was Babe Benson. I'll admit he had me fooled good and proper for several months, and showed signs of being a square guy; but I catches him one night in Edmonton yards, hid behind a box car smoking the last cigarette and me just a dying for a whiff. If a man will hold out the last cig he will do worse—so me and him splits.

Then there was Lefty Ward. Me and him only lasted two weeks before I spies him one night feeding his face in East St. Louis. Had a big steak before him and he sure was scoffin' it. He had been under cover with four dollars. When we got through arguing

about it, he had four teeth gone and I had no more front in my thousand-mile shirt than you have in the palm of your hand.

One promising "OSer" I picks up with down on the Sap, blowed with our bank-roll and I has to PX it all the way to Ogden before I find a chief despatcher who will put me on. A month or two later I puts in with a boomer that's working extra in OG office. I don't know what kind of a hairpin he would have turned out to be if one of them Mormon cops hadn't nabbed him at Green River.

Even at that I would have gone back and gone to the mat for him if he had done something decent; but, you see, he had married while he was in Ogden unbeknownst to me, and was rushing away from one of the prettiest hashers in all Utah — and that's going some, too!

Well, after getting pretty well fed up on humanity and getting so I wouldn't trust a man further than I could throw one of them big Santa Fe hogs by the pilot — having dozens of would-be boomers and home-guarders that thought they wanted to ramble hand me the works—Barnsy blows in.

I was holding down a general-office job for the S. P., when they was building south out of Mazatlan. We had our office up-stairs over the drafting office. I was pounding away on a big stack I has for Tucson, and that Mex at Guaymas was eating them alive, although he couldn't even say, "Hello, kid," in English.

The first thing I knows, some one is standing at the head of the table grinning down at me. I knows he's an op before he even speaks, which he don't do till I stops sending, and when I looks up I knows he is the feller that I have been looking for all this time.

That he was a blowed-in-the-bottle boomer and a dyed-in-the-wool good guy stuck out from him like the print on a blind man's Bible. I knowed it by the way he grinned out of his eyes as he sized me up and figured if I was good for a PX. I puts on my lid and we beats it over to the chino's tent-restaurant before we says much.

After a couple of jolts of the chink's "white-eye," he begins to unload what is on his chest. He had been working for the Santa Fe up around Flagstaff, and some old bindle stiff had piped it off to him that somewhere down on the Gulf of Lower California there was a place where wild-hogs run in herds and droves, and, in the winter time, the same place is quarters for wild geese. Ain't it comical some of the schemes these rainbow-chasers has up their sleeves?

He had figured out a feather and lard business, and all he would need would be a gun and a few thousand rounds of ammunition to make it a howling success. He certainly did look disappointed when I broke it to him that them hogs was musk-hogs, and smelt worse than wild pole-cats, and if there was any geese I hadn't seen them when I was over there looking for the buried Indian temple I had heard about.

Well, I has a little scheme that I had been thinking over for some time. A feller named Grotehouse blowed in over the trail from Durango a little time before with a diamond as big as a horse-chestnut, and one night when he was full of white-eye he tips it off to me confidentially just where he got it.

You know them Spanish people are awful superstitious about their dead, and down in Guatemala — where you light one revolution on the stump of the other, they come so fast—they had an underground graveyard dug out right under the City of Guatemala where they stores away the bodies of the rich ones after death.

The way he described it to me there was streets and alleys world without end, with glass-fronted coffins standing up along the walls, and the way the jewelry sparkled around the necks of them dried-up corpses fairly hurt your eyes—even in the dark.

They had allowed him to go in there handcuffed to a constable, to look around on account of a great favor he had done the president's wife when he was aide de camp to old Lee Christmas, so he tells me. He claimed he snatched the sparkler when the constable wasn't looking. Seeing how reasonable it was, I couldn't help but believe him.

The next day after Barnsy hits Urias, for that was the name of the place where we has our headquarters, I squares him with the chief and he sends him out OSing and keeping time at Rosario.

The first pay-day he blows up and comes in.

"What's the matter, ain't we going to Guatemala?" he asks, surprised, when he sees me still pounding brass. I informs him that I have done dragged mine and was just setting in till he showed up. Well, we drifts over to a little native *tienda* and buys us a couple of red bed-blankets that them peons use in place of a coat. Then we gets us a frying-pan and some matches out of the commissary, and blow half our remaining roll on provisions. As I am making my blanket-roll he grins.

"If you're thinking," says I, "that I'm not Jake at rolling a bindle you're left at the post. An old prospector over in Death Valley took me through the thirty-second degree at it."

"Yep," he snorts, "that's just the way an Arizona ringtail puts one together, but me for the sour-dough style every time."

He then unroped my pack and put me up what is technically called an overall pack. All you need is a blanket and a pair of overalls to make one—if you know how. Well, when I slips it on and sees how easy it sets on my shoulders, I sure has to hand it to him. I believe a man can pack eggs in one of them packs without even breaking one.

About the time we gets fixed up, a train of Ledgerwoods pulls by going down to the front, so we catches the dog-house and chews the fat with old Slew-Foot Johnson and his two barefooted brakemen. We ask Slew-Foot all about the Guadalajara trail, and practise our bum Mex lingo on the two *pelados* till we come down to the end of the steel.

We hot-foots in right through the camp, and that night we camps on the bank of the Tepic River. We never see another white man till we gets to San Marcos. When we gets there we have hiked about four hundred miles of trail and I am beginning to bet it all on Barnsy. He sure was Jake.

You just positively can't hike the trail with a man without finding his yellow streak if he has one. Barnsy was true blue. Barnsy had nerve. Barnsy was everything that a pal should be. By the time we gets into San Marcos, I know Barnsy will go to the mat for me. Of course he ain't told me nothing about this; we ain't done nothing but bawl each other out; but I see I have made a big hit with Barnsy. And I swore to myself that I would be as square with him as he was with me. And I know when the time comes I can bet it all, dollars to dimes, on Barnsy.

Well, we catches a little sawed-off train at San Marcos and lopes over into Guadalajara where we puts on a little show and finally drop our wad in a chino gambling joint. We ain't got time to work, so we throw our feet around among a few American commission houses and the two of us PX a few 'dobie dollars and square ourselves with the con on the National over to Irapuato and from there to the capital.

We rode the cushions from there to Gamboa on the Tehauntepec, and got a once-a-week rattler from there to Mariscal down on the Gautemala frontier. We makes the high trail to Cavallo Blanco and square ourselves from there to Guatemala City. That was the place for which we had started, and we were there.

We look around for a sine and catch on in the auditor's office of the Northern in the revision room. We rent us a bare room for one hundred dollars (paper) a month, which amounts to about five dollars human money. We get us a couple of them picture-frames that the Spigs call a bed, and arrange with a peon family for coffee and two meals a day for another two dollars and six bits a month, each.

We are making seventy-five gold, which is a suit-case full of them *billetes;* so, you see, we ain't doing too bad. We lay off the white-eye and keep away from that bunch of typical tropicals that hang out at the Royal and old man Crowe's, where the gringos usually congregate, and all the time we ain't checking the extensions of them barefooted station-agents we are moping around trying to get wise as to how to get into them underground caverns, and we are showing some class down in the peon part of town, where we live, with our white linen suits and the fixings.

"*Me han dicho que hay,*" (I have heard there is), assented the wrinkled old hag where we took our scoffings, when we quizzed her; but she muttered prayers to the saints to rest the souls of the sacred dead as she pottered over the *tortillas* and *enchiladas.* With many a head-shake and murmured *Dios los guarda* (God protect them), and we traces our clues till, the chances are, we would right now have been on Easy Street over in Monte Carlo or Hong-Kong if something hadn't come up.

Pardner, some of them wise old ginks that writes books says that love is blind; but I am telling it to you that love has the gift of second sight. It looks clear through everything and reads the stenciled weight on the soul. I knows from the start jump, since I see her one day standing inside of one of them barred windows across the street from where we live, that she is Jake, reJake and back again.

Her big brown eyes under them long black lashes is watching the lazy life in the street—a *lechero* with his two cans of milk behind him on a burro as big as a Newfoundland dog; a troubadour chanting a high-pitched *ranchita;* the ragged *soldados;* the dandies, and the rabble, and all them kind of things.

Born to wear a shawl instead of a hat, she was standing there looking at all them things; but I can see she ain't seeing them. I can see that she's my kind—that she's a dreamer and don't fit in nowhere like you and me and all other wanderlusters.

I am getting her so she will smile across the street at me, and I am sticking around the *cuarto* on all kinds of excuses just to get a glimpse of her when them jaillike shutters open and I get wise to something.

I had been chasing around the streets when I comes in easylike and I sees Barnsy standing at our window, looking across at them wooden and iron barriers that barred from view Merceditas Lopez de Las Almas.

He don't hear me, and I stand there and watch him think. He sure is doing some tall doping. I see he has got past thinking of her calico dress and her shawl and her bare feet, and wondering what his folks up in the States would think, for, you see, Barnsy and I both have good people in the States.

Barnsy's old man is a broker on State Street, Boston, and mine is a king snipe on the Diamond Joe. After a man gets so far along nothing but marrying will do him any good; but I knows from right then that Barnsy was also figuring how to give me a square deal, so I slips out again and I do some figuring before I get back.

I see how he had been giving me the best of it all along and me not knowing it, and I feel downright honery.

I blusters back and finds Barnsy reading his pocket copy of old Omar Khayyam, but he ain't reading none of it aloud to me like he used to. It makes me feel all cut up to see him feeling blue, so I decides, come what may, that I must crucify myself and

let good old Barnsy have the only girl south of the Rio Grande.

I make a few choice remarks about no white man ought to marry a black-and-tan, and, as for me, I wouldn't think of it; but I ain't fooled Barnsy none, you can bet the works on that.

He allows that he ain't seen no girls like them States' girls, and swears he is against race mixing. He might have got it over if I hadn't seen him doing that doping, but I am reading him like a book.

Things get worse and worse. I am getting more and more in love with her every day. I am crazy over her, and Barnsy is just as bad. He can't hardly keep his eyes from straying over there when I am present. I am laying awake half the night, and I hear Barnsy doing the same thing. We sure did curse the pests, real and imaginary, for a span of weeks.

One morning Barnsy gets up and allows that we are laying around the room too close since we had jacked the job, and that we ought to take more exercise, so we takes a jaunt away out through the coffee *fincas* (small plantations) for several miles.

I am thinking of the trails we have hit together, and the cold nights we have slept spoon-fashion on top of the sierras, and the smell of the coffee over the coals and the tang of the bacon and all them joys of the open road. I am thinking what I am going to do after Barnsy is married and settled down and I am hitting it by myself.

We came to a big banyan that spreads itself over a couple of acres of ground and brook. We sit there on the gnarled roots of this giant tree, neither one speaking, but lighting a cig now and then, till it is pitchy dark before we starts back to the city. I am decided that I am going to be a man and let Barnsy have her. And as he ain't said nothing, I know he wants to be more of a man than I am.

Well, we mopes along down Calle de Huevo and turns into Calle Jamón, and when we gets close home we see that something is happening across the street from where we live. People are flocking in and out. As we get nearer we hear the scraping of violins and the twanging of guitars. We think, maybe, it's a dance, till we meet a priest.

"*Que pasa adentro?*" (What is happening within?) I asks, thinking maybe they are having a church celebration of some kind.

"*Mercedes ya esta casada.*" (Mercedes has been married), he explained.

"Who to?" I asks, struggling with my emotions.

"To your house-boy—your *mozo, Señor Americano.*"

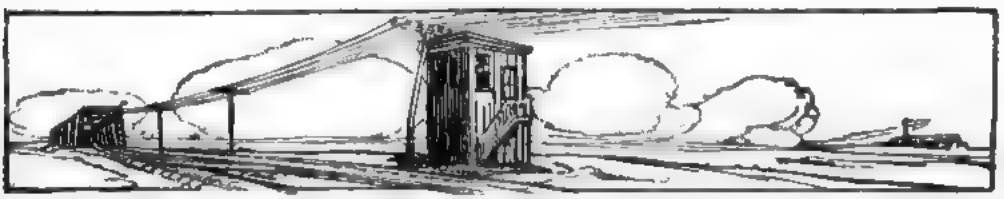
Ye gods! Me and Barnsy each trying to do the right thing and that barefooted, half-Indian *pelado*, only fit to be a burro driver, had beat both our time. Wouldn't that rattle the bones of old Hidalgo?

I reels into our room with everything hazy and blurred in my head like a man with a touch of the sun. I finally makes out Barnsy down on the floor riding his knees viciously into his blanket roll as he snaps the ropes on it.

We had put a good many leagues between ourselves and La Ciudad de Guatemala before we said a word. We had built us up a little fire and were setting there staring into it, for we couldn't pick out the trail good till morning. Barnsy broke the silence.

"Funny world, ain't it, Sandy?" he said half sadly.

"Buddy, you sure said something," says I



Hoodoo of Bitter Flat.

BY J. R. STAFFORD,

Author of "The Lost Horse Limited," "Beyond the Drifts," "My Flesh and Blood!" "Jernagan's Run," "Joliffe's Stepping Stone," etc.

It Played Havoc at the Desert Station Until It Collided with a Rattlesnake Under a Shade Tree.

IT was plain that something was wrong with the job at Bitter Flat. In explaining about it the superintendent acted all the way through as if he wasn't telling everything and as if he were a little ashamed of himself.

But Brodie was broke and in debt and had his family to provide for. Though it was a long time since he had worked for as little as fifty dollars a month, and though he had never before had to take a job as night man, he signed up without asking any questions, and presently, because he had enough real difficulties to think about, he stopped wondering what might be wrong with his job.

But next morning when he got to Bitter Flat and reported to the day man that he was ready for duty, the whole business came back and struck him with a little more force.

For when he asked Hill, the day man, where to look for a house or some rooms, Hill, who seemed a sensible fellow, shrugged his shoulders and said, "You take a fool's advice, old man, and don't bring your wife and kid here. Bitter Flat's a mighty bad place for a man to bring his family."

Now, Brodie had already noticed that it wasn't much of a place for a home. It was desert all around, clean up to the right of way; and the only sign of town was just a couple of old wooden buildings and a few 'dobes scattered far apart in the mesquit. It was the lonesomest place he had ever seen.

But Brodie had come out to Arizona because the doctors back home had told him it was about the only chance for his little girl.

Therefore, knowing that he could count on his wife, just as safely as he could count on himself to put up with whatever might be necessary, he said, "Well, we'll manage to stand it, somehow. I can get a house, can't I?"

"Look here, old man, the G and T. never asked anybody worth his salt to stay in Bitter Flat very long. You'll get your raise and be transferred inside of a month or so."

Brodie smiled vaguely. Back on the Pennsylvania his old job—and it was a good job, too—was waiting for him whenever he might return, with sure promotion ahead.

Promotion from night man at Bitter Flat on the G. and T., therefore, did not mean much to him; but all he said was, "No. I'm anxious about my little girl. I want to see just how she gets along. I've got to see from the start. They'll be here to-morrow. Now, who can I rent a house from?"

"Man," declared Hill warningly,

" you may think me a fool; but I tell you there's a hoodoo here for men who come to stay. Nobody ever came to Bitter Flat and brought his family but what the very devil happened to him! It's known from one end of the system to the other."

Of course Brodie laughed a little at this. Then, not caring to offend Hill, he pretended to take the hoodoo business seriously.

" Well, if something always happens, I suppose it generally happens the same way, don't it? Can't a man look out for it and head it off? How does it work, anyhow?" he asked.

" Well, this is how it has always worked: Bonded men always turn up short. The others always get it in the neck for theft. Brodie, in the last fifteen or sixteen years there's been a dozen good men downed that way here. They were the only ones who came to stay," replied Hill.

Now, that was very definite. And because it was so definite Brodie could not help being impressed a little. " Well," he at last inquired, " there's a reason, isn't there? It must be something you can put your finger on?"

" No. I don't know about that," said Hill. " I used to think it was the heat in summer or, maybe, the awful wind that just seems to lift this place up and hold it in the winter time. Heaven knows that a month or two of either and nothing better ahead is enough to demoralize anybody. But that don't explain it, after all. Because old Greuot has been here every day for fifteen or sixteen years; and no man on the G. and T., from the general offices down, is more respected for his honesty. So it's not the heat nor the wind, nor both of them put together. It's something else."

Brodie, of course, did not care to hear any more of that. It disgusted him to think that he had listened at all to what now seemed the product of a rotten imagination. Suddenly coming to the conclusion that Hill was a " dope," he asked where old Greuot might be found, and immediately set off to hunt him up.

Shortly he found Greuot.

Greuot lived in the meanest of the dobes, and the one which was furthest off in the mesquit. He was at home; and the simple delight with which he opened the door for Brodie, though his praise of Bitter Flat seemed a little overdone, was quite refreshing after Hill's doleful nonsense.

" I came to see if you could tell me about getting a house," said Brodie.

Old Greuot stared. Then, as if he had made up his mind that Brodie were a customer he would like to do business with, he answered, " Well, now that's fine. A man goin' to bring his family an' help me build up Bitter Flat. Come on, mister. Come right on. I own all the houses. I'm goin' to let you have yer pick. Come right on and look at 'em—so we can be dead sure of the one ye want. They's some of 'em that's jist lovely, and it may be hard for ye to make up yer mind."

Brodie smiled. The old man seemed guileless and a little bit off in the upper story. As they left the hovel and struck into the brush the truth of Brodie's conviction seemed to grow at every step.

Greuot had built all the dobes in Bitter Flat. He had built them, he explained, because it made him feel safer to have property for a rainy day.

They came to the first of the houses. It had but two rooms; only one window and one door. The floor was just dirt and the brushwood rafters were simply festooned with spider webs.

Brodie took one glance at it and turned away.

" Of course it ain't the kind of a house you'd want," said old Greuot as he closed the door and turned the key. " I knowed that; but, ye see, I promised ye ye should have yer pick of 'em all. I never take no advantage of nobody."

Then, as they started off again, he continued his simple tale of the building of Bitter Flat. There would have

been twice as many houses, he said, if the company had only kept him at night work. But somebody was always leaving or getting discharged. As a result, he was always taking this or that day job and thus had to let go his building operations sometimes for months together.

Bit by bit, as they passed from one miserable hut to another, the story of old Greuot's life at Bitter Flat came out. And merely because it seemed so clear it interested Brodie.

It appeared that old Greuot was no railroader; but it was equally plain that no railroader ever wanted to stay in Bitter Flat. And simply because of that, and the fact that he was always on hand, the old fellow had managed to draw pay for some sort of company work every day of his sixteen years.

He had done everything, from the work with the switch-lamps to that of night station man. Just now he was night yardmaster. Next week, because the sidings were hard for him to keep clear, he expected there would be somebody else sent to take his place. He seemed greatly worried when he spoke of that.

To Brodie, who had succeeded according to his opportunities, this tale of a man's grip broken again and again through so many years, and the artless admission of it, was pitiful.

In due time they came to the last of the houses. It was better, entirely better, than any of the rest. The rooms were floored and ceiled. There were plenty of windows; besides, there was a well. In fact it was the only one of the houses Brodie or any other white man would have thought of for his family.

Therefore, without hesitating, he said he would take it.

"The rent," said old Greuot with an air of unexpected determination, "is twenty-five dollars a month."

Brodie smiled. Then he saw it was what might have been expected of any old man with whom life had been such a blind, unprofitable struggle. For a moment his pity was about to get the better of him; but he remembered that he had not come to Bitter Flat for the sake of old Greuot.

"No," he said kindly, "I can't afford to pay you that. Five dollars is enough. Before I'll give any more I'll get a tent."

"Afford?" returned old Greuot sharply. "How can I afford to build houses and have 'em stand idle and ready for them that need 'em and then be paid for nothin' but their use? It's jist like me stayin' here all these years, willin' to do anything for the G. and T., an' helpin' out of the hole every time some feller goes wrong or jumps his job; an' then, just as soon as they can git somebody else, puttin' me back to tendin' lamps. How can I afford that?"

Then with sudden, unexpected humility, as if he had seen for himself the unfortunate point of his argument, he said, "Oh, well then, I'll take what I can git; and I'm awful much obliged to ye."

Uncomfortable as a man is apt to be when he knows he has done right, and also knows that he is thought to have taken an unfair advantage, Brodie asked for the house key and started back to the station.

"Not so fast," old Greuot stopped him. "I'm not done with ye. Are ye the new night man?"

"Yes," Brodie admitted.

"Then it's all up with me," declared the old man solemnly, "about ever gittin' that job to fill in with any more. Unless," he concluded innocently, "you should happen to go like so many other fellers has gone from Bitter Flat."

"Oh!" Brodie smiled, because this recalled to him that there was supposed to be something dangerous about Bitter Flat, "how do they go, Greuot?"

"Well," said old Greuot, staring hard, "they all went crooked. It's the history of all of them that comes to stay." Then, after a long pause, he observed slyly: "It's customary to have the first month's rent in advance.

I ain't goin' to lose no more that way, neither."

Brodie gave him the money. With a chuckle he then went back to the station. The hoodoo had at length explained itself. There had been a succession of "dead beats" at Bitter Flat, and they had been of the conscienceless kind that stooped even to defraud poor old simple Greuot. Their kind would steal from anybody.

But two or three days after his wife and child had arrived, and they were settled, he began to comprehend that, after all, Bitter Flat was a place to try a man.

The pleasant nondescript weather of the first few days had ended. The heat of summer had set in — and it was terrific!

By day the sky even in the north was dazzling. Directly under the sun a man went half blind. If one went inside and tried to shut it out the heat was like an oven. If he let in the light it seemed to sear his eyes.

Under those conditions work, no matter how light, was speedily a baffling burden, and rest was impossible.

To Brodie, who was working nights, each sleepless day grew more and more exhausting. That was not all. All day as he lounged about the dobe he saw the effect on his wife. It was the same as the effect on himself. She was simply being worn out—and worn out fast—right before his eyes.

But with their child it was different. She improved. For that, of course, Brodie was supremely happy.

And yet, in spite of that, the burning of his eyes and the ache that was forever splitting at his head, and the sight of his wife going all to pieces, continually harrassed him. He would think of those poor devils who, in their necessities, had come to live in Bitter Flat, and who had given way under these things. And he was not at all surprised.

Poor devils! With nothing better than this ahead of them, it was no wonder that they had turned thieves—trying to piece into their miserable lives and homes a little bit of comfort now and then!

But Brodie was not tempted to anything of that kind. All that Brodie felt in that connection was a wish that he might have had a little more pay so that just once in a while they might have had a good piece of ice and some fruit and fresh vegetables.

Then he would remember why he had come to Arizona, and, thinking of his child and the old job waiting for him back on the Pennsylvania, he would feel thankful and try to shake off the clinging misery of Bitter Flat.

At the end of two or three weeks everything seemed quite clear to him. He understood now why the superintendent had been ashamed. Even Hill's apparently superstitious warning did not seem at all like nonsense to him now, and he did not observe that this contradicted his other theory that all who had gone wrong were just dead beats.

But, after a little while, it dawned on him, just as it had dawned, no doubt, on Hill, that it wasn't really necessary either for any man to go wrong at Bitter Flat—for there was old Greuot who had kept straight for sixteen years with nothing better to encourage him than his pitiful pickings among the cast-off jobs. Poor old Greuot who, though plainly a lover of money, had been condemned by his incapacity to struggle on in poverty. And Greuot had saved his honestly where the capable had failed.

Brodie puzzled over that; but he found no solution. And it came and went in his thoughts like a shadow.

However, it served him, at least, one good purpose. It reminded him of old Greuot as something in which he might take an interest.

Accordingly after that, when Greuot came over to the station of a night, Brodie invariably invited him into the office and hung onto him as long as he would sit and talk.

Old Greuot was ragged and dirty

and unkempt, and his talk, though it bore the burden of nothing more than his effort to get along, bred the uneasy feeling that always comes of listening to people who are a little cracked. But, just the same, there was inspiration for Brodie in the presence of this man who, alone of all, had kept himself a man in Bitter Flat.

Brodie did not need an inspiration of that kind, even in Bitter Flat, in order to maintain his own integrity. There was nothing to tempt him to do wrong here. His stay would be only temporary. Not much longer now; certainly not more than eight or nine months, for the child was improving steadily, and he would be able soon to go back.

But for all that Brodie felt the need of inspiration — the need of living proof that a man might stay in Bitter Flat and not go wrong—for by this time he had heard the story of all the unfortunates who had fallen here

The cases of three or four were almost identical with his own. They had come here just on leave from good positions.

He began to acquire a certain veneration for old Greuot, and to hold him in a certain awe.

One night, some time after his feelings had attained this state, the superintendent dropped in from the branch. He said he was to catch the main line home. There was half an hour, and he came in to see how Brodie was getting on.

"Pretty tough here at Bitter Flat?" The official spoke casually and yet with the manner peculiar to a man who is afraid the other fellow is going to fall down.

"Yes." Brodie colored slightly, for he could not help noticing the implication. And he could not help coloring, because when a man has gone for two months with no more sleep than he can snatch from gray day to sunrise, even the most unfair suspicion gets the better of him and puts him all atremble.

"Well, I suppose you want to be transferred, then?" He spoke as if he doubted anything of the kind

Brodie explained that he did not wish to move. He told about his child.

"Oh!" said the superintendent dubiously; and that was all.

For a minute Brodie wanted to "open up" on this man and tell what he thought of him. He could have told it, too. His ideas were very definite. The man who would send men to a post like Bitter Flat and then come in on them in this way was the kind of man who made faithfulness a burden.

But, remembering that it would be only a few months at the outside, he checked himself and said nothing.

The superintendent stared at him; waited a few minutes as if to hear what he might say, and then with an altogether decent "Good night," went outside.

Shortly perceiving that he must have misunderstood what was intended, Brodie, who had nothing just then to occupy him in the office, stepped out to find the official to get the straight of matters and to apologize for his own supersensitiveness.

He found the superintendent sitting on a baggage truck talking to old Greuot. Thinking, of course, that old Greuot had just been taken up to pass the time, Brodie, without hesitation or apology, walked up and only waited for a decent opportunity to say his say.

Though they observed him at once, however, they paid him no further attention. The superintendent kept right on.

Brodie waited patiently for five minutes. Getting no better encouragement, he turned on his heel and went back to his duties.

Of course he tried to forget that incident. In due time he recovered from the chagrin that it created. After about a month he came to believe that it had all happened because of the miserable condition of his nerves and temper that night.

For, one by one, as he asked them about the personality of the superin-

tendent, everybody on the pay-roll at Bitter Flat, and others on the division who might be passing through, told him that there wasn't a kinder-hearted friend in the world than that same superintendent.

When he finally accepted that as probably true, Brodie decided he would write a letter of explanation and apology. To be sure, he did not know that he really owed it to the superintendent; but he knew, as a matter of self-respect, that he should tender one.

On the evening he had made up his mind to write, however, there was an unusual run of business at the station.

First, when he went on duty, he discovered that a month's supply of groceries which he had ordered two or three days before, and which he had not expected until the end of the week, had been sent down on the branch local that afternoon. As there were a few items in the consignment which he knew his wife would like to have immediately, he hunted up old Greuot, who happened now—the first time in sixteen years—to be without a job, and hired him to take the things over to the house on a wheelbarrow.

There were three or four loads of the stuff, and as Brodie could not spare the time to help get it out of the freight-house, all at once—there were three or four trains to be checked in and out, the ticket window to be kept open, and so on, during the first two or three hours he had no leisure time until nearly midnight.

Then old Greuot came in and wanted to talk for hours and hours; but when the limited came in at two o'clock with an unheard of number of passengers for the branch accommodation which left at three, the old man took leave.

Brodie had even less time then to think of writing letters. Everybody for the branch wanted tickets, and everybody offered him gold or bills of large denominations. At length they were all accommodated just as the branch was pulling out.

Brodie, as a man is after such a session at the window, felt fagged. So, after trying unsuccessfully to check up his report, he connected all the switches, took the rubber-band off the bell and, with his head to the sounder, fell asleep.

His call awoke him. He answered; then looked at his watch. He had been asleep only twenty minutes.

The call did not amount to anything. Somebody who did not know what else to do had just wanted to know if the weather was improving. Brodie, of course, forgot about it in a minute; but because he had been thoroughly awakened he did not go to sleep again.

Feeling too listless to do anything else he got his report and started to check it over. And he was a little surprised but thankful, just the same, when he noticed that it was already footed up. But there were a good many items, and Hill was on hand just about the time Brodie was opening the cash-drawer to count his money.

Hill ran over the statement casually. Presently he looked up with a grin.

"Too much star-gazing, Brodie, in this pleasant place. I'm sorry I had to come back here as relief again and catch you at it; but you've added this up this time fifty dollars wrong. And, worst of all, the fifty is in your favor. Now, let's see how the cash comes out," he continued.

Brodie counted over the cash. It totaled exactly the amount of his footing.

He looked over the items again, counted them up and saw that his footing had been wrong.

Then he looked at the footing again. Somehow the figures did not seem his own. Suddenly he started. For the life of him he could not remember when he set that footing down. He knew that it was there when he had gotten the sheet after his twenty-minute nap; and he remembered thinking vaguely then that he had added the columns before lying down.

He ran his eye up and down the figures again. Those in three items

which aggregated fifty dollars were rather indistinct. He saw that, because of this indistinctness, he might easily have overlooked them in the dim light of the station-lamp.

Greatly confused he went back and counted his cash again. It was fifty dollars short of the proper sum.

"Go on home, old man," said Hill kindly but a little doubtfully. "If it's only a mistake I'll dig it out pretty soon, and I'll come over after No. 29's gone and show you what it was."

Brodie hurried home.

His wife stared at him a little queerly when he entered. "I wish you hadn't got such expensive things," she said; "they're just what I've wanted for months, but they make me feel extravagant. We really can't afford them."

But Brodie's mind was too full of perplexity over the fifty dollars to bother with that matter. Always when he added a little something to their monthly order, even if it was nothing more than a dozen lemons, she would notice it and speak of it with a little worry when the goods came.

"Oh, well," he answered absently, "the bill's paid! I sent the money with the order."

Then being left alone he began to perplex himself about that missing fifty dollars.

Knowing that he had not taken a cent of the money, and that, although he had been asleep for twenty minutes in the office, no one else could have taken it, because to have done so it would have been necessary to force the waiting-room door and then the cash-drawer, he made up his mind that it was all a mistake.

Therefore, because he was very tired and his eyes hurt him worse than usual, he did not go back to the office. When he had finished his breakfast he lay down to rest until No. 29 should pass. He was certain that Hill would then come over and explain that he had found either the money or a mistake in the addition.

In due time the train rumbled in and was gone. Very soon after he heard footsteps, followed by voices, outside.

But it was not Hill who came in. It was the superintendent and another man.

"Brodie," said the superintendent, "I'm sorry about this—but you seem to have gone the way of all the rest here. Now, I know it's a hard place here. I wanted to send you somewhere else that night I dropped in two or three months ago; but you were a new man on the G. and T., and when you wanted to stay I did not know that in justice to myself I should risk transferring you. It looks to be a mighty bad business now."

Brodie got up, trembling all over. He uttered a wild exclamation, for he knew that the fifty dollars which had only disappeared two hours ago could not possibly be at the bottom of this.

"What am I supposed to have done?" he finally asked.

"Brodie," said the superintendent gravely, "you are short in your cash—fifty dollars. Do not pretend to me that you do not know it. You admitted the fact this morning to Hill. I had private information of it three days back."

Brodie's wife, who stood by listening, burst into tears.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "oh! why did you do it? We didn't have to purchase such expensive things."

The superintendent and the man who was with him exchanged significant glances. Then both of them looked into the kitchen. They stared fixedly at a bottle of expensive olives on the table and smiled.

Brodie, catching their smile and the import of it, burst out, "That never came in my order! I never ordered that!"

"Don't!" his wife begged, "don't! It was all on the bill and it was all receipted. What have you done?"

"I have done nothing," said Brodie doggedly in his confusion. "This is all a mistake."

But even as he spoke he was struck with the futile hollowness of his words in the face of what they all believed

"Brodie," the superintendent spoke kindly, "I'd like to give you a chance, but I can't, unless you'll come out and be honest with me. Come! Tell me all about it. Tell me, for the sake of your wife and baby. And for their sake, if I can do it with fairness only to them, I'll give you another chance."

Brodie's knees tottered. His brain was in a whirl. The strain of the months at Bitter Flat had crimped his nerve and taken away his self-possession. For an instant he was on the point of weakly giving way to what they wanted. Then he set himself stubbornly and repeated, "I have done nothing. It is all a mistake."

"Come, Brodie—for the sake of your wife and baby!"

"Get out!" shouted Brodie, defending himself at length with unbalanced fury. "Be off with you! I have done nothing!"

"Very well," said the superintendent sternly; "for the sake of your family I will make good your shortage to the bonding company out of my own pocket. And for the same reason I shall see that you are not prosecuted. But your connection with the G. and T. is at an end. And while it is no choice with me to do such things, I shall be compelled, as a matter of duty, to write back to your old employers whose letters of recommendation put you into the position you have disgraced."

And with that the two went out.

All day Brodie paced the floor—his brain was whirling. At times he believed he had lost his reason temporarily—that maybe after all he had done the very thing of which he was accused. But, of course, when he began putting this and that together he saw it was all impossible.

When night came he was worn out. And because he could do so he lay down in the blessed darkness and fell asleep.

With dawn he awoke. His mind was clear—and in the clarity of it he saw what he must do. He must stay on in Bitter Flat until his child was past any danger. And while he stayed he must win back what he had lost.

Systematically, therefore, he began looking for the clue that might lead him to the explanation of his incomprehensible and unmerited disgrace.

The first thing he thought of was the grocery order. He knew that it contained an error. Accordingly he posted a letter to the wholesale house up the branch asking for the return of his order.

In reply next day he got as his order the copy of a telegraphed message signed with his name and with the regular wire-money "O. K." stamped on its face. And it called for just the things that had come, which cost just three times the amount of the bill he was sure he had ordered. And he had ordered, he knew, by mail.

But there it was again! When he came to think of it he knew that if his letter had gone the usual way it would have been a physical impossibility for the order to have been returned to him under four days, whereas he now remembered it had come back in two.

He puzzled over it a good while trying to recall just when and where he had posted the letter. Vaguely he remembered that old Greuot had been in that evening. He decided he would ask the old man and see if he remembered anything.

Accordingly, for it was now mid-afternoon, he struck off into the mesquit. Greuot would be at home, of course, for he was working now—having been given Brodie's job.

Not wishing to disturb him in case the old fellow had the luck to be asleep, Brodie tiptoed up to the hovel door, opened it noiselessly and peered in.

In the middle of the floor, squatting before an old tin pan full of gold coins—it was plain he had been counting over—was old Greuot. The expression on his face as he glanced up was horri-

ble to see. His cry was like that of a cornered wolf.

"Be off!" he shouted. "You're a thief!"

"Greuot," said Brodie, "I don't mean to spy on you. I only came up here to ask if you remembered seeing me mail my order for the groceries that night?"

"You lie!" shouted the miser. "You made that up. You know I don't know anything about it!"

Brodie, seeing there was nothing to be gained by quizzing old Greuot just now, turned round and went home. He wondered why the old man had seemed so wildly angry at his question; but presently comprehending that Greuot, like any other miser, must cast suspicion on everybody; he also realized that the old man had simply taken his inquiry as a mere pretext for coming round to spy on his gold.

He lay awake for a long time that night, thinking about it. He could not get his mind off old Greuot's horrid look, and when he got to sleep he dreamed he heard old Greuot's snarling cry. Next morning, when he awakened, he was still thinking of the miser.

And he was still thinking, though often wondering, why he could not get that business out of his mind when No. 29 rumbled in.

Immediately he heard a number of voices outside. He went to see what it was, and found himself in the presence of the superintendent and half a dozen other men. One of them drew a pistol and demanded, "What have you done with old Greuot?"

"I have done nothing," said Brodie blankly.

"But you were seen to go over to his house yesterday afternoon. Did you see him at that time?"

Brodie answered, "Yes."

"Well, he has not been seen by any one since yesterday morning. He did not show up for his work last night. When some of them went over to see what was the matter they found the floor of his cabin all dug up and Greuot gone. I need not tell ye, I guess; but until we know you're to be held on suspicion of havin' robbed and put him out of the way."

"Merciful God!" gasped Brodie as he felt this new net fall about him. "Why didn't I leave this cursed place when the other thing happened and I was free to go!"

They handcuffed him and took him to Greuot's cabin. They had a couple of Papagos Indians with them who were famous trailers. They were going to hunt for Greuot's body.

About three o'clock of the afternoon they found the body under a mesquit. There were signs of desperate struggling all about the tree.

Brodie gave himself up for lost.

But one of the Papagos pushed a stick under the body, and a huge "diamond-back" darted out into a coil—his rattles whizzing.

The Indian killed the snake and then, seizing old Greuot by the feet, began to drag him out from that deadly place. But something which was hugged to the old man's breast caught on a projecting root.

Suddenly with a sound of tearing cloth the body came away and rolled face upward. The hands of the dead clutched the pieces of a canvas bag. The grip of the dead fingers had been stronger than the cloth.

Where the bag had caught was a little mound of gold coins and something in a paper tied with a string. It explained how Greuot had come to his end.

He had come to find a new hiding-place for his money—but lost and tortured with thirst and seeking for water he had dragged himself to the tree for its shade.

Blinded with the heat he had not seen what was waiting there.

"Poor old wretch," said the superintendent. "Then that, not honesty, was his god."

The sheriff stooped over and undid the string around the paper. It was a

money envelope; but all it contained beside a few papers was a number of handmade keys and a small bottle of that fluid which will make ink marks fade out for a little while. The papers proved to be unopened letters.

One of them Brodie recognized. It was his lost order to the grocery house. But even then he did not see just what it signified. There was still a contradiction, for it was unbelievable on its face that the miserable old miser had stolen the lean order just to substitute for it an extravagant one which had clearly cost the thief a tidy sum of actual money.

But it was clear to Hill who had been coming all the years as "clean-up man" at Bitter Flat. And as the awful enormities of old Greuot stood at last before him, he said, "He did it only for their little jobs."

They took his gold and buried him where he lay; and their hearts were light for those who would be sent to Bitter Flat in the future.

A RAILROAD REVERIE.

BY OWEN HUGH O'NEIL.

I HAVE left it all behind me, clang of bell and hiss of steam,
And the shrieking of the whistles, and the headlight's silvery gleam;
And I thought I had forgotten all the olden charm and thrill;
But those by-gone days in memory cluster closely 'round me still.
For across the prairie echoes one long whistle, faint and far,
And a headlight glimmers dimly through the distance, like a star,
And my mind goes swiftly spinning o'er the bright steel rails once more,
Where they stretch to meet the ocean, clinging closely to the shore.

And I feel the sweet sea breezes and I scent their fragrant balms,
And I see the little stations, hedged about with many palms;
And I see the orange orchards bordering the right-of-way,
And the golden globes of sweetness, as toward the track they sway.
Oh, the beauty of the mountains with their peaks so cold and white!
Oh, the thrill of speeding swiftly o'er the rails so smooth and bright!
Oh, the wheels, like swift years rolling onward, never turning back!
Oh, the glory of the sunshine on the roses near the track!

And the soft lines of the prairie, in the twilight dim and gray,
Bring me thoughts of old Mohavvy, where the white trail cuts its way
Through the solitude and silence, through the loneliness and gloom,
Linking thus the Rockies' highlands with the land where roses bloom.
Cheerless, colorless Mohavvy! Yet a charm around thee clings,
When the twilight o'er thy bleakness her soft veil of beauty flings;
When the starlight shines upon thee, on thy silent stretch of sand,
Then is thine an eery glory—then art thou a magic land!

Aye, I thought I had forgotten, since I've left it all behind,
But a thousand recollections now surge upward in my mind;
And I feel the joy of whirling onward through the starry night,
With the engine throbbing, pounding, and the switch-lights twinkling bright.
For across the prairie echoes one long whistle, faint and far,
And a headlight glows and glimmers through the distance, like a star,
And I dream that I am spinning o'er the glittering rails once more,
Where they stretch to meet the ocean, clinging closely to the shore.

HELP FOR MEN WHO HELP THEMSELVES—NUMBER 57.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD'S APPRENTICE SCHOOL AT SAYRE, PA.

BY JOHN DUFFY.

A YELLOW-HAIRED lad of sixteen was industriously examining what looked like an ordinary blue print. There were perhaps twenty other boys of about the same age in the room regarding similar blue prints. A young man who seemed but little older than the others walked about from desk to desk. The yellow-haired boy looked up.

"What is the difference between a mikado and a consolidation engine, Mr. Hunt?" he asked

He lifted his hand from the blue print for an instant, and it quickly folded over. It revealed itself as a sort of book, made of blue print pages and cover, and on the latter appeared the words "Spelling Book."

"Wait a second and I will show you," replied the young man addressed as Mr. Hunt.

He walked to the door of the room which opened into a large railroad yard. There were several locomotives, just out of the shops, but with steam up and apparently about ready to resume duty once more, less than one hundred yards away. Mr. Hunt turned back into the room.

"Here's No. 998 and No. 489 over there. One of them is a mikado and the other is a consolidation. Let's go out and look them over and see what is the difference."

The class of boys arose and followed him.

Here was one of the practical applications that goes with the apprentice school of the Lehigh Valley Railroad at Sayre, Pennsylvania. In his blue-print spelling book an inquiring apprentice had found a word which inspired a question, and into the yards adjoining the shops to which he expects to graduate at the end of his apprenticeship he had gone for a practical answer to his question.

And blue prints for text-books! For not only has the old blue-backed speller been made into a blue print, but also the arithmetic, the history, the drawing book, etc., have been done up as blue prints.

Looking closer at the speller, one discovers almost all the words are as significant as "mikado." There are brake, piston, gaskets, generate, indicator, journal-bearing, rocker-box, throttle, grab-handles, and reamer on the same page.

"Why blue prints?" repeats Russell H. Hunt, headmaster of this strange

school. "Doesn't their use tend to create the atmosphere of the shop? Won't these boys spend many years of their lives working with blue prints? Then, too, being thoroughly modern, don't they give the proper psychological effect?

"I might also add I had to make these text-books myself, and inasmuch as mechanical drawing always had been an old standby of mine, it was but natural I should turn to it when I had something of this sort to prepare.

"But these blue-print text-books also will tend to make the boys familiar with blue prints in general—they won't be afraid of them; they will feel perfectly at home with them."

By Blue-Print Arithmetic.

This is only one little detail of a remarkable school, but it is a detail which shows how more important matters are handled.

The Sayre school was organized in 1907. Four years later it turned out its first graduates, and now there is a class of twenty or thirty ready to go to work in the Lehigh Valley shop or elsewhere every year. There are superintendents of divisions in the shops, general foremen, inspectors, and assistants to many of the most important positions, who owe much of their success to their training under Mr. Hunt's direction.

Some of the graduates have accepted flattering offers from other railroads and outside corporations. The Lehigh Valley has demanded nothing of those it has educated. But it would seem as if this school, even without direct intention, also has developed a high sense of loyalty among the students, and more than ninety per cent of the graduates are now working for the Lehigh Valley in its shops at Sayre or elsewhere.

The curriculum of this school begins with four months in the stock-room. Nominally this is a period of probation, and, as a matter of fact, the boys may be dropped at any time if they do not show the alertness and readiness which all good mechanics must have.

The main purpose of that probation period is to familiarize the boys with the material and the tools used in the shops. At the end of four months they can pick out the particular tool needed without hesitation and the materials have taken on personal characteristics.

Meanwhile they are cleverly made to feel the importance and reality of their work by their class-room lessons. Glancing through their blue-print arithmetic, you find phrases of the stock-room worked into problems such as these:

> A piece of 4-inch standard wrought-iron pipe 1 foot long weighs 10 2-3 pounds. What is the weight of 2,625 feet?
>
> A bar 1¼ inches in diameter and 37⅛ inches long is to be cut into 7 equal lengths with 1-16 waste at each cut. What is the length of each piece?

For that matter, the whole arithmetic is made up of problems in railroading, but it is so arranged as to have the questions dealing with materials first. The very first question in the book begins with a problem in addition dealing with "a lot of castings."

In a Four-Month Term.

You can almost gage the process of the boy through the shops by the aid of the arithmetic. Here are some of the questions:

> From the edge of a boiler-plate to the center of the rivet hole is 2¼ inches. What is the distance from the edge of the hole to the edge of the plate if the hole is 1 1-16 inch in diameter?
>
> A piece of pipe 6¾ inches long is to have 9 one-eighth holes through it. What is the distance between centers?
>
> A fly-wheel in making one revolution travels 15 3-10 feet. How far will it travel in making 25 revolutions?
>
> A boiler-maker apprentice drives 125 rivets in a day. The boiler-maker drives .8 more per day. How many does the boiler-maker drive?

An elliptic spring for tender trucks deflects 1.33 inches under a load of 21,000 pounds. 24 per cent of the deflection is lost because the spring is tempered too stiff. What is the correct deflection of the spring?

There is a history of the boy's career in those questions. Some of those asked toward the end would mean nothing to him if he was still in the stock-room. And psychology! Could there be anything cleverer than that casual allusion to the number of rivets a boiler-maker's apprentice can drive in a day?

As soon as a boy has satisfactorily passed through his probation period he is given his contract and goes to work in earnest. In each department certain machines are set aside for the use of the apprentices, and it is a fact that they are always profitably employed. At the next machine there is a competent workman whom the boy can see out of the tail of his eye. More psychology!

The boys are required to keep their machines clean and their work piled neatly on the floor. They never have a moment's opportunity to fall into careless ways. They have to do their work like workmen. They also have to stay at each machine until they have mastered it.

The usual allotment of time is four months, but if a boy's work is not up to the mark he stays longer. Most of the boys, seventy-seven per cent, to be exact, move on from machine to machine on schedule. Their progress is so arranged that they advance a step each time in the work. The machines become more complicated, and the work more delicate.

As the machines in the line of progress are usually more or less adjacent to each other, each boy knows what he is going to do next, and he knows and has tried the next machine long before it is necessary for him to get results out of it.

Just now there are seventy machine apprentices going the round of twelve distinct departments. To those about to graduate into the journeyman class the shop is a great organism, every detail of which they know.

Twenty boiler-maker apprentices are going through a similar round of twelve positions. There were besides two toolmaker apprentices, three carpenter apprentices, four blacksmith apprentices, and one apprentice each working as painter, tinsmith, pipefitter, and electrician.

While Headmaster Hunt presides in the schoolroom, there is another to whom the boys look for help and guidance in the shops. He is more in the line of a friend and counselor. To see him moving from one machine to another, where apprentices are engaged, and note the way in which he is received by them, it is easy to realize what he means to them. He is Lester Bostwick, and his title is "shop demonstrator."

"He is the man who makes the work interesting," explained one apprentice recently.

Just the fact that the work is made interesting, together with the fact that every bit of work done has a practical value, tends to make this school far ahead of most technical institutions. They see the material with which they have been working put to practical purposes.

The sight of a big locomotive handling a heavy steel passenger-train, the complicated result of many of their own tasks, is the kind of inspiration that makes good mechanics of them.

And there is practically no height which some of these boys may not scale. In every class there are some who show that capacity which is bound to carry them far up the ladder in the world of railroad operation. Records are carefully kept, and annually Mr. Hunt selects the two who have shown the best studies and sends them to the railroad's mechanical engineer for work in his office.

This is a sort of post-graduate work, the opportunity for which means much to the winners.

The Blind God, Semaphore.

BY LLOYD KENYON JONES.

Lone Luke's Adroitness May Have Reached the Zenith of the Hold-Up Business, But His Colors Ran.

THE heavy freight panted laboriously and shrieked shrilly around the long curve that marks the beginning of the reasonably straight track into Emden, a dozen miles distant. For strategical reasons the semaphore blinked at the east end of the curve just as it had blinked nightly for years, and that strategical reason specifically suited the lithe-limbed, raven-haired man who emerged from the undergrowth just beyond the right-of-way's pale, and rolled a cigarette in a perfectly contented manner

This stranger was none other than Lone Luke, the highwayman extraordinary—the silent, fearfully daring and daringly fearful road-agent whom no one had ever seen squarely, and nobody even dared try to capture. Never once did he duplicate his plan of procedure—and this night he was forced to admit that his adroitness had reached its zenith.

"I'm favored of the gods," he chuckled to himself as he vanished in the brush to await the coming depth of the long shadows and spoke a greater truth than he knew. "Lone Luke, late of Thirty-Fourth Street—oculist, optician, scientist. Oh, hang romance, anyway. I suppose she's happily married long since. She told me to go and —be a man!"

Luke shuddered at the thought.

"And all because she was daubing in oil and I brought her a tawdry can of barn paint when she wanted—what was it she wanted? Oh, yes—funny enough to look back at it now!

"She said, 'Boy, this rural scene is almost finished — only the red of the old mill is not quite correct.' To surprise her I brought the mixture—and the clerk told me that the very best mills were painted with it — somebody's sun-proof paint, as I recall it!

"She had company — a fop of an art nut. Oh, very well, they are likely man and wife, with a family of sculptors and artists long before now! Six years will work wonders! Cusses on all women; but not so on all paint! Gee, that was an inspiration!"

Memory of the shattered romance had set Luke to thinking about paint almost as soon as he learned that No. 7 carried the big currency shipment each Friday evening from the First National at Conning to the Citizens' National at Emden, against Saturday's pay-rolls at the latter division-point.

"Even out of the fickleness of a woman's fool whim," he soliloquized, "some good can come." He cleared his throat—and his pulse quickened.

After all, if he hadn't been insanely in love, he wouldn't have quit his honorable and lucrative profession of eye specialist to become the unnamed terror of the rails.

As Luke crept farther to cover and

stirred an odorous can of paint and tested its consistency with a new, flat brush, his left foot came into contact with a round, solid object, and his heart paused in its labors. That spherical thing at his pedal-extremity was an infernal-machine—loaded with gun-cotton and primed with fulminating caps. His mind switched back from contemplation of the red paint to the potential possibilities of the bomb.

"The express car should stop about here," he mused studiously. "I'll heave Mr. Nitro hard against the express-car door. Bang! Dead messenger — busted car — busted safe — busted everything—confusion — quick haul—quick, easy getaway! How the gods favor dear little Lucas! Well, it's dark enough now!"

A few moments later Luke paused at the top of the ghostly pole, adjusted his muscular legs to the convenient iron braces and smiled into the emerald face of the patient light. Five minutes more, after administering several coats of the "instant drier," as the color was labeled, Luke was descending—and there were *two* red disks aloft, one bordering on a rusty brown. That would stop them. No sane engineer would attempt to run the block.

The balance of the crimson fluid in the can was consigned to the ballast with mock reverence and evil memories. Luke proceeded for the undergrowth once more and took one last, approving look at his handiwork.

"Pretty good," he agreed with himself, "even if it is streaked. It didn't seem that way when I was up there—but then, it's almost a real *red!*"

Back in the cover, out of view of the false signal, Luke waited and patted his deadly device affectionately, and wondered why he never knew nervous excitement. He confessed considerable pride in his criminal equilibrium.

II.

JIM CONROY, engineer on No. 7, was nervous almost beyond endurance—worried until the ham sandwich that he had choked down in lieu of a supper refused to budge from his throat. He was watching the platform for the incoming train on the farther terminal. He scrutinized the outpouring passengers anxiously.

"Jennie!" he sobbed, as he rushed forward and held a very pretty young woman in his trembling arms, "I was afraid you wouldn't make it. You should have wired, girl! You surely should. Martha's sinking—and moanin' all the while and callin' your name. She keeps sayin', 'Oh, dear little sister, you must come—you must.' She's dyin of homesickness out here in the West, despite all our warm friends. We should have paid the money on the little home this week; but I sent it to you to come, because, if I hadn't, Martha wouldn't have needed a home —except up among the white shafts on the hill."

"Oh, you knew I wouldn't disappoint you," the girl replied fervently. "Martha is my only sister—my only folks now, she and you. How long will it take us to make the run, Jim—how long? Five hours? Why, it will be dark when we get there! What fearful runs you poor men have. Why, Jim, your eyes are so red—and queer."

"Don't say a thing about 'em, Jennie. It's my job if you do. I'm afraid of goin' color-blind — I am, truly. This worry, I guess—and hasty eatin'." The ham in the sandwich must have been packed in concrete. Conroy was afraid of stooping over; something in his chest might break.

"Why, here's Mrs. Bill Connors—with Bill! He's express-messenger on the treasure train. Oh, yes, we carry enough currency every Friday night to break Monte Carlo. Hello, Bill! Say, you and Mrs. Connors meet my sister-in-law, Jennie. Yes, she's the girl who's got to save Martha's life. Isn't she a regular girl? She's Martha all over—as Martha was when I married her—as she'll be again soon with Jennie here!"

"Oh, how grand!" Mrs. Connors

gurgled rapturously. "And, say, Bill; can't she come in the express car with us? Won't it be jolly, Miss Jennie? Suppose we'd be held up! Like as not Lone Luke will rob us! Wouldn't it be fun?"

"Wouldn't it?" Jennie agreed in delight, although she had no idea as to who Lone Luke might be. Now that she had reached a place where people could call her by her regular name, everything seemed romantic. And, too, Harry was out here somewhere. Her face saddened a little at thought of him. Oh, it seemed so very long ago—but hurts in the heart do not heal easily. They have an ugly habit of remaining open.

"Don't talk of Lone Luke!" Connors begged. "He never does things twice in the same way. That fellow's name gives me the willies. Oh, I know, he never killed anybody, so far as Wells-Fargo records go, and they're pretty accurate. Only—he might!"

Bill Connors wasn't afraid of anything or anybody that would stand up and fight; but when it came to calculating on an unknown quantity — a wraith — a shadow — a bad dream — like Lone Luke—well, that was different!

Conroy hastened to his engine. The fireman looked up pityingly. He was next-door neighbor of Jim and would have forfeited all he possessed for the big, good-humored engineer. But the humor was quite gone now—and Jim Conroy looked ages older than he had appeared the day before.

"Did she come?" the fireman queried in a half whisper as the conductor gave them the signal.

"Thank God, yes," Conroy replied, as he pulled two sharp blasts out of the whistle and opened the throttle a trifle and eased the speedy, dependable, responsive locomotive out of the terminal. The lights throughout the yards danced like mad rainbows before him, but he could still manage to distinguish the colors, and prayed for the darkness beyond the city's borders. Without lights to annoy him, he was more himself.

Back in the express car, seated in well-cushioned chairs, Mrs. Connor and Jennie became acquainted with wonderful rapidity. Before they were out of Conning they had tested each other's opinions on suffrage, war, domestic science, the six best sellers, the tango, and innumerable other thrilling subjects.

"Strange a nice girl like you never married," Mrs. Connors observed dryly, overlooking the deep crimson in Jennie's averted cheeks. "But, cheer up, there are plenty of fine fellows here in the West. I know a dandy young man who sings in our choir, and, really, even though it sounds strange, he's an art critic! Really!"

"I'm not interested in art," Jennie replied chokingly. "I don't care for pictures at all." She was fingering a dainty locket nervously, and Mrs. Connors' watchful eyes caught the movement. Before Jennie could protest the other woman's nimble hands had profaned the sanctity of the girl's secret, and the small, oval photograph that nestled in the rim of gold was furnishing food for her hungry vision.

"Isn't he handsome? And this is some of his hair—as black as a night on the Nile!"

"Don't mention black hair!" Connors cried fretfully. "Luke is said to have black hair, and I'll be thankful when this run's at an end. Say, don't you ladies want to go back in the Pullman? Why, if Luke lands on us we may all die—all of us like salmon in a Columbian River cannery!"

"Bill Connors!" his wife reprimanded curtly, "we are going to stay right here — hold-up or no hold-up. What on earth has got into you?"

"Well, it isn't only that," he responded peevishly, "but I heard Jim Conroy say his eyes were going back on him. What worse combination can you imagine—bad eyes in an engineer and Lone Luke at large?"

Jennie coughed studiously. If they

all knew about Conroy's eyes wouldn't the officials learn about the trouble? The future was beginning to look horribly dismal—what with Martha's illness and the home unpaid for.

"Oh, hush the nonsense!" Mrs. Connors snapped. "Jennie is going to tell me her romance—about this handsome fellow! He does look brave and daring."

"Oh, he wasn't so big," Jennie corrected with an apologetic laugh. "Not at all like Jim—or your husband. But he always was brave—dear Harry!"

The train had passed Alden and the afternoon was wearing away; but long before the Connors and Jennie had eaten a bite from the messenger's dinner-pail to stay their hunger till they arrived in Emden, Mrs. Connors had Jennie's life-story, which meant that Emden would know it before Sunday.

"And the foolish little quarrel was about paint — red paint! Land alive, girl, some people would blast their lives with a peanut."

"Don't say 'blast,'" Connors corrected. "It sounds like an explosion —and remember that, besides our fairly good and useful lives, and considerable railroad property, there's eighty-seven thousand dollars in this safe!"

"And you getting one-twenty a month!" Mrs. Connors observed hopelessly, recalling the tempting, mocking shop windows in Conning.

III.

LUKE dropped his newly lighted cigarette with wanton alacrity as the long, muffled blasts of a whistle sounded in the east. That was No. 7, and within fifteen minutes the tragedy would come to pass. It was like waiting for eternity to name sentence on an erring soul. For the first time within his memory, Luke felt physically agitated. He had been as calm as a well-fed python until he heard that whistle. Then a chill crept up his spine and set his teeth to rattling like a ragtime solo on a taut snare-drum.

"You're losing your nerve, you quitter!" he told himself with a show of bravado he did not feel. "You are playing out like an old banjo just because a daub of red paint set your memory machine to operating. Funny, anyway, how that cussed thing keeps bobbing up. Why can't a man set his memory aside the way he'd discard a deuce, and draw a brand new set of sensations the way he'd pull for an ace, eh, why can't he?"

The fretful call of the whistle was more distinct this time. It jangled on Luke's spine like a G-string out of tune. The cigarette was still burning at his feet. Its fumes seemed stifling —unbearable — like scorching rubber.

"I've got to get over this," he thought earnestly. "Why, if I foozle at the final moment I might as well get my brief prepared to present to the court of last resort, because I'll need it! I'll be through for good, I will!"

It was with severe, even painful effort that he could bring himself to gather the bomb in his fingers. The metal was as clammy as a dead man's hand, and Luke was afraid of it. He fancied that he could see two demon red eyes glaring out of its smooth exterior; but, of course, that was only imagination. He was simply thinking of the two red discs above the track just where the long curve began—two red, instead of one red and one green.

He crept nearer to the outer fringe of the brush where he could see the track beneath. He strained his eyes to catch the semaphore; but it was out of his range, and he did not care to expose himself now that the rays of the headlight were due. The engineer or the fireman might see him.

Luke groaned aloud as the first white beams struck the rails and danced along their polished surfaces. He was obliged to close his eyes or his nerve would have deserted him entirely.

The whistle was strong and clear, now. For the first time within his memory's reaches Luke was a physical coward. But he couldn't quit at this

stage. The train would stop and the crew would investigate. News of his daring was the chief topic of the day. His name would be first on everybody's lips. If they discovered the red-painted signal's secret, as surely they must, they would beat and turn the countryside for him.

He gritted his teeth as these unwelcome thoughts raced through his throbbing brain, and he waited. A new calm came over him—a calm to the point of positive inertia. He was limp of body and sick of soul.

The entire area before him was a dazzling, dancing aurora. He could hear the grinding of the brake-shoes on the wheels. The deadly engine of destruction was in his arms as he squatted in the foliage like a wounded tiger driven to bay and mustering strength for its final spring. His right hand accidentally touched the lighted end of the discarded cigarette—and he screamed outright. He was simply a maelstrom of tingling nerves—the one thing he had always feared.

The great panting locomotive was almost opposite him. He caught his burning breath in spasmodic gasps. He must estimate distances. He did not dare look.

The hissing monster was within a pebble's toss of his feet. He gritted his teeth grimly, summoned all his remaining courage, raised the bomb above his head, steadied himself, opened his eyes wide, then started in unbelief.

There was a whistling sound. The brakes were releasing. The momentum was returning. An instant later the tail-lights flickered out of view to the west! And between them the fleeting vision of the figure of a flagman greeted him as the train vanished around the curve.

Luke raced down to the track with renewed vigor and looked toward the place where the train had been, and wept when the whistle reverberated in the cut a quarter of a mile distant.

Then he glanced up questioningly at the semaphore, rubbed his eyes, and looked again.

"Color-blind, poor fool!" he howled, and sent the deadly machine down into the darkness on the farther side of the right-of-way. There was a deafening roar, a shower of small stones and other débris, and then a silence that was more oppressive than the detonation.

Luke lighted a fresh cigarette with hands quaking, and strolled doggedly along the ties toward Emden, puzzled at the strange gay-heartedness that was engulfing him with the intensity of a delirium.

IV.

MONDAY had arrived. It was Jim Conroy's afternoon off. One great burden was lifted from the brave engineer's troubled mind: Martha was recovering. She had even granted Jennie permission to accompany Jim down-town, supplemented by the caution of Mrs. Connors that the stay be short, lest Bill return home and need her mothering supervision.

"Now, girl, if my eyes would only straighten up it would be a dandy little world. Only, Jennie, it's been my *ears* of late, too. Now, don't say anything; but Friday night, about twelve miles east, I would have sworn I heard a terrible explosion. The fireman didn't hear it, but I—"

"Why, we heard it in the baggage car plain as day. Poor Mr. Connors! He turned ashen-hued and started saying, 'Now I lay me'—until we laughed, and he was awfully— Oh, Harry!"

A sinuous, alert, black-haired chap stopped short and looked around carefully. Was this his name—or— At any rate, no one had cried, "Luke," and that helped some.

"Jennie," he shouted as he espied the girl who had trailed him. "Of all things—am I dreaming?"

"Oh, Harry, how grand to see you—and, oh, yes, this is my brother-in-law, Mr. James Conroy. You see, my

sister—Jim's wife—was just homesick for me—and I had to come—just had to—and all the time I really felt as if I'd meet you. It was fate—now, wasn't it? Oh, it was such a fine trip over from Conning in the express car with Mr. and Mrs. Connors—and, Harry, I don't paint any more at all!"

"Neither do I," Luke replied cautiously, adding fearfully: "When was all this ride?"

"Why, on No. 7, Friday evening," Conroy replied, fearful lest Jennie would not handle the technique properly.

"Oh!" Luke observed with a catch in his voice. And he kept his jowls tightly locked lest his teeth rattle and betray the tumult in his soul.

"And what are you doing here?" Jennie asked hopefully. "Married and settled down, I suppose?"

"Neither," Luke responded airily. "You see, Jennie, I came here thinking I'd get into the oculist business again. I was always wonderful at treating eyes—"

"Eyes!" Conroy bellowed. "Say, young man, you're the chap I need. Why, the flagman on No. 7 last Friday says he was standin' on the observation platform and swears I ran a block just east of the big curve."

"When I open up shop send that flagman to me immediately," Luke observed dryly.

Nor did he ever whisper to a soul—even after he was prosperous and Jennie was his wife—that the red paint he used that night was a cheap varnish that had deteriorated under the heat of the lamp and formed merely a transparent yellow film over the green glass, simply making the green rays a lighter shade—and he did all this long before No. 7 was due!

AVOIDING LIVE-STOCK SUITS.

Not Always Necessary to "Soak the Railroads for Damages" if Shippers and Crews Would Observe Simple Rules.

BY E. T. BAKER,

Assistant Veterinarian, State of Idaho.

"SIX of them hawgs in P. D. Q., car No. 98123, was dead when we got here, and, by gum, yer comp'ny's a goin' to pay for 'em!" howled the angry stockdrover.

The station agent, with a mild, neutral manner and soothing voice, began: "But, mister—"

"Don't mister me," shouted the aggrieved shipper. "Th' idee! Havin' six hawgs croak on a ninety-mile haul! Money talks ter me!"

With a bang the door closed. The stockman, vowing he would report the disaster to the general superintendent, the Interstate Commerce Commission and, if necessary, to the President of the United States, walked back to the ill-fated car, where reposed the corpses of his six hogs.

After the unwinding of much red tape, about a year later the railroad company finally paid the shipper about fifty per cent of the actual value of the animals. Another enemy to our railway systems was made, and the man, telling his story to every group of men he would talk to, made countless others. Nothing was done to prevent a repetition of the trouble; no explanation was offered, while a prejudiced public sympathized with the shipper, and said:

"Soak it to th' railroad—they kin stand it!"

Thousands of such cases occur every year, and while the railroads are careful to maintain a high-grade legal department to look after such misfortunes after they happen, very little is done in the way of educating employees to prevent such irritating occurrences.

Why did the hogs die? The reason is simple. The weather was very hot and the hogs extremely fat. A hog's skin has no pores by which the excess heat is given off in sweat; but the internal heat is kept normal by external radiation. This is increased by external moisture, which accounts for the fact that hogs can keep cool on the hottest day if given a pool of water or mud in which to wallow. This is why every carload of hogs shipped in warm weather should be sprinkled once or twice a day, and not too late in the day or pneumonia may set in, and cause more grief for the railroad.

Detect Before Loading.

A question causing many heated discussions is: How can sick hogs be detected before loading? But, you say, the average railroader is not supposed to be a veterinarian and general all-round pig expert!

Certainly not. No one must be to detect the symptoms in a sick hog. It is just as visible as seeing a green light on a clear night.

First, if the tail has lost its curl, the animal may be suffering with a severe headache or have lost too much sleep. Again, it may be the first signs of cholera.

The next thing to watch is the mode of movement. If a hog be lame or stiff or finds it hard to get up, or acts "queer," make a note of it. If a scarlet patch is seen on the skin of the belly, consider it a sure sign of cholera. If he coughs or walks as if his chest was sore, look for pneumonia—either the infectious or the common type.

No animal shuffles off quicker from pneumonia than does the hog. This is due to his short windpipe and the large amount of lung surface to become diseased.

In the recent excitement due to foot and mouth disease these important questions came up: How should a car be disinfected? What are some good disinfectants?

Carbolic Acid Not Necessary.

On account of the scarcity of carbolic acid, due to the European war, this important drug jumped in price about four hundred per cent in three months. Other cheaper materials are just as good and efficacious if used right; but shippers bought carbolic acid, and the managers of the railroads had St. Vitus's dance when the bills for disinfection arrived.

To make a good disinfectant, put two buckets of water into a barrel, and slowly stir in common lime until a thin paste is formed. Add more water, then more lime until about a bushel or two of the latter has been used to a fifty-gallon barrel. Now add five per cent, or two and one-half gallons, of carbolic acid and stir well. This beats the average way of making up a quantity of disinfectant, which usually results in a burnt finger, profanity, and lumpy solutions, which clog the spray-pump.

Instead of using expensive carbolic acid, why not use cheaper coal-tar preparations, such as are used for

sheep-dips. The principal use of the lime is to give to the solution a white color, so that one can see at a glance how thoroughly the disinfecting has been performed. No cutting the corners can be attempted, for the solution itself is its best advertiser.

Where many cars are to be disinfected, a good pump will be cheaper in the long run; for *just a few,* old brooms do very well. Formalin is very good, except that it is rather severe on the persons using it, as it causes "watery" eyes. Sulfur is very weak, and lime is practically nothing but an odor destroyer.

In this connection railroad men wonder how the foot and mouth disease spreads so rapidly. To answer this, Germany, with the most thorough and painstaking sanitary authorities, has had over sixteen million animals infected in the past twenty years. In spite of everything it has spread. How, no one knows.

And Nobody Cares!

John Binks ships a couple of horses from Lewiston, Idaho, to Spokane, Washington, about one hundred and fifty miles. The animals are billed out and loaded. The agent has never seen the animals, and it is very unlikely Mr. Binks will underestimate the value of said cayuses.

Even if he did look at them, the chances are that the agent would not know anything about them unless they seemed to be alive and had a mean disposition. At Spokane one animal is found to be dead, whereat Mr. Binks gives vent to a large-sized roar. He mourns that "it was the best horse he ever owned."

He also swears long and loud that its physical condition, when loaded, was 101 above par; that it had never been sick a day in its short (it was only "nine past") healthful life; that its untimely taking away cost him just an even $300.

After much parleying and the use of diplomacy, the railroad pays him $40. No one knows the cause of the death—and no one cares!

When jacked up by his superiors for having billed out a decrepit animal worth about thirty cents, the agent avers it was accompanied by a health certificate. The agent does not seem to think this certificate good only for contagious diseases. If the horse that succumbed was afflicted with some incurable, chronic ailment, such as leakage of the heart-valves, inflammation of the kidneys, heaves, inflammation of the bowels, or the like, the health certificate cannot be withheld. The inspector can, however, inform the agent, if he cares to, and put the latter on his guard.

What caused the death of Mr. Binks's venerable equine? Without investigation no one can ever tell; and this investigation is never made.

Horse Is Prey to Digestive Troubles.

Horses are not subject to tuberculosis. Glanders is their chief infectious disease. No animal will succumb to digestive disturbances as readily as the horse. Because of the peculiar arrangement of its stomach a horse cannot "belch" up the gas, and its bowels become quickly distended. If prompt relief is not given, it soon dies from rupture of the stomach or intestines. "Blood poisoning" may set in from a slight bruise or fall, and no animal will die so quickly from this trouble as a horse.

Feeding and watering is another puzzling problem, especially when trainmen must see to it, and it certainly is not a high tribute to railroads or shippers that a humane law enacted by the government—the "twenty-eight hour law"—must be held over and enforced on the owners or conveyors of dumb animals.

To withhold water and feed and rest from unfortunate brutes squeezed within the narrow confines of a stock-car for over a day, is more than cruelty. And yet, last year 1,037 violations—437 more than the pre-

ceding year—were prosecuted by the government, the guilty railroads paying fines amounting to over $61,000.

Many emigrants complain that they are not given a chance to fill their water barrels at division points where considerable delay occurs. Some have been compelled to carry water for four to ten head of stock by the bucketful for over a quarter of a mile or more. This "Rebecca-at-the-Well" stunt does not add any to the pleasures of traveling by freight. The barrels could be filled easily in five minutes.

A horse's stomach holds about two gallons. He will drink from three to six gallons a day. A cow is blessed with four stomachs, the first, or "paunch," holding about thirty-five gallons. She will drink from three to seven or eight gallons a day, depending on the weather, physical condition, and whether she is a hard drinker or not. Animals drink more while en route, as the excitement tends to make them more feverish and thirsty. The animal-heat from their companions in a full stock-car adds to the immediate temperature.

Filthy Stock-Yards Cause Trouble.

Another thing that raises lots of complaint is the filthy condition of the stock-yards. The average yard is situated in one of the poorest parts of the town or just out of the town limits. It has a mud floor with a covering of from one to three feet of manure. The animals would not lie down to rest in it if they could. The stockmen pay their respects to the railway company for keeping such filthy yards, and it stays that way year after year. A carload of cinders or ashes would make a firm floor in all kinds of weather, and surprise the average shipper to such an extent that he might fall off the fence with astonishment.

The amount of feed given an animal in transit can be cut in two from the ordinary amount fed, with good results. Nothing is so good as one feed of bran a day—a couple gallons—with several forkfuls of hay. Concentrated foods, such as shorts, ground wheat, oats, barley or corn, should be fed sparingly. The food question can be passed over lightly; it is not near so important as water.

Exercise is another thing that should not be overlooked. Often an animal, wedged in one position for a long time, becomes paralyzed, and when the train rounds a curve, he falls and never gets up. This makes more room for the rest to sway back and forth, and other weak animals fall, and are trampled on and bruised, with fatal results.

Experienced shippers as a rule have very little trouble in properly loading animals. It is the tyro taking his first load who gets in the mix-ups. To such the railroad men should suggest the best methods of loading; how long they will be on the way; where to secure feed, water, rest, and other details. Nothing makes so good an impression as helpful hints from the train crew—and the stockmen do not forget.

Every day the railroads are learning that no investment requiring so little capital pays as much interest as courtesy. A good-natured smile or simple suggestion to a worn-out emigrant, who from loss of sleep or exposure feels the world is coming to an end, will never be forgotten by him. Many a railroad has been saved a damage-suit by little acts of kindness on the part of the train crew. Even if the shipper felt he had a good case, he would think of the brakemen—perhaps innocent—and he would remember their cheery nods and tired countenances, and say:

"No, sir; I'll just forget it, and then it won't get them in bad."

How to Be Prepared.

If an animal gets sick en route, far from any veterinarian or drug-store, does the owner know what to do or

what can be done by the train crew to assist the dumb victim struggling with pain?

The answer is easy. Be prepared. One of the freight conductors on a train carrying heavy live-stock shipments in my community asked me to prepare a bottle of medicine for such emergencies. Three times has he had the bottle refilled. One time he saved the life of a valuable stallion. Fifty cents' worth of medicine at the right time is better than fifty dollars' worth given too late.

Another thing, vitally important in the interstate shipment of live-stock not intended for immediate slaughter, is that inspection should be performed by authorized officials. I discussed this subject at length in "Shipping Live-Stock by Rail" in the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for May, 1914.

In 1912 about fourteen million tons of live-stock was transported by the railroads. It is not a far estimate to assume that this aggregate small tonnage cost the railroads more in damage-suits than all the other tonnage combined. This is due to the fact that less attention is given by railroads in educating their men on this subject than on any other.

When the information is doled out, it is in small "orders" that are soon forgotten. A course of lectures and demonstrations, such as given by "The Efficiency Bureaus" of the several railroads, would soon teach the men the vital points in live-stock transportation.

"Safety first" is impressed on the men, but how to achieve these results is often overlooked. Whether damage is incurred through wilful misconduct or woeful ignorance does not benefit the loser or act as a balm to his pocket-book.

Only *results* count.

2,000 MILES OF ROLLING-STOCK.

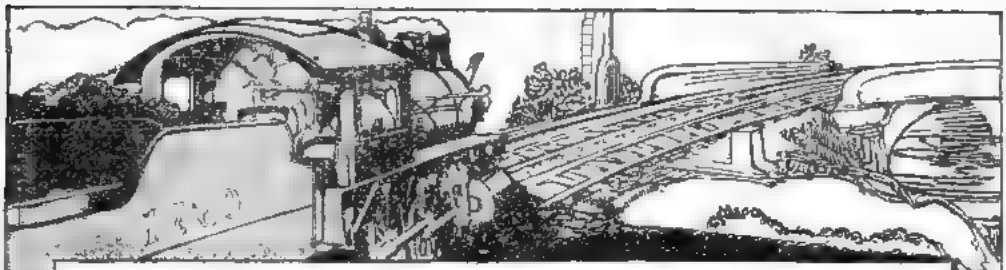
WERE all the cars and locomotives of American railroads coupled together, over two thousand miles of track would be required to hold them. They would considerably more than fill solid the main line double tracks of the Erie Railroad, from New York to Chicago or, on a single track, they would reach from New York to Denver.

It is not possible to go into the details of mechanical operation to show the magnitude of the work involved; but a faint conception of it can be had by recalling that approximately one billion passengers and over one billion tons of revenue freight are carried per annum on American railroads. Carrying units must be kept in condition to transport this great volume of business in safety, to conserve both life and property, and locomotives must be maintained in condition to move it. The extent of this work to some degree is indicated by citing, as an example, a few essential parts of a freight-car which, if in disrepair, may cause trouble ranging from an interruption of traffic, more or less serious, to derailment and loss of life or property.

Such parts are wheels, axles, journal-bearings, brake-beams, air-hose, and drawbars, of which there are twenty-eight items per car unit, or a total of seventy million important parts, on the entire freight equipment of the country, that must be watched every day to prevent disaster.

In addition to these principal parts, having to do with the safe movement of the car itself, there are innumerable parts of lesser importance which, if defective, may endanger the safety of the car, such as defective roofs, sheathing, floors and doors, projecting bolts and nails, which may cause damage to property entrusted to transportation.

Aside from the multitude of things, which self interest and ordinary prudence would cause the carriers to look out for, there are many duties of inspection and maintenance, imposed by the laws of the several States and of the United States, referred to collectively as safety appliance laws. These add to the burden and expense of mechanical operation. There are literally hundreds of parts on every car, a failure or absence of which may cost the operating carrier a fine of one hundred dollars. There are a like number on every locomotive, which require the closest attention, to void trouble leading either to a fine or the compulsory withdrawal of the locomotive from service. — WILLIAM SCHLAFGE, General Mechanical Superintendent, Erie Railroad.



THE JEWELS OF MY WATCH.

By C. J. BYRNE.

WHILE sailing away on the long mountain trail,
Up in the cab of the Overland Mail,
The hands of my watch softly steal round the dial,
From minute to minute and mile after mile.
It's just a plain watch with a big, open face,
With twenty-one jewels, and a twenty-year case,
But the jewels I prize are the jewels of my life,
Inside the back cover—my baby and wife.

Just an old-fashioned picture, faded and torn,
Its luster has gone and the edges are worn;
Through the long, dreary years that we've been apart
I've kept that dear photograph close to my heart.
While sailing away on the long mountain trail,
Up in the cab of the Overland Mail,
As I gaze at my watch I fancy I see
The jewels of my life smiling sweetly at me.

The bright, ruby lips of my baby so fair
Are jewels that are priceless—so precious and rare;
The sweet, sacred memory of mother and wife
Are jewels that I value more precious than life.
As the hands of my watch softly steal round the dial,
Inside the back cover a baby's sweet smile
Seems to lure me to sleep, and I wake with a start
As I gaze at my watch and the jewels of my heart.

FLATTERY FLAGS THE MILEAGE.

"Third Trick" Contends That Tact and Diplomacy Have No Running Rights Against Blarney.

THOMPSON THOUGHT HE RAN THE ROAD

The Blandishments of Mullally and Jiggers Had so Inflated the Vegetable King That No Amount of Explanation Would Have Induced Him to Permit the Crack Train to Run on Schedule, Nor Was the Stimulated Gentleman Easily Convinced.

BY F. B. LOVETT.

THE third-trick man disclosed an apoplectic countenance as he turned from the ticket window. Strangled utterance for the moment prevented the outburst struggling for speech

"Can you — can you," he finally spluttered. "Can you beat it?"

The night yardmaster set his lamp noisily upon the floor and turned to regard third trick with considerable concern. "Pardon me," he said cautiously, "if I don't quite catch your meaning. I just came in. Has something unusual occurred?"

"Something unusual? Certainly not," replied third trick. "Merely something more usual than unusual—simply one of the trifling discords which follow each other so frequently through the ticket window that the stream seems to arrive with almost unbroken regularity. Did you hear nothing of the controversy which took place between the erstwhile patron of the road, who has just departed, and myself?"

"Some discordant notes of conversation reached me as I approached from the yard," admitted the night yardmaster, "but I have become so accustomed to slight differences of opinion between the traveling public and yourself that they attract only my indifferent attention. Why say erstwhile patron?"

"Because," said third trick with returning ferocity, "after being landed securely for the K. and K. in a network of tact, diplomacy and hot air by our versatile agent, Mr. Jiggers, he has now joined the ranks of the opposition. Regardless of the hospitality which has been extended to him at this depot and the fluent lingo and deference which have been used to wheedle him into line, he now vows eternal vengeance on the K. and K.

"He has withdrawn his own sup-

port, the support of his relatives, friends and future acquaintances. He has consigned the K. and K. to bankruptcy and the poorhouse. And for why?"

"Yes, for why?" urged the night yardmaster encouragingly.

"Because," replied third trick, "I think he's pretty near the champion boob of the universe, and that's certainly some distinction, judging by the long list of aspiring contenders for the title who have appeared in this small structure since I made my début. The immediate grievance is based on the fact that I didn't hold No. 6 fifteen minutes while he was wading in from the outskirts.

"About two weeks ago this party was a plain ordinary cipher in railroad calculations. Personally he regarded the railroad and its representatives with a certain amount of respect and awe and probably would have been willing to ride in a cattle car on a first-class ticket if so ordered.

"In the short space of fourteen calendar days which have elapsed since he came into contact with the tactful diplomacy of Jiggers, our agent, and Mullally of the B. and Q., he calls me on the telephone and commands me to hold the finest string of varnished cars in the West until he can hike in from some outlying cornfield."

Wanted to Go East.

"Rather a rapid evolution," said the night yardmaster. "Did he fall heir to a controlling interest in the K. and K., or has he been elected president of the opposition?"

"By no means," assured third trick. "He simply fell a victim to the adulation and diplomatic efforts of our local agents. He owns a five-acre vegetable tract just outside the city limits and sells his output from the rear end of the wagon. A successful season being over, he decides to take a trip to New York. Accordingly, he called on Jiggers.

"'Going back East in a couple of weeks,' he states. 'What kind of a rate can you make me to New York City and return?'

"Immediately he develops into an atom of some importance on the railroad horizon. Jiggers pulls a most ingratiating smile.

"'We have a special rate at this season, Mr. Thompson,' he says, 'a very reasonable one—eighty-four-fifty for the round trip. Glad you have decided to favor us.'

"'I haven't quite made up my mind,' declares the already expanding atom. 'If I can do better over the B and Q., of course I'll travel that way.'

"'Rate exactly the same, Interstate Commerce you know, Rocky road-bed, poor scenery. You smoke, Mr. Thompson, I believe? I can recommend these.'

Passed the Havanas.

"And Jiggers passes out one of the clear Havanas left by the general passenger agent on his last visit. During the progress of the smoke Jiggers proceeds in various tactful and diplomatic ways to establish himself in the esteem of Thompson.

"He agrees with him about the crops, the weather, the war in Europe and wound up by commenting enthusiastically upon Thompson's superior judgment on all important matters of the past, present, and future.

"Hitherto Thompson's rating in intelligence had never been higher than the market price of roasting ears and Irish potatoes, and the soft soap liberated his Angora into the pasture of the K. and K. pretty pronto. He nearly bought the ticket right off the bat, for at the moment he was strong for us.

"Mullally, over at the B. and Q. never has his ear very far from the ground, and he learned of Thompson's proposed trip the same day that he called on Jiggers. Mullally looked Thompson up casually.

"'You haven't been over our way

lately, Mr. Thompson,' greeted Mullally, cordially grasping him by the hand. 'My wife has been looking for you for the past two weeks. "There's no potatoes like Thompson's," she said to me. "I'll get my winter supply from him." You have enough left to see us through, I hope, Mr. Thompson'

More Cigars for Thompson.

"'Sorry, but I'm all sold up, Mr. Mullally,' states the vegetable king, a fact which Mullally knew as well as he did. 'The season is over for me. I'm running down to New York for a short visit in the near future.'

"Then Mullally sprung his own particular line of tact and diplomacy and when the interview was over and many mutual pleasantries exchanged, Thompson had more cigars and the tickling sensation that he must be a deuce of a fellow judging from the way these railroad agents seemed to appreciate him. His inclination then leaned slightly toward a trip on the B. and Q.

"As I have intimated, Thompson was unused to flattery. About the nearest thing to a compliment that ever came his way through the medium of his patrons was an accusation that his measures were short, or that he planted the small and unhealthy products of his garden at the bottom of the basket.

"By twisting this around a bit he had arrived at the conclusion that he was generally regarded as a foxy business man, and this doubtful tribute was the best he could get out of it.

Hot Air Turned Loose.

"The new brand of adulation was intensely to his liking and he returned next day to see Jiggers and gather in a few more hunks of self-esteem. Jiggers did not disappoint him. He puffed him up like a toad and diplomatically returned him to the fold of the K. and K.

"But not for long. In his eagerness to arrive at a still truer and long-delayed self-appraisement, Thompson also called on Mullally and was promptly transferred to the B. and Q. again *via* the hot air and diplomatic route. This program was repeated from day to day until it no longer presented a question of the company's thirty per cent out of eighty-four dollars and fifty cents, but became an acute personal issue between Jiggers and Mullally.

"Jointly they lauded his vegetable products, his commercial sagacity, the cut of his clothes and his pomposity increased until it's a wonder he didn't bust. Everybody connected with either depot called him 'Mr. Thompson,' and the passing train-crews thought he was some big squeeze from headquarters and deferentially sized him up from a distance.

"Thompson absorbed it all as a tribute to his extraordinary personality. He gaped at the equipment and rolling-stock with the critical eye of a capitalist who was thinking of buying the road. He asked pertinent questions of switchmen and train-crews until some of the boomers who didn't know him thought they were going to lose their jobs.

Honored Guest of Family.

"He was well supplied with good smokes every day and shortly began to lunch with either agent, dependent on which depot he landed at first in the morning. Later he dined with one or the other and was an honored guest at the family fireside until curfew tolled for him to 'beat it.'

"All the while his appreciation of his own importance was increasing tremendously. He strutted about the depots, inside and out, with the assured bearing of a personage entitled to a vast amount of consideration. The pace was telling on Jiggers and Mullally, for neither had been able to jar him loose from the eighty-four-fifty, and the rest of us were almost in open revolt.

"We were in favor of reducing him to his normal state of mind by some strenuous and effective means, particularly the husky baggageman. Thompson, up to the last moment, vacillated, swayed and wavered. He lunched with Jiggers yesterday and dined at Mullally's last evening.

"After a fervent and persuasive speech from Mullally, he finally agreed to go home, pack up and return to the B. and Q. for his transportation. Their train leaves at 2 A.M. Mullally was to wait at the depot for him to guard against any error in the delivery of the ticket.

Camped on His Trail.

"Jiggers, in the mean time, had not surrendered by any means. He had purposely permitted Thompson to spend the early evening with Mullally and when he left the Mullally home Jiggers was camping on his trail. When Thompson arrived at the five-acre tract and showed a light in his domicile, Jiggers was knocking on the door, firm in the determination that he wouldn't leave until he closed the deal, regardless of the prospect's inclinations.

"The conditions surrounding the contest between the agents had been noised abroad until nearly everybody in town were wise to the situation except Thompson. The agent who lost out naturally expected to hear the hearty guffaw of the horse laugh from many quarters.

"Both were desperate and willing to go to any lengths short of highway robbery to separate Thompson from that eighty-four-fifty.

"In Jiggers' inside pocket as he entered Thompson's shack, reposed a round-trip ticket to New York, stamped and countersigned. He had in addition to preparing the ticket, provided useful railroad literature and such other trimmings as the K. and K. afforded.

"This thoughtful courtesy, together with Jiggers' masterpiece of fluent lingo especially prepared for the occasion, overcame Thompson's scruples against leaving the expectant Mullally to hold the sack, and he produced the long-sought-for eighty-four-fifty.

Left Him High and Dry.

"Jiggers didn't linger. He'd had enough of Thompson, who, the momentous question of transportation being settled, proceeds leisurely to pack his suit-case. No. 6 leaves at 1.05 A.M., and he had three hours at his disposal and presumably no desire to run afoul of Mullally before train time, for he did not leave the house until the last moment.

"As a means of transportation to the depot he employed a top buggy of the 1840 model and a wall-eyed, sorrel bronco which, during its interesting career, has kicked the slats off everything that came within reach of its heels.

"During his absence Thompson was to leave the outfit at the local livery stable. The sorrel, unused to midnight excursions, left the barn under protest and before the journey had well begun, and appeared to see some advantage in side trips into adjacent cornfields and miry bypaths. Eventually it secured its freedom from the vehicle containing Thompson and left him high and dry about a mile from nowhere.

"He hits the trail *via* the pedestrian route, and on the way wakes up a neighbor, requesting him to round up the bronco and deliver his outfit at the livery stable. Then he gets me on the telephone. You'll gather some idea of the braying quadruped he had developed into from the following dialogue which took place

Boasted of His Influence.

"'This is Thompson,' he announces.

"'Uh-huh,' I gulps into the receiver, for I'm wise that the ticket has been sold.

"'Thompson, Thompson,' he repeats. 'Don't you understand?'

"'Sure I do,' I titters back. 'What's the matter Thompson, are you walking in your sleep?'

"'I wouldn't advise you to get fresh young man,' he chirps. 'I might report you to Mr. Jiggers. I presume you are aware that I have some influence with him'

"'Uh-huh,' I agrees, for I didn't want to bring him out of it too suddenly. 'Whaddyewant?' Believe me, there were no deferential frills on that query.

"'I'm going East on No. 6,' he confides.

"'You'll have to hurry,' I tells him. 'She'll be gone in ten minutes. I hear her whistling now.'

"'That's it exactly,' he announces. 'I have met with an accident. My horse ran away. I won't be able to reach the depot in less than twenty-five minutes. I want you to hold the train until I get there.'

"While I'm gasping with astonishment at his cast-iron nerve, he hangs up the receiver and beats it. No. 6 arrives and departs per schedule, and I conclude that I'll have Thompson on my hands until seven-ten and am almost resigned to my fate when he shows up. He's muddy, perspiring and none too amiable.

Demanded Return of Fare.

"'No. 6 late?' he queries.

"'No, sir, right on time,' I assures him.

"'Gone?' he ejaculates incredulously.

"'Certainly,' from me.

"He impales me with a glance of annihilation and pulls what they call an ominous silence. He glares at me a while thinking I'm going to get weak in the knees, but I peeps right back at him until he drops the grip and digs down for his ticket, which he presents with a tragic air.

"'Refund me the cash for that,' he commands. 'I'll take the B. and Q. at two o'clock. Be quick please.'

"'Sorry,' I replied, 'but there's only eleven-forty in the cash register. The auditor's office will make you a refund in about a month if you write them and enclose the ticket. There's another train at seven-ten if you want to go East.'

"About this time the fireworks started, and if you'd been around you'd have heard some plain and fancy cussing which couldn't be beat or even tied by any train-crew on the division. The upshot of it is, according to his expressed resolution, that Thompson has abandoned his trip to New York.

"He's going to stay here and get my job in the morning. Then he's going to stick around and watch the K. and K. struggle through poverty to a lingering death. He's a self-appointed solicitor for the B. and Q., and if we sell a local ticket to the next station once a week we'll be doing better than he thinks we will."

Loses the Business.

"Hello!" ejaculated third trick. "Here's Mullally. How are you 'Mull'? Whatcher doing up at this time in the morning?"

"Just seeing a friend off on No. 4," Mull replies. "A man named Thompson. Seems Jiggers sold him a ticket, but he missed the train. He was in a tremendous hurry, so I traded him one of our sixty-day round trips for his to enable him to catch the two o'clock on our line. In exchange for my accommodation he has appointed me his agent, by written authority, to secure a refund for the ticket Jiggers sold him. I presume Jiggers will be able to cancel the sale and make a refund without the matter being referred to the auditor's office. I'll be glad to accommodate him at some future time."

"Certainly, certainly," replied third trick. "Jiggers is a good loser."

Mull's features expanded into an appreciative grin and with a cheerful "Good night," he departed.

The night yardmaster judicially cleared his throat and at the same

time removed his elevated number nines from the telegraph table.

"It appears to me," he began with a sermonizing air, "that the exercise of a little tact and diplomacy—a continuation, as it were, of Jiggers's attitude, would have mollified Mr. Thompson to the extent that he would have waited for the seven-ten."

Made Arrogant by Adulation.

"If you're talking to me," said third trick savagely, "its time to turn around and go the other way. That 'Mr. Thompson,' as you call him, is already an arrogant monument to the tact and diplomacy of Jiggers and Mullally. He'll never be satisfied with anything less than cringing, flattering obsequiousness from every railroader he meets just because that team of railroad diplomats have been kowtowing before him for the past fortnight.

"He has presented an overbearing demeanor to all the underlings at both depots and they stood for it just to help the agents land that measly eighty-four-fifty, a small portion only of which goes to the originating line.

"When a gink like Thompson has reached a state of mind where he thinks a railroad will hold up the only real high-stepping train on the schedule to await his pleasure and convenience, it's time to withdraw tact and diplomacy and hand him a stiff jolt."

"Still, tact and diplomacy—" resumed the night yardmaster.

"Pardon me again," interrupted third trick. "I'll agree that tact and diplomacy are an excellent combination, exploited in their proper sphere. If by abasing myself to the proportions of an invisible microbe and smearing adulation on a blooming mummy, I could settle the war in Europe or trade a blind mule for a thoroughbred race horse, I'd be willing to go the limit, but not for the purpose of mollifying patrons of Mr. Thompson's imaginary importance.

"My experience has been that the dividend-paying patrons of this and any other road transact their business with very little friction. Such howling bounders as Mr. Thompson are the ones who make the railroader's lot the hard, rocky road to travel that it is. I'll admit that, temperamentally, I do not incline toward tact and diplomacy.

"I recall, however, an isolated instance or two where I essayed a feeble attempt along those lines only to get the worst of it. I believe that I have permanently closed that department."

"Ah, quite interesting," said the night yardmaster. "It hardly seems possible that you ever attempted the diplomatic stunt. Would you mind—er—narrating the circumstances?"

"Certainly not," acquiesced third trick. "And as the last incident is still fresh in my recollection, I'll regale you with that.

"Something like two months ago I was aroused from an early morning reverie by a commotion at the waiting-room door. Harsh imprecations electrified the atmosphere and a heavy body fell against the door several times. The door was unlocked, but it appeared that the party seeking entrance preferred to jar the hinges loose rather than turn the knob.

"Wilshun's Shiding Ticket."

"Eventually, however, the door swung open and an intoxicated fellow half fell, half staggered into the waiting-room. Through rare good fortune he negotiated the distance to the supporting extension outside the ticket window. He leered at me in triumphant satisfaction at having made the grade and finally managed to articulate thickly:

"'Wilshun's Shiding—hic—ticket.'"

"After getting that off his chest he clung with both hands to the support and regarded me with owlish expectancy. A generous experience with 'stews' along the pike has convinced me that it is a fine brand of 'safety first' to permit them to decorate the interior of the ticket-office with at

least the full amount which the ticket calls for before stamping up any transportation.

"'One-forty-eight,' I hinted. 'The local leaves at six o'clock.'

"His expectant attitude did not relax. Neither did he make any promising move toward reimbursing me in coin for the ticket should I present him with one. After patiently waiting about five minutes without results I returned to my easy chair.

"'Shay, whassamatter?' he inquired uncertainly. 'Gimme ticket—hic—Wilshun's Shiding—wanna get away from here. Hurry up!"

Thought He Had Paid.

"'Dollar forty-eight,' I repeated.

"'Take it—hic—outha bill. Hic—Jush put up a ten spot. Have a drink on me.'

"I was sure he had not presented any ten spot, but I returned to the ticket window and gave the surroundings the once over. There wasn't even a cigarette coupon in sight.

"'Where is it?' I inquired.

"'You got it—jush put it up—you got it,' he assured me earnestly.

"You'll admit that I might have been pardoned for losing my temper under the circumstances, but I soft-pedaled into the department of tact and diplomacy. I figured that he had probably given somebody a ten spot in the last few moments and I was going to find out who it was and recover it for him if possible.

"'Say, my friend,' I said sharply, 'you just had a drink before you came over here, didn't you?'

"'Sure, give ush another,' he hiccuped. 'Take it outathabill.'

"'Where'd you get that last drink?' I asked. 'Dago Mike's?'

"'Thash it. Dago Mike's friend o' mine. Goo' feller, Dago Mike,' he replied, a gleam of intelligence lighting up his expressionless countenance. 'Give ush another.'

"His reiterated statement that he had just put the bill up for the drinks and his fleeting recollection of Dago Mike convinced me that he had tendered the bill and in his befuddled condition thought he was still in the saloon though the ticket window reminded him that he was bound for Wilson's Siding.

"Telling him to hold fast until I returned, I made my way across the track. Inquiry developed the fact that I had solved the problem. Dago Mike still had seven dollars of the change which was being sniffed up by the bar flies as fast as they could drain their glasses.

"Dago Mike accompanied me to the depot and after identifying the man, gave him the seven. By dint of persuasion I separated him from the dollar-forty and delivered his ticket, advising him to grab a little slumber during the several hours he had to wait for the train.

"He lurched out again, however, and when he returned an hour later, toppled over on one of the benches and went to sleep. When I woke him for the local, he was considerably sobered, but a diligent frisk through all his pockets failed to locate his ticket or any money. I explained the situation to him and asked where he went after buying his ticket.

"He denied emphatically that he had left the depot at all and skeptically declined to believe that I had delivered his ticket. He even baldly insinuated that I had copped the seven. After the local left I grabbed him bruskly by the collar and dragged him over to Dago Mike's.

"I made Mike, who was still on the job, substantiate my story, and he also added the statement that the stew had returned to his saloon and spent the balance of his money buying drinks for the house. The ticket was found in front of the bar, where he had dropped it.

"I had cleared myself, but felt that I had reached the parting of the ways as far as tact and diplomacy applied to this third trick job."

Henderson of the Head End.

BY CHARLES WESLEY SANDERS,

Author of "A Punch on the Jaw," "Trapped by Telegraph," "The Flag of Danger," "The Shadow of Disaster," "Bareheaded McLaren," "The Missing Order," and others.

The Big Brakie Found Something More Than Trouble In His Hunt for the Rear Shack, McNutt.

OU'VE heard that song, runnin' something about "I'd rather be a lobster than a wise guy." I had a lobster and a wise guy workin' for me once. You can consider the facts and decide which you'd rather been.

On the pay-roll the Wise Guy was James P. McHugh; the Lobster was P. Q. Henderson. What the "Q" stood for I haven't the least idea. McHugh was flaggin' for me and Henderson was brakin' ahead. Them two was about as different as two human beings could be. McHugh was a little sawed-off fellow that could walk under my arm, and I'm no giant. And I could walk under Henderson's arm.

You can see can see how they stacked up when they stood side by side. McHugh was sandy-haired and freckled, and had the rest of the coloring that goes with that.

Henderson was built like a block of stone. He was dark. The only relief you got from all his darkness was his eyes. They were blue, like the blue of his own razor, and the whites of 'em was very clear. He was a swell-looker even in his overalls, or mebbe especially in 'em. He was so rugged he kind of graced 'em.

But McHugh had the brains. That is, he had a nimble wit. His mind worked like the wheel in my new watch. Henderson's mind was as nimble as a derrick. McHugh wouldn't believe anything you told him. And he didn't believe in anything. He had no faith, no charity, no nothin'. Henderson believed everything he was told, and he believed in everything.

Nobody ever wronged McHugh. He never gave 'em a chance. If anybody wronged Henderson, it hurt him as if he had been hit in the back of the head. And the funniest part of it was that McHugh, who believed nothing, could make Henderson believe anything.

They were both good workmen in their way. McHugh was such a Jack-be-Nimble that he made a dandy flagman. He could go back a mile while the old wagon was rolling to a stop. Henderson guarded his train like he was a soldier guarding treasure of some kind. I always felt I kind of wanted to keep my eyes on McHugh, but I knew that once I told Henderson to do a thing, it was as good as done, if any man could do it.

McHugh had been flagging for me for some time when Henderson came to brake ahead. McHugh took one look at Henderson and he had him sized.

"Who's the new White Hope?" he says, in Henderson's presence.

"You better look out," I says, "or he'll take you across his knee and give you a spankin'."

"Like as not," says McHugh.

At that he walked up to Henderson and stood in front of him. Henderson looked down at him, kind of puzzled.

"Say," says McHugh "did you ever hear the story about the man who wouldn't believe another man had got on the police force?"

"Nope," said Henderson.

"It was like this," said McHugh. "A man was appointed on the police force. He went and told another man. 'Aw,' the other man says, 'you ain't a policeman.' And he gave him a kick in the shins like this."

And McHugh kicked Henderson on the shin, and he kicked him good and hard. Henderson seemed to think that the story must, somehow or other, be funny, and he just grinned.

McHugh kicked him five times, but he didn't tumble.

"You big mutt," I says. "McHugh is havin' fun with you. Don't let him kick you on the shins like that."

Henderson turned around and walked away. I was riding in the engine that afternoon between the stations. When we pulled out of the second station, I started to walk over to the caboose. Henderson was standing up on the front car, a fine and dandy figure of a man, leaning against the wind and hardly swaying a bit except as the train swayed.

"Don't let McHugh abuse you," I yelled at him. "He's one of these wise guys that go as far as they can with a man. He's liable to chuck a piece of coal against your cranium to see if the coal will bounce."

"What can I do to stop him?" Henderson asked.

I looked up and down his six feet and his big hands hanging straight down.

"Why, you might say: 'Tut, tut, my child,'" I says, sarcastic.

"I don't think that would stop him," says Henderson.

I went back to the caboose. I didn't want to begin to abuse Henderson myself. McHugh was standing on the platform, watching the scenery. The wind was flapping his jacket around him, and he had his cap pulled down over his eyes. He was hanging to the handrail as if he thought he might blow off in the ditch. And Henderson had just said: "What can I do to stop him?" I gave it up and went up-stairs.

Apparently Henderson didn't find any way to stop McHugh from that on. McHugh made life so miserable for Henderson that once or twice I had to interfere. It got so that the big man's face would show misery when he saw McHugh coming toward him. McHugh abused him shameful.

And McHugh set other men of his build up to pick on Henderson, too. The worst offender was Jackson, the operator at the yards. He was no bigger than McHugh, but he was a nice boy ordinarily. While McHugh was a wiry little tough, Jackson was a quiet, handsome lad that kept busy with his books between trains. But, egged on by McHugh, Jackson got to baiting Henderson every time Henderson came into the office while we were waiting for orders.

Jackson had a sister who was a pippin. She was the most astonishin'-lookin' girl I ever set eyes on. She was taller than her brother, and she had a skin and eyes like a—like a—Well, there I am, stalled on the hill.

I couldn't describe that girl's skin and eyes if I had orders to do so from the old man himself. Anyway, her skin was soft and dark and red, and her eyes were big and dark and shiney. That 'll give you an idea. And her hair was jet-black and she wore it low-down on her neck some kind of a way.

As I say, her brother was a quiet lad ordinarily; but there was nothing quiet about her. She had a dashin' way about her like women you see on the stage. She was all hustle. She

run that family—her mother and her brother. Had a good job some place up-town, too, and made more kale than the brother did.

She used to come to the yard-office sometimes to see her brother. There she met McHugh. Her prettiness didn't stop McHugh any more than Henderson's bigness did. And she stood for his kiddin'. I guess it kind of amused her. She'd banter away with him back and forth. And McHugh would want to know when she was going to marry him, and she'd say she would as soon as she got time.

One Sunday afternoon at the end of February, when it was colder than all Sam Hill, we come down to the yards with a train of dressed meat for the East. We were the second section, and we were considerably late. A lot of west-bounds were coming against us, and the despatcher had to fix them out on us. He wasn't quite ready, and the engineer and me sat down to wait. Jackson's sister had been in the telegraph-office talkin' to her brother. She come to the door and began to talk to me in the nice way she had with everybody but McHugh.

We'd been talking only a minute when in breezes McHugh. He and the girl shook hands like they hadn't seen each other for a year, and began a kidding-match. They was at it hot and heavy, when the door opens and in comes Henderson. He starts to ask me something, and then his eyes light on the girl.

Say, that was some meeting. I could see every muscle in Henderson's big body tighten. The girl stood up straight, too. They were a fine pair to draw to. It was quite a picture—she all in her Sunday best and Henderson in his jumpers.

"Well, they stood lookin' at each other and waiting for somebody to introduce them. I was surprised at Henderson. I thought he'd be half scared to death; but he stood as quiet as if he'd been a block of stone. Then up pipes McHugh:

"Oh, Miss Jackson, meet our automaytum. He's made of the skin of a big black bear, and he's stuffed with shavings from the cheese factory. He neither eats, drinks, talks, or moves till you kick him on the shins."

McHugh threw back his head and laughed, but nobody else did. He stopped in the middle of a "haw-haw" kind of surprised. I had been watchin' Henderson, and I saw his under lip quiver. That was the only sign he made. He and the girl were still lookin' straight at each other. That red I spoke about was burnin' deeper in the girl's soft, dark skin.

Then Henderson spoke, and I wouldn't have known it was the same man. There was a kind of a hush in his voice. The man had suddenly found something inside himself he didn't know he had.

"Henderson is my name," he said.

The girl steps over to him and puts out her hand. Henderson takes it, and I'll be darned if he don't make a bow that has class to it.

"Mr. Henderson," she says, "I'm glad to meet you."

With a look that should have frizzled McHugh's sandy locks she steps out the door. For just a second or two there was silence. I was still watching Henderson. His big chest began to swell slowly and the cords come out in his neck gradual. I could see he was gettin' awful mad, but he was taking his time about it.

All of a sudden it swept through him. He gave a kind of a hissin' scream and he jumped for McHugh If ever a man let out a yell of terror, McHugh did then. Henderson whirled him up above his head as if he had been a kitten. Henderson's blue eyes were blazin'. He was comin' strong on that fury-of-a-patient-man stuff.

I jumped for him just as he was about to smash McHugh down on the floor. If I hadn't got to him and yelled a warnin' in his ear, I guess he'd broken every bone in McHugh's body. He relaxed then, set McHugh down

gentle, turned and went out the door. McHugh leaned back against the window-ledge, pale and tremblin'.

"What's eatin' that guy?" he says. "I didn't think he'd pull any rough work like that."

"You confounded fool," I says. "Didn't you see him lookin' at that girl? For a wise guy, you certainly can pull some stupid stuff yourself."

All through that trip I was gloryin' in Henderson's spunk. I was tickled to death that McHugh had got his. But Henderson was going it a little stronger than I liked. When we got in he jammed up to McHugh.

"You little shrimp," he says. "If ever you make fun of me like that again, I'll kill you."

McHugh took his word for it and beat it.

And now what had been fun with McHugh got to be the real thing. He began to hate Henderson. When a man like McHugh hates, he hates considerable. He appointed himself a committee of one on ways and means Of course, he could have laid Henderson out with a rock some dark night, but that might have got him into trouble. He wanted to pull some fancy work.

We came over the road one day in a nasty, sleety storm at the end of March. We made the trip without any trouble, and came to the distant signal of the yards. Just beyond this was a long bridge. I stood on the platform as we passed over it and looked down at the water.

I could see that it had risen considerably, but as it never got high enough to threaten the bridge, I didn't pay much attention to it. It gave me a kind of shivery feeling, though, because it looked so far and dark and swirled so.

We got in on a siding, and I stayed in the caboose a few minutes cleaning up some things I had to do. Then I went to the telegraph-office. As I entered I saw the Jackson girl sitting in the office. McHugh was there and the operator. McHugh was laughin' and the operator was smilin'.

"I don't think that's very funny," the girl said.

"Aw," it's only a little joke, sis," says Jackson, kind of mollifyin'.

"I suppose appealing to a good man's courage with a lie is your idea of a joke," says the girl, very scornful.

"What's up?" I says.

I looked at the operator. He was rather sheepish, I thought. But McHugh burst out laughin' again. I saw the red grow in the girl's face and she flared a glance at McHugh.

"My brother told Mr. Henderson that McHugh hadn't shown up when your train came in," she says. "My brother suggested that McHugh had fallen off the front end into the river. Mr. Henderson went back there to look for him."

"Oh, well," I says. "I guess nothing will happen to Henderson. I wouldn't worry about him. He knows how to take care of himself."

"That's one consolation," she says, emphatic. "He does know how to take care of himself. That's more than a lot of other people know."

Pretty soon the night operator drifted in, and Jackson transferred the orders on hand. He slipped into his raincoat and pulled on his cap.

"Come on,. sis," he says. "We'll go home."

"I'm not going," says the girl, standing up a head taller than him.

He turned and stared at her. She stood all the looking up and down he could give her. It didn't bother her no more than if she had been a queen.

"What are you going to do?" says her brother. "Camp here all night?"

"I'm going to stay here till we find out what has happened to Mr. Henderson," she says.

"Pshaw," says he, "he's probably gone to his boarding-house by now. He wouldn't waste much time looking for McHugh. He hasn't spoken to him since they had their little mix-up in here the other night."

"What mix-up?" she says.

"Oh, nothing," says her brother.

"What was the mix-up?" she asks me.

"Nothin' much," I says, gleeful, "except that Henderson was going to throw McHugh through the floor for what he said when he introduced you two."

She came round slowly to look at McHugh.

"And you take this mean little way to get even?" she says. "Is that it?"

Before McHugh could answer she swung round on her brother, quick this time.

"And you're helping him because you're afraid to do anything else," she says. "You certainly are a nice pair. Mr. Henderson is worth a dozen like you."

"You seem to think a lot of Henderson," her brother says. "Come on home."

"I wont," she cries out, with a stamp of her foot. "I'm going to stay here till I have word of that man."

"You may stay till to-morrow," says Jackson.

"And I may stay the rest of my life," she says.

That hit Jackson between the eyes. He turned pale and a worried look came over his face.

"Aw, what 're you talking about?" he says.

"Just plain sense," she says, and she sat down and began lookin' out the window.

Nobody spoke for a while. I went on makin' out my reports. The night operator was busy at the key. McHugh had quit laughin', and was peeking from the window frequent. Jackson shifted from one foot to the other and coughed now and then. All the time the wind threw itself against the building and the sleet pattered on the pane and cracked against it.

I finished my work and gathered up my stuff. We had been in for forty minutes. I glanced round at those three people. All of them were good and nervous by now. Henderson should have been back before this.

"He's probably gone home," I says, trying to relieve the girl.

"Mr. Henderson works for you," she said in a low voice. "You know what kind of a man he is. If he thought McHugh—or anybody else for that matter—was in the water, would he go home before he had done what he could?"

"He would not," I answered.

"Well, then," she says.

I began to have a little nagging worry on my own hook. I knew Henderson was no quitter. If he started out to find McHugh and thought McHugh was in the river, the river wouldn't stop him. And then I thought of that dark, swirling current down under the bridge.

I jumped up.

"Where are you going?" she asks.

"Home," says I. "I should have started long ago."

But she wasn't so easy to fool. She leaned her head forward a little and fairly bored into me with her dark eyes.

"You're going to do nothing of the sort," she says. "I know you're not. You're going to look for Mr. Henderson."

"Well," I laughed, "far be it from me to contradict a lady. If you say I'm going to look for Mr. Henderson, why, I'm going to look for Mr. Henderson. Mebbe you'd like to come along."

I thought if I'd kid her a bit, she'd brighten up. I had no idea she'd think of leaving the office. But she jumps up and starts for the door.

"Come on," she says. "I'll go with you."

Her brother runs after her. He takes hold of her arm, but she shakes him off. She's good and mad by now. She stamps her foot.

"I'm going with him," she says. "You can stay here and wait for news of your little joke if you want to. Come along."

We went out into the storm together. I offered her my arm, but she shook her head. She bent her body to the wind and shoved herself along through it as well as I could do myself.

As we got to the road this side of the bridge I looked back.

"Your brother and McHugh are coming," I says.

"Let them," she says.

We came to the end of the bridge, and I walked out on the ties for a ways. She followed me, as sure-footed as a cat. She was some girl. As we stood there, McHugh and Jackson came along. I took hold of a girder and leaned out and looked down.

"Wow," I says to McHugh, "if a man fell off there, he'd never know what happened to him."

McHugh didn't answer. He put his hand on my shoulder and leaned out. I could feel the hand tremble as he looked.

"It's some drop, ain't it?" he says.

"My God!" says Jackson back of us; "you don't suppose he's fallen off, do you? You don't suppose our joke sent him to *that?*"

There was a hysterical note in his voice. As I said, he was a nice lad ordinarily, and he hadn't fallen for McHugh's rough stuff in any mean spirit.

"We better go down there," says the girl at my elbow. "If he thought McHugh was in the river, that's where he would be."

"You better let McHugh and I go down," I says. "You and your brother go back to the office. McHugh and I can do as much as the four of us can."

"Oh, no," Jackson cries. "I'm with you. I can't stand it to go back till I know what's happened."

I told the girl then that she better go back, and we stood and chewed the rag for some time. In the end I had to let her go along.

We went back to the end of the bridge. From there a long path winds down to the water. It's not easy going in the daytime, and it was fierce in the dark. I went ahead, McHugh followed me, and Jackson and his sister brought up the rear.

Half the time I was on my hands and knees. The wet branches of the undergrowth swept my face and the stones cut into me. Once I dislodged a rock, and it went tumbling over the side of the path. I could hear it go "splick" into the water.

We got to the bottom finally, and stood on the river's edge. Usually there was a beach a foot or two wide, but the water was over this now, and we had to stand in weeds and briers up to our knees. I looked at the girl. She was all there, but some bedraggled. Her hair had become loosened and it was tumbling down her back. Her hat was awry and her clothing was stained and muddy. She wasn't scared.

McHugh was quiet. All the "joke" had been taken out of him. Jackson worried me most. He had a strange look in his eyes. I could see he was imagining all kinds of horrible things. As I said, he had read a lot, and his mind was set on a hair trigger of fear.

"What do you suggest?" says McHugh to me.

"I'll be darned if I know," I said, impatient. "I hope this will be the last of your jokes, McHugh."

"It will, so help me," says McHugh, and I had never heard him talk like that.

"One of you better go up the bank and the other two down," said the girl. "I'll stay here and keep watch."

I opened my lips to speak. Then a crazy yell came from Jackson. That yell made prickles run along my scalp. I looked at him. He was ripping off his raincoat and his undercoat, so that the buttons flew. In two seconds he was stripped to the shirt.

"There he is," he yells, and with that he was in the water.

He went under for a minute, but he came up all right. He made a stroke or two, but the current was too many for him. It caught him and simply whirled him out to the middle of the

river. He went straight out from us in a kind of an eddy. I looked and saw what he had seen

"It's only a log," I says "He's crazy that boy."

I couldn't swim a stroke. That seemed kind of a joke on somebody's part just then. In fact I had always been afraid of the water.

"McHugh," I says, "can you swim?"

"No," he says, "but I'm going after him."

He began tearing at his coats, but he hadn't got 'em off when we heard somebody sloshing through the weeds and water just below us. Henderson came dashin' up the bank.

"What was that?" he asks. "I thought I heard a cry and a splash."

He was already stripped to his shirt and he hadn't any hat on. He was dripping and I knew he had been in the river once at least after McHugh. Before I could speak the girl throws herself on his manly chest.

"My brother," she cries. "He's out there in the river. He thought you were being carried by."

Say, I'd like to be stuck on a lovely girl like her and have that chance, providin' I was as good at takin' advantage of it as Henderson was. Without seemin' to make an effort, he half twisted his body around and sprang He must have springs in his legs, for he landed away out in the river in as clean a dive and come-up as ever you see.

And how he swam! No splashin', no lungin', no pantin', mind you; just long, even strokes that took him forward nice and easy.

I searched the river for Jackson, but I couldn't see him. And in a minute I lost Henderson, too.

The three of us stood there with our heads bent, just listenin'. There wasn't a sound except for the hiss and boil of the water in the dark. The sleet still pattered down and the wind blew cold. Up above us the old bridge stood out against the sky, dark and silent and quiet.

"I guess they've both gone," says the girl, her voice harsh. "What a joke!"

And then all of a sudden up on the bank above us Henderson's voice boomed above the storm:

"Hello, down there. He-l-l-o!"

"That you, Henderson?" I says, not knowin' what else to say.

"Yes, and I got Jackson," he screams. "He's all right. Come on up."

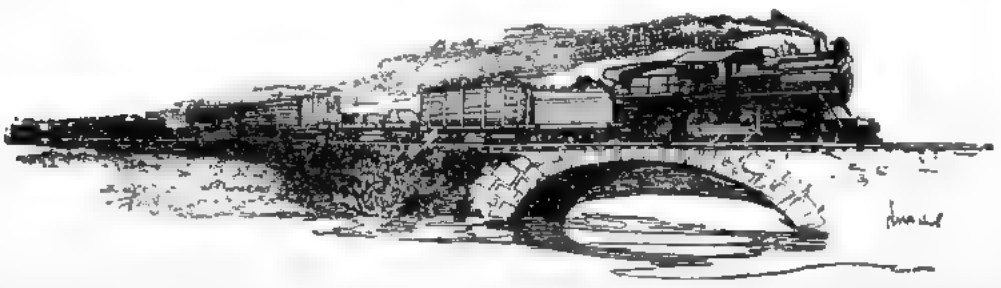
The girl hit that foot-path in one jump. I swear I believe she was halfway up before McHugh and I got started

When we got to the top, there was Jackson squatting down on the ground all alone

"Where's Henderson and your sister?" I says, looking around for them.

"H-he t-took h-her h-home," says Jackson, his teeth chattering. "He said he was afraid she would catch cold. Say, that guy is some swimmer, believe me. He's the finest—"

"Forget it," I says. "Let's get to some place where it's warm. No, we won't go to your house, Jackson. We'll go to my house. Henderson and your sister are at your house."



THE WORLD'S LONGEST BATTLE.

American Railroads Have Been Fighting the Free Riders Ever Since the First Trains Were Operated.

BUT THE HOBOES WON'T BE ELIMINATED.

Desperate Tramps Have Actually Thrown Railroad Men Under the Wheels in Their Mad Effort to Ride Without Paying; But in the Old Link-and-Pin Days They Were Carried Free to Help Train Crews.

BY GEORGE TICKELL.

KEEPING tramps off trains is a problem that has never been thoroughly solved by a railroad company. In all probability it never will be. In spite of private detectives, yard-watchmen, and the enmity of the regular police of the towns they pass through, traveling hoboes manage to beat their way across the continent *via* the steel highways, ditched here and there by indignant train-hands, but always resuming the interrupted journey with the perfect ease and self-possession of veteran tourists.

The hobo simply refuses to be eliminated. He antedated the first railroad, and adopted it as the most convenient means of covering ground when it came along. Since then his tribe has greatly increased and, in a sense, prospered. In the pioneer days of American railroading the hobo appears to have been in better favor with train-hands than at the present time.

Mr. James Talcott, a resident of Manhattan, now in his eighty-fourth year, was an engineer on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad before and during the Civil War, and his experiences with the early class of tramps seem to have been of a pleasant nature.

"It's forty years since I handled a throttle," said Mr. Talcott. "Times have changed a lot since then, and I suppose the tramp element has changed with them. But for my part I must say that in the old days we didn't have much trouble with the kind of folks the modern railroad man calls 'hoboes.' They weren't what you call a tough bunch, mostly fellows out of work, stealing rides about the country. If they were willing to work a bit we were always agreeable to let 'em ride, especially in the early wood-burning days. Those engines just ate up wood like it was paper, and when it was time to 'wood-up' the train-hands and fire-

man were glad to have some husky chap, or maybe a couple of 'em, butt in and lend a hand toward filling up the tender.

"Even on passenger-trains the crew wasn't disposed to bother hoboes much, so long as they kept under cover a bit and didn't actually shove themselves under the eyes of some official. On the freights they were nearly dead sure of being carried, for, in addition to helping wood-up the 'gine, there was lots of freight transferring to be done.

"Through freights, as we understand the term to-day, didn't exist then. It was all pretty much local business, and the crews had some lively hustling to handle consignments and carry merchandise from one car to another. So if a tramp was ready to turn to and heft a few heavy burdens the boys considered that he had earned his ride and let him go as far as he liked.

"After the Civil War the number of tramps increased tremendously. Many soldiers found it difficult to settle down to regular employment. They had had a touch of the restless life, and the wanderlust got right into their bones. For a long while every other hobo you found beating his way was an army veteran.

"This condition existed for several years after the cessation of hostilities, but even the presence of so many former fighting men on the lines didn't seem to make any difference. Maybe they had had enough of scrapping to last them for the balance of their lives; but, however that may have been, they didn't bother us much.

"I remember one occasion where I had good reason to feel extremely grateful to a hobo. There was a freight conductor on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore named Harkness, who was discharged for drunkenness. Harkness was a bad egg all around, and swore to get even with the company. He picked up three desperate characters from around Baltimore, and laid a plot to hold up a train. He knew that a certain freight bound north was hauling a car-load of bar-silver for the United States Mint in Washington, having received the information from a bill clerk who was in on the deal.

"Harkness and his two pals boarded the train when it started out at 11 P.M. Of course the crew knew him, and, as he was a former 'con' of the road, there was no objection made to him and his pals riding. I was running a south-bound express—what we called a flier in those times—although she wouldn't class with your mile-a-minute hummers nowadays. The freight carrying Harkness was supposed to make Jason's Siding for us; but three miles south of Jason's Harkness and his confederates stuck up the crew with guns, tied up and gagged the whole bunch, and proceeded to loot the car.

"They had everything fixed fine and dandy, a big wagon and team waiting near by to load the stuff. When they got out as much of the stuff as they could safely handle they cut off the engine, fired her up good, then opened the throttle, got her going north at a good clip, jumped off, and let her spin along to meet the express. This was Harkness's idea of revenge on the company—a head-on collision between a passenger-train and a wild engine.

"It chanced that there was a hobo riding in an empty box car not far from the hind end when the stick-up occurred. His name was Simmons, and he had been an engineer on one of the big Mississippi River steamboats. The boat he was with blew up, and Simmons was on watch at the time.

"He escaped uninjured, but one of his assistants testified at the investigation into the accident that Simmons was to blame for the explosion because he had carried too much steam. They didn't do anything to him; but his occupation was gone so far as the Mississippi boats were concerned, and, being broke, he started to beat his way North, looking for work.

"It was a very dark night. When the train stopped Simmons got out of the car. Unseen by the bandits, he heard and saw all that was going on. When he got next to the plot to wreck the south-bound passenger-train he slipped up to the deserted engine, stole aboard, and hid himself in the rear of the tender, lying down flat behind a big flange of steel that protruded up behind the lid of the water-tank."

"The blackness of the night favored him, and when Harkness and one of his men started the engine and left her they had no idea that any one was aboard.

"Simmons let her run about a mile before he stopped her. He knew enough for that, although he wasn't used to locomotive engines. Then he grabbed a red light the head shack had left in the cab, got off, and legged it down the track as fast as he could go.

"He hadn't gone very far before he reached Jason's Siding. When he got there he heard the roar of my exhaust echoing through the woods. I had just whistled for the siding when I caught sight of his signal. I called for brakes —we had no air then — reversed my engine and made a pretty quick stop. Then Simmons came along and explained.

"The passengers made a considerable fuss over him when they heard what he had done; and no wonder, seeing that he had saved their lives. Harkness and his three mates didn't get very far with their plunder. They were captured the next day after putting up a fight in which they killed two of their pursuers.

"When Harkness was surrounded and saw that the jig was up he blew out his brains. Two of the gang were hanged for the killing of the officers, and the other fellow got a life sentence. As for Simmons, the company paid him two thousand dollars, and gave him a job in the bargain. He ran a passenger engine on the road for many years."

In 1892 tramps became such a pest in Vermont that the authorities of that State determined to put into force a plan calculated to thin the traveling ranks of the hobo brotherhood. The marble quarries at Rutland were frequently in hard straits for the lack of men to work there. So the magistrates decided to help matters along by sentencing every vagrant brought before them to a "stretch" in the quarries. They never gave a hobo less than ninety days at this particularly trying employment.

The train-hands saw a good chance for making profit out of the regulation, and worked their "edge" to the limit. Whenever a shack caught a hobo beating his way he proceeded to lock him into a box car, with the alternative of paying up or being handed over to the police at the next stop. If the luckless traveler had no money there was nothing for him but to undergo the penalty of hard work on a most distasteful job without pay.

Very soon the word went forth from the Atlantic to the Pacific that "Vermont was a hostile State, to be avoided by every self-respecting hobo," and the Weary Willies would go a couple of hundred miles out of their way to dodge capture. It was in the early nineties that General Kelly, with a hobo army of over two thousand unemployed, beat the railroads from California through the West to the Missouri River; but after they crossed the Missouri they found that the Eastern roads were determined to head them off.

Made Them Toil in Quarry.

For two weeks the army camped at Council Bluffs, and then resolved to make an attempt to capture a train. They moved on to Weston, and formed up at the tracks of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Rock Island roads. The idea was to catch the first train out, but the railway officials blocked that move by simply shutting down traffic and running no trains.

On the morning of the second day

the waiting hoboes heard the whistle of a locomotive coming from the west. They lined up in readiness for a ride east; but when the train appeared it was moving at a forty-mile clip, too fast for the most agile bo that ever hopped a box car to get aboard.

Again they heard a warning whistle, and another train shot into view, going at full speed east. One train followed another, each whooping it up at a terrific pace. The last trains were made up of empties of all kinds, making a thorough clean-up of the Council Bluffs yards. After that the tracks lay bare and desolate.

A week of chill, rainy weather passed, and still the huge aggregation of the workless remained camped beside the tracks, with no chance of getting away. The inhabitants of Council Bluffs were just as anxious to get rid of their tramp neighbors as the railroad officials were to prevent them obtaining free transportation, and certain adventurous citizens of that burg formed a committee for the purpose of helping the wanderers on their eastward pilgrimage.

The members of the committee made a descent upon the Union Pacific yards in Omaha. They seized an engine, made up a large train of empties, rolled over the Missouri, and cut across the Rock Island to where the hoboes were assembled.

But when the stolen train reached its goal it proved altogether inadequate for the task in hand. It wouldn't have held half the army, and, as the boes had decided to stick together, there was nothing for the committee of rescue to do but deliver the rolling-stock back to the Union Pacific, which they did.

The next day the army resolved to march afoot, and hiked away from their camp. Nor did they ride again during the remainder of their journey; the railroad officials saw to that. It was an expensive fight for the latter, but they carried their point.

Train-hands running west of Chicago have always had a harder row to hoe so far as hoboes are concerned than those operating on Eastern roads. In recent years, since the Western roads increased their staff of detectives and set them earnestly to work to deal sternly with the wandering deadbeats, the brakemen have been afforded better protection from the more dangerous class of hoboes.

Killed Them with Pin.

But there was a time, and not so very long ago, when most Western trainmen deemed it a wise precaution to go armed on duty. They never knew when they were likely to run up against an odd dozen of tramps who thought as little of throwing a shack under the moving wheels as they would of killing a rat.

Very frequently the shacks found that discretion was the better part of valor when confronted by superior forces, and would not meddle with a band of husky boes; but there have not been wanting tragic instances of tramps deliberately attacking trainhands out of pure wantonness and lust of cruelty.

So well was this fact recognized on the Western roads that it was generally a case of war to the knife between the members of the hobo brotherhood and the men in charge of trains.

Fifteen years ago a brakeman named Charles McAllister, running on through freight on a Western road, was murdered by tramps about thirty miles out of Chicago. He was hit over the head, his skull fractured, and thrown from the top of a refrigerator-car into a gondola, where his body was found at the next stop.

His twin brother, James, was hind brakeman on the same train. The discovery of his brother's body threw him into a wild passion of rage and grief, and he swore vengeance on the nomadic knights of the road. To such a height of frenzy did his ravings carry him that for a while it was suspected that his mind was affected, and

subsequent developments proved this to be not very far from the truth.

From a genial, hail-fellow-well-met sort of chap, McAllister relapsed into a moody, morose individual, who seldom indulged in conversation with his mates, and was never seen to smile. His whole life seemed to be devoted to obtaining revenge on tramps, and in order to carry out his plans he devised a peculiarly diabolical weapon of offense.

As is well known, hoboes frequently "ride the rods" under box cars in warm weather, and McAllister kept a careful watch out for such passengers. Upon discovering a hobo thus snugly tucked under a car he would procure a section of bell-rope, to which he attached an old-fashioned coupling-link.

After the train started McAllister would go on deck and pay out the rope between the car ahead of the one under which the tramp was riding. As soon as the link touched the ties it would beat a wild tattoo up and down against the rods. Lying stretched out on the rods, the unfortunate tramp, unable to move a limb at the risk of his life, would be compelled to watch the flying link as it swung madly at the end of the line. Sooner or later the lump of iron would strike its helpless quarry and hurl him under the rapidly moving wheels.

How many men McAllister sent to a horrible death in this fashion can only be conjectured. Three months after his brother's death a conductor named Abram Wise happened to go forward to the head end while his train was in motion and discovered the brakeman engaged in his frightful task.

When he tried to interfere McAllister turned upon him viciously, and tried to throw him off the train. Wise succeeded in breaking away from the grip of the crazed man and, obtaining assistance from the hind end, secured him. By the time they reached the end of the division McAllister was raving wildly, and when turned over to the authorities was pronounced hopelessly insane. He was committed to the State Asylum at Kankakee, Illinois, where he died two weeks later.

Didn't Hurt the "Soup."

By far the most dangerous of the tramp genus is the yeggman, a type utterly distinct from the old-fashioned tramp whose crimes seldom went beyond the robbing of a hen-roost or an occasional raid on a car of merchandise.

The yegg came into being about twenty-five years ago in the middle West. He is a sort of degenerate successor to the old-time bank-robber who planned and successfully executed such brilliant coups as the robbery of the Ocean Bank of New York, in which over a million dollars rewarded the exertions of the safe-blowers; the raid on the Northampton, Massachusetts, bank, which netted the bandits a quarter of a million, and other historical crimes.

But the safeguards thrown by science around the modern big banks put an end to such operations, and to-day the "swell" bank-robber who played for big stakes is an unlamented figure of a once glorious past. In his stead reigns the yegg, who travels around the country, beating his way on freight-trains, and does safe-cracking jobs in small towns.

The yegg is what is known in underworld slang as "an all-the-way man," which means a criminal who is not only ready, but anxious to kill. His feud with officers of the law is an undying one, and to "croak a bull" the highest of his ambitions. It can be readily seen that a gentleman of the yegg's disposition is not likely to make much distinction between a "cop" or train-hand, should the latter see fit to interfere with him.

Western trainmen in particular are keenly alive to this fact, and it tends to make them very careful in approaching uninvited passengers on freights.

Yeggmen depend principally on nitroglycerin for "busting" safes. This stuff is obtained by boiling down dynamite and pouring the thick yellow fluid thus obtained into a flask or rubber bag. It is one of the most destructive explosives in existence, and can be set off by the slightest jar.

Yet, familiar as the yeggs are with its terrific powers, they handle it with careless ease. It is by no means unusual for a yegg to carry the "soup" in an ordinary whisky flask, quite oblivious of the fact that a fall with it in his possession might mean for him not only a swift transition to kingdom come, but the wreckage of every object around him for several hundred yards.

One night a Monon freight-train pulled up at Dyer, Indiana, and the conductor hastened to the telegraph office to get orders. On his way back to the caboose he spied a hobo in the act of crawling into a car of which he had broken the seal.

The conductor jumped him at once, and was rewarded with a punch on the jaw for his pains. Being a husky fellow, the indignant railroad man fought back savagely, and in the midst of a very lively set-to his brakemen arrived and took a hand in the engagement.

The tramp pulled a gun, which was knocked out of his hand before he could use it, and in the rough-and-tumble fight which ensued the hobo was knocked down and severely handled. There being no constable at hand, the victorious train-crew tied up the assailant and took him along to Chicago in the caboose.

On arriving there he was handed over to the night-watchman, who in turn delivered him over to the city police.

On the way to the station in the patrol-wagon the pugnacious prisoner, who was half drunk, revived sufficiently to start a fistic argument with the policemen. They promptly beat him into submission after the ungentle fashion of their kind, and delivered him to the desk-sergeant a sadly battered wreck. Before consigning him to a cell he was searched and a whisky-flask found in his inside coat-pocket. A policeman uncorked it and sniffed at the contents.

"If that's booze," he said dubiously, "it must be a rare fighting brand; but it's the queerest stuff I ever smelled."

He handed it to the sergeant, who gazed an instant, then turned white.

"For the love of Mike!" ejaculated the horrified official, "d'ye know what this is? Nitroglycerin! Enough to blow this whole shack to blazes!"

How the flask remained intact during the vigorous battles engaged in by its owner was a question quite beyond the capacity of his awed captors to answer; the bare fact was more than sufficient for them.

Madden Went on His Way.

Eddie Jansen was a young operator holding down his first job at a little prairie station on the Santa Fe. He had been repeatedly warned against the dangers to be apprehended in the visits of wandering tramps, and when one cold winter's morning about one o'clock a rusty, unshorn specimen of the breed came along and endeavored to engage him in conversation he naturally cut short the visitor's advances and refused to allow him to share the grateful warmth of the stove in the wooden shanty which did duty as a telegraph office.

The hobo shuffled to the far end of the platform and sat there, watching for a chance to board a west-bound freight.

Perhaps if Jansen had given him time to explain that he was a former knight of the key the unkempt one might have been better received; as it was the tramp shivered in the darkness in sullen resignation. His name was Madden, and in his earlier career he had been employed on the Wisconsin Central and Northwestern roads.

In later years he worked for a telegraph company, began hitting up a

fast pace, and finally got mixed up with a gang of wire-tappers. For a while money came easily and in big wads; then came the inevitable stumble, arrest, and a three-year sentence in the penitentiary for Madden. When he was released he was a broken-down man, his nerve gone, fit for nothing but the aimless life of the road, upon which he drifted, a human derelict.

West-bound limited No. 77 was running in two sections that night, and local freight No. 60 stood in the siding, awaiting the arrival of the first section before pulling out east. Jansen had handed the conductor of No. 60 an order to meet the second section at L——, the second station east.

The conductor had left the office scarcely five minutes when the despatcher called Jansen and told him to hold No. 60 until the second section of No. 77 had passed.

Jansen jumped from his desk and rushed out into the darkness, intent on delivering the new order to No. 60 before it pulled out. To do so he had to cross the main line at the west end of the platform, and just as he reached the track the first section of No. 77 came whirling through the night, the pilot of the engine struck him a glancing blow and hurled him several yards away into the shadows, where he lay stunned and senseless.

He came to in a few minutes, the blood trickling from a gash in his head, his left leg doubled under him, and the order-blank still clenched in his hand. Deathly sick and shaking, he bent forward and peered across the tracks. There were no cars to be seen —No. 60 had gone. The engineer of first No. 77 had not noticed the accident, and the local had pulled out according to the original order to meet second No. 77 at L——.

Then the wounded operator remembered that he had forgotten to put out his red light before leaving the office. The local was due for a head-end collision with second No. 77, and—it was his fault. There was just one chance to avert the disaster. If he could only reach the office and get the despatcher!

His first attempt to rise sent a hideous pang of pain through his entire body. His left leg was broken, and he felt as though he must surely faint under the agonizing pain. But still he would try to redeem himself. Slowly he dragged himself to the edge of the platform, groaning at every inch, mounted the rough planks and crawled toward the lighted window of the shanty. It was a journey of martyrdom, but still he persisted, with the vision of red ruin of that threatened wreck in the darkness lashing him on to fresh exertion.

Within six feet of his goal his strength failed him, and he sunk back —defeated. Unable to move, he fell on his back and sent a wild cry of distress echoing up to the unpitying stars.

Madden, at the east end of the platform, had seen nothing of the catastrophe, but Jansen's despairing moan reached his ears. The hobo rose and strolled along the deserted platform a few yards, then caught sight of the huddled heap in front of the office. He rushed to the operator's side and raised his head.

"What's happened?" he asked. "How did you get hurt — what's wrong? I'm an old operator. Is there anything I can do?"

In quick, broken whispers Jansen told him of the impending horror, and Madden's trained mind grasped the situation in an instant. In another second he was at the key, hammering out the despatcher's call for S——, the first station east.

It was only a forlorn hope; but forlorn hopes sometimes accomplish the seemingly impossible, and this one did. The operator at S—— had just time to flag second No. 77 and get her into the siding when the east-bound local went thundering by.

Jansen recovered from his wounds, and, in view of the gallant fight he had made to reach his key, the incident of forgetting to show his red light was

overlooked. To wind the story up in approved fiction style one would like to be able to record that Madden was given a job and regained his former place in society.

But the exigencies of commonplace truth, often stranger than fiction, compels the admission that, after a report had been made to headquarters and Jansen's relief arrived, the hobo operator vanished as mysteriously as he appeared on the scene. Madden never even waited to claim the reward which would undoubtedly have been his, nor was he ever heard of afterward.

Probably, like most of his type, he had gone too far down-grade to care about trying to double-back on the upward climb. Once an out-and-out hobo —always a hobo—is a rule that usually holds good with men of this kind. For them the call of the road voices an irresistible appeal that the average citizen cannot understand.

MENACE OF HUMBUG PATENT CLAIMS.

"ORIGINALITY," says Josh Billings, "konsists in stealing with great kaution and kovering up with kare." This sage remark of funny Josh frequently comes to us while pursuing our weekly distraction of reading the *Patent Office Gazette*. The things described in that publication as being new and original, scarcely meet with Billings's description. They are not generally "kovered with kare," but are blazoned into "claims" that the authors hope will not be detected.

Those who make the most noise about the exclusiveness of their right to particular inventions and improvements on which patents have been granted, often have the most unsubstantial claims to rest upon, says *Railway and Locomotive Engineering*. Not infrequently a great noise is started and kept up by those perfectly conscious of the weakness of their boasted rights, in order to frighten away competitors in the same kind of business without testing the strength of the claim.

Sometimes is is downright ignorance of the real value of patented claims that gives the greatest assurance and leads to foolish aggression. A new manufacturer of a particular kind of machine or mechanical article, on which patents have been granted, coming in competition with old and well established manufacturers of a like article, needs to have a good supply of pluck, energy and penetration, or he may be driven from the field by threats or suits for infringement without having trespassed upon anybody's valid patent claims.

The humbug claims are not so numerous as they once were. At one time a combination of patent-rights sharks was formed that made railways their particular prey. One section of these rogues robbed the railway companies of the United States of millions of dollars on the pretense that they were infringing brake patents, which turned out not to be patents at all. The American Railway Association ended this swindle by pushing the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. The same organization arranged for the investigation by experts of all claims founded on patent rights, and we hear of no more such claims.

FINDING THE DIRECTION OF WIRELESS.

THE wireless direction finder enables the navigating officer of a ship to take bearings of wireless telegraph stations, with a view to finding the position of his ship or to avoid collisions with other ships. It is especially adapted to use when fog or other weather conditions prevent employing the usual direct-bearing method, says *Telegraph and Telephone Age*. Under reasonably good conditions bearings may be obtained within two or three degrees of the correct value, and under the worst conditions within five degrees. One advantage is, a ship does not to have to be swung around while bearings are being taken.

The range of the installation is from ten miles to fifty miles, or more, depending on the power of the wireless stations from which the signals are being received.

The operation of the apparatus is based on the principle that wireless antennæ will receive Hertzian waves best when the plane of the aerial is in the direction of the station propagating the waves which are being received. If the plane of the aerial is at right angles to the direction from which the signals are coming it receives no impulses. In the intermediate positions the current induced in the aerial due to the Hertzian waves varies as the cosine of the angle between the plane of the aerial loop and the direction of the sending station.

Flagging the Foe By Wire.

BY GEORGE FOXHALL.

The Towerman Knew That No Sacrifice Was Too Great When War Sounded Its Dread Command.

EVERYBODY knew that war was in the air. Only the diplomats denied it. The diplomats looked very wise, admitted that the situation was difficult, but assured the country that there would be no war unless—

In the high tower with the glittering levers that meant safety or danger for a thousand lives a day, Bruno Lemle, the stalwart assistant of Fritz Schraft, the railroad signalman, was bluntly outspoken. Bruno had just served his two years, and was a member of the first reserve. Being young, he considered himself a very important part of the army, and the army quite the most important institution in the country. He scorned the diplomats.

"Talk!" he growled. "All talk! Of what use are their conversations? Tell me, my Fritz, is it not so that we shall have to fight?"

"It seems likely," answered Fritz, smiling, "if the diplomats cannot settle things."

"Diplomats! Bah! Is it not the soldiers who finally settle things? Then where are your diplomats? Instead of wasting all this time and patience in talk, they should let us loose at once. We'd soon settle the bullies of Fernia."

"Nobody doubts it, my brave Bruno!" laughed Fritz; "but before you declare war let me get my little sweetheart back from Fernia. She will be back to-night. When she has crossed the border you may thrash the Fernian bullies. To-night! I am very happy, Bruno."

"Indeed I am sure of it, for there is no finer girl in all Traftonia than your Clarice. You will be married soon?"

"To-morrow. So you must not go to war to-night, you see. But seriously, Bruno, it is a terrible task we seem likely to undertake. Fernia is a great empire, and we are not a very large kingdom. True, we are organized to almost perfect efficiency, but think of the odds we shall have to fight. Don't you really doubt, just a little, our chances of success?"

Bruno laughed the laugh of confidence that does not boast.

"The Great Secret will quickly overbalance the odds. You believe in the Great Secret, don't you?"

"I do, my friend. The whispers of it have come from those who cannot be mistaken. But great secrets are more apt even than little secrets to leak out. If the Great Secret reached Fernia—"

"Traftonia would be utterly ruined. But it will not reach Fernia."

They were interrupted by the call of the telegraph sounder.

"Has fast freight No. 27 gone through?" came the query.

"No. Just whistling," said Fritz.

"Hold it!" came the peremptory order, followed by the division superintendent's sine.

Fritz's arm swept out, a lever shifted smoothly, and above the track a threatening gleam of red gave its message to the engineer of No. 27. Two swift movements; then, more deliberately, a third, and a fourth, and the heavy train sank shriekingly to a panting halt.

In the mean time, Fritz, white-faced, was staring at his assistant.

"No railroad man gave that order!" he gasped. "A railroad man would have said, 'Hold No. 27,' knowing that he'd be told if she'd gone through. If he had asked he would have left out 'fast freight.' Isn't that so, Lemle?" He asked the question as if begging for contradiction.

"I guess that's true," said Lemle, puzzled. "What do you make of it?"

"War!" he breathed. "An officer dictated those orders. No more trains will cross the border." He stopped and stared, glassy-eyed, as if he had announced the end of the world. "Clarice is in Fernia. Heaven protect her! The Fernians are beasts!"

He was aroused from his stupor of despair by the questioning whistle of the freight, but before he could swing the window open to reply the instrument again ticked off his call. He answered mechanically and closed the circuit:

"Spies on No. 27. Trump up some plausible excuse to hold train and announce loudly to engineer. Don't attempt search or arrest. Soldiers on way in automobile. Understand?"

"Yes," Fritz clicked back.

The cobwebs were swept from his brain. It was not war yet, and so far Clarice was safe. And in any case his country was in peril and needed every atom of his resourcefulness. Again came the questioning whistle. He must be careful not to cause the spies to leave the train.

He flung the window open.

"Hello, Jerrant!" he hailed.

"Hello!" growled the engineer. "What's holding us?"

"Work-train ditched two miles down the single track. Be cleared pretty soon."

"Any news on the wire?"

"Not a thing."

"Got any cigarettes?"

"Yes; I'll send Lemle down with some."

Bruno was more than willing. Life in the tower at Creskow was about as dull as any dashing young fellow could endure, and a chance to gossip and swagger among the engine-crews was something he was always careful not to overlook.

He swung himself aboard the big compound and handed Jerrant the cigarettes, first taking one himself.

"Hello, Bruno!" greeted the engineer. "Are they going to give you a chance to settle this dispute?" Bruno's militaristic tendencies were a source of mild amusement all over the division.

Lemle laughed, lit a cigarette, and perched himself on the fireman's seat. "War is the only way to settle disputes," he announced.

"It settles them for a good many sturdy fellows," said Jerrant grimly, "but this one is going to be settled without. All the talk in government circles points to peace.

"Is that so!" Bruno's remark was not a question; it was an intimation of superior knowledge.

"Perhaps they haven't consulted Creskow yet," suggested the engineer.

Bruno remained invulnerable to the shaft, but his tongue was loosened. He slipped from the seat and blew out a great cloud of smoke.

"No," he said in a low, significant tone, "but perhaps it 'll be right here in Creskow that it will be settled whether or not it is to be peace or war."

"What the devil are you talking about? Schraft just said there was no news on the wire."

"There wasn't — for publication,"

answered Bruno in almost a whisper, "but things are going to happen around here soon."

They did—much sooner than Lemle expected. A huge, masked figure swung into the cab and an automatic pistol covered the group.

"Get under way, quick!" snapped the man behind the gun. At the other side appeared a similar figure. "All right! She's uncoupled," he said to the first intruder.

Lemle calculated the chances for a spring as the engine, released from the heavy train, got swiftly under way. The last comer was evidently suspicious of him.

"Get up there!" he ordered, pointing to the fireman's seat and covering Lemle with his pistol. As Bruno climbed into the seat the search-light of an automobile swung around the corner of the road, approaching the track.

A rifle spat vicious flames toward the engine. A bullet smashed into the headlight and scattered burning oil over the right-of-way. Another struck the tender and bored its way into the coal with an angry whir. The engine leaped crazily forward as Jerrant threw the throttle wide open. A bullet possesses no patriotic discrimination, and Jerrant was in as great a hurry to get away as were the spies themselves.

The two laughed, and one turned and fired a defiant shot at the automobile. The car came to a momentary halt, and then took up the race again. It was out of sight almost at once, however, following the road, which veered away from the track.

In the mean time Fritz had watched the sweep of events in helpless astonishment. He could not see what was taking place in the cab, but instinctively he connected the catastrophe with the chatter of Lemle, and he cursed himself for being such a fool as to let a babbler loose in such an emergency.

He saw the automobile arrive, saw the exchange of shots, and stood for a moment in a daze, watching the red cloud that panted a feverish glow into the night. And somehow he felt that it was panting into the night the promised glory of Traftonia.

The railroad had been built some twenty years. It had been built by private capital, helped by government subsidy, and was government controlled. Its strategic situation had been influenced by pressure from the great empire of Fernia, which had insisted that no forts be built controlling it near the border, and that the border station should be operated by Fernian subjects.

Traftonia could not but submit, so she had taken what precautions she could by commanding the railroad with strong forts at Creskow, forty-five miles from Fernia, and building a single-track road from there to the border through desolate and uninhabited mountain country, with neither station nor siding between.

Thus, although Brille, the border station, was really in Traftonia, it was under Fernian influence, and Creskow was the last station at which hostile operations could be checked otherwise than by field forces.

Schraft knew all these things with the panoramic flash of long intimacy. Of what importance the spies might be he could not be sure; but nobody connected Fernian spies at this time with anything but the Great Secret, hints of which had been semiofficially passed among the reservists to give confidence to the nation's backbone.

With sudden hope Fritz stared into the black night in the direction of the forts. If only the officers would suspect, or if a telephone message had been sent to them, a well-placed shell would wreck the railroad over which the engine must pass. His eyes and ears ached with expectancy, but neither flash nor sound disturbed the night.

Fritz turned as the door was flung open, and at the sight of the man who had opened it his hand flew up in salute. It was General Petrand, the hero

of all Traftonia, who at Malgrass, twenty-five years before, had held the Fernian army at bay for a hundred days and then smashed it in a brilliant sortie, executed during a raging blizzard. And now Petrand, the soldier statesman, was premier.

"How did those men get the alarm?" he demanded.

"General, I have no idea."

"What were your orders?"

"To announce loudly some plausible reason for holding the train."

"What did you do?"

"Shouted through the window that a work-train had been wrecked down the line."

"Good! What happened then?"

"The engineer asked for cigarettes, sir."

"You took them to him?"

"I sent them to him, sir, by my assistant, Bruno Lemle."

"Do you suspect that he babbled?"

"I fear so, general."

"How long will it take the engine to reach the border?"

"Thirty-five minutes more, general. The automobile must travel ten miles farther."

"There is no way of reaching the engine before she gets to Brille unless the automobile can head her off?"

Suddenly Schraft's face turned to ashen gray, and his eyes stared wide as if at some horrible vision.

"General," he gasped, "there is one way—one horrible, cruel way!"

"Nothing can be as cruel as the alternative. Hurry!"

"No. 48, east-bound passenger, is on the siding at Brille by this time, waiting for No. 27. She is carrying only thirty-six passengers. We—"

He stopped, stricken dumb by the added horror that flooded him. Clarice was one of those passengers! And he had been about to send the train climbing the steep curves of the mountain country to meet and derail that black, onrushing meteor of destruction. He swayed and grasped the table.

"We can't send the passenger-train out!" he panted. "The towerman at Brille is a Fernian! He will be aware of the plot!"

But Petrand's brain was an organism of speedy inspirations.

"Yes, we can," he snapped. "At any rate, we can try. Send this message." He proceeded to plot it on a piece of stationery: "'No. 27 held here for government supplies. No. 48 to proceed at once to Creskow.' They'll suspect everything except that we're trying to wreck the trains, and No. 48 will not only start out at once, but she'll bring another Fernian spy."

He pushed the paper to Schraft. The towerman took it and stared at it stupidly. With the mechanical obedience to orders that had been bred in him all his life, he moved toward the key. But as his hand reached out to give the call the suffering, human man in him broke down and smashed the efficient machine that training had made of him. With an unrecognizable cry of agony he swung around.

"I cannot — oh, I cannot!" he gasped. "General, have pity on me! My promised wife is on that train, coming to marry me! I cannot murder her!"

Petrand was a wise man. He had suffered, and he understood. His own face was white and strained. He put his hands on Schraft's shoulders.

"Traftonia will be a bloody waste in two months if you do not!" he said. "It is the Great Secret. I gave two sons to Traftonia at Malgrass. Their mother died heart-broken. My heart aches for you. It is her life against ten thousand homes and the national existence. Your duty is here."

He half turned the younger man and pointed to the railroad's motto on the paper he had written on: "*Pro Patria.*"

With a hand cold as ice and steady as steel, Fritz gave the call and the message, and received the Brille towerman's sine. And then came the utter

agony of waiting. He knew where the wild engine would be at that moment. He could calculate the exact spot where she would meet the climbing passenger-train.

Those zigzag mountain curves and bluffs would give them no chance. They would come together in twenty minutes ten miles from Brille, where the track crept along the top of a precipice with a sheer drop of five hundred feet. Not one could escape.

Brain and heart went numb with the intensity of his agony, awakening at intervals to hear in imagination the sickening crash of metal upon metal, to see the lurid leap of fires, the hurtling billows of released steam, and, through all the confusion and din, one piercing, pleading voice that called his name. He reached up helpless arms and groaned and raved.

What, to him, was the presence of the greatest man in the kingdom! He had done his duty. He had saved his country. He had desolated his own life. He had killed the one human being whom every law except one called upon him to protect. He had offered her, articulate with beauty and love and inspiration, as a sacrifice to that dumb, inarticulate thing, his country.

He glared at the paper before him. It seemed one blood-red motto—"Pro Patria!" And that horrible crash came to him again, clashing devilish cymbals to the most cruel refrain of all humanity, "Pro Patria!"

His soul rebelled. What monstrous Moloch was this that men must worship, yielding to it the most beautiful and holy bonds of life? Again he clenched his outstretched hands in impotent rage. He turned.

A gray-haired man, old, seemingly, as the world, old as responsibility and care and the first blind instincts of human cohesion, sat with bowed head at the other end of the row of levers, and down his cheeks unchecked tears were streaming. And, somehow, there came to Fritz's pain-exalted senses, at last, the answer; the message of what this mystic bond of country consisted—mutual glory, mutual grief, mutual responsibility! The old man looked up, his face gentle with pity.

"You had one life to guard," he said. "I have ten million. Yet my heart bleeds for the one also. I feel very old."

Old! Old as the ancient burden that the one has borne for the many since the race emerged from the brutes. Somehow there was something mystic and symbolical about this old man; something that towered, awe-inspiring, over the younger man and his single, personal sorrow. The majesty of a hundred kings seemed to live in supreme glory and pain about that bent, slender form, that bravely bore the burden of ten million lives.

And Schraft knew that in himself, that night, had died the mere individual, personal man, and the patriot, battle-scarred and bowed by that burden of broad care, had been born. He sat down, grimly, to await the outcome. In his heart a light had gone out—and a fire had been kindled, a holy, but consuming fire.

Together they sat, silently, those two patriots who had given all to their country, waiting until the soldiers should tap the wire and give them word of their work, or should hurry back and tell them. They lost all sense of time. They were living in the eternity of their thoughts.

Suddenly the headlights of an automobile flashed around the corner of the road that led from the border. Still they sat, uneager to hear the horror of the dreadful night. It was inevitable. They need not hurry the telling. Like the Fates who have sent out their dread decrees they waited, knowing the end

The door flew open, a laughing, girlish voice cried:

"Here I am." And a fluffy fragrance whirled into the room like a miracle from fairy-land.

At the sight of the stranger the red

of her cheeks spread in a scarlet wave over her neck and ears, doubling her beauty.

Schraft arose, totteringly.

"Clarice!" he gasped. "You are not dead? Is it your ghost?"

Slowly he reached for her, touched her, put his arms about her, and held her to his heart, breathing in great, panting sobs. Petrand went out. She pressed him away and leaned back, marveling at his haggard face.

"What is the matter, my Fritz?" she pleaded, half tearfully. "I'm all right. What did you fear?"

"You did not come on the train?"

"No, Raol Spendska brought me in his car. It was much pleasanter. What has happened to the train?"

"I sent it against No. 27 running light to the border with spies escaping with the Great Secret. We had to wreck them. There was no other way."

"But it would wreck the train also?"

"Yes"

"And you sent it? On purpose?"

"Yes."

"And you thought I was on the train?"

"I did!"

"But Fritz, dear, I don't understand. Make it clear, dear. You would have sacrificed me, whom you say you love, to—"

"To save our country, beloved. It was your life and my life, for I should have died had you been killed, against the lives and homes of tens of thousands of our countrymen, their women, their children. Traftonia would have been laid waste. Traftonia and the world would have cursed me. I should have bought your life with dishonor.

"See; the man who has given so much for us, Petrand. He commanded it—and wept. See him, looking for the answer to his word, and on that answer hangs the life of a nation in his care."

Outside the glass door, the light of a lantern shining on his face from above, stood Petrand, with that look of immemorial care; that untellable, unsharable burden of anxiety; that sadness of greatness all about him.

"Petrand!" she muttered, and stared at him worshipingly.

Then she crept close to her lover.

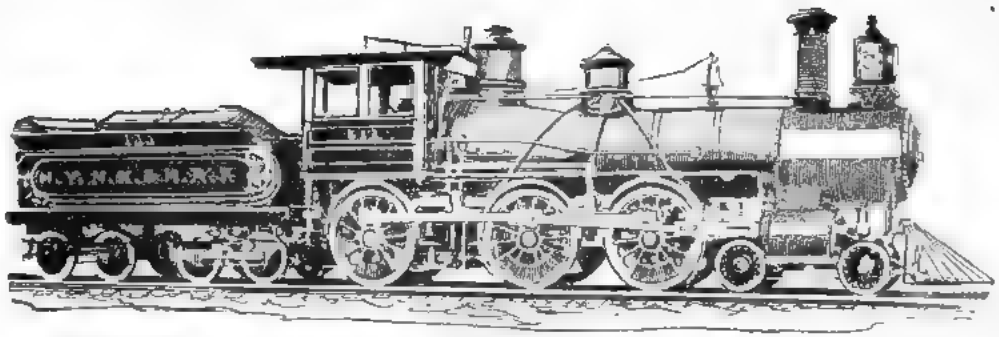
"My beloved," she whispered, "In being a woman there is cruelty enough. Thank God I am not a man."

And Petrand, the weight of ten million lives upon his heart, stood gazing up the road—waiting.

WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL RAILROAD.

WHEN all the great railroad trunks of the world have been built, a decade or two hence, four of them will appear on the map in heavy black, indicating that they surpass all others in importance. These will be: the Pan-American, from the Arctic wastes of Canada to the Straits of Magellan; the Trans-Siberian from the Atlantic to the Pacific across northern Europe and Asia; the Trans-Persian, or some other line, from the southeast of Europe to India; and the Cape-to-Cairo. The Pan-American and the Indo-European railways may surpass the Cape-to-Cairo as commercial arteries, and the Trans-Siberian will doubtless figure more potently as a strategic line; but for the sheer interest of the country traversed—for the picturesque variety and romantic appeal of the panoramas running like double cinematograph films past the car windows—the great African trunk can never know a rival, says *The Worlds Work*.

Six thousand miles across sixty-five degrees of latitude, a score of climates and the lands of a hundred different peoples or tribes; the second longest of the world's rivers and two of its largest lakes; the greatest dam ever built, conserving water for the world's richest lands; the most imposing and ancient of all temples; the greatest waterfall, and the most important gold and diamond mines; and finally, one of the last great expanses of real wilderness, the only place in the world where the wild beasts of the jungle may be seen in their primitive state from a train, all these seen, traversed, or experienced in twelve days! Surely, there can never be another such railway as this.



NO. 111 OF THE NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILROAD, BUILT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. SHE IS AN ENGINE OF ODD STYLES AND PUZZLING FEATURES.

OLD GIRLS THAT SET THE STYLES IN ENGINES.

BY ARTHUR CURRAN.

ARTICLE XII.

A STUDY of the locomotives built at the old Rhode Island Locomotive Works is as perplexing as it is absorbing. This is due to the fact that this plant turned out a great variety of designs, many of which bore a resemblance to the productions of other builders. Furthermore, though Rhode Island built many engines in accordance with specifications supplied by customers, the plant also turned out a number of nondescript designs and sold them to the *same* roads that purchased standard styles.

To make this point clear it is only necessary to glance at No. 111, New York, New Haven and Hartford This engine was built by Rhode Island in 1882, and belonged to the railroad company's class G2. This class is described as having cylinders 19 by 26 inches, 63-inch drivers, and a weight of 117,000 pounds. The cylinder dimensions seem rather large for an engine of that weight and date; but these are the official figures.

The tender provided for this engine was the New Haven standard of the period, but the engine itself includes a mixture of puzzling features.

For example, the cab is of a style associated chiefly with old-time Pittsburgh engines. The stack is of dubious origin, while the cylinders, steam chests, wheels, sand-box, and dome casing do not conform to New Haven practise of those days. Altogether, this engine is of more interest for what it is *not* than for what it *is*.

The Buckfield, of the Rumford Falls and Buckfield Railroad, is also a Rhode Island engine. She is a typical eight-wheeler, her general design having been followed by the builders in numerous other engines of various sizes. Even here, however, may be seen a tendency toward imitation—"the sincerest form of flattery"—for

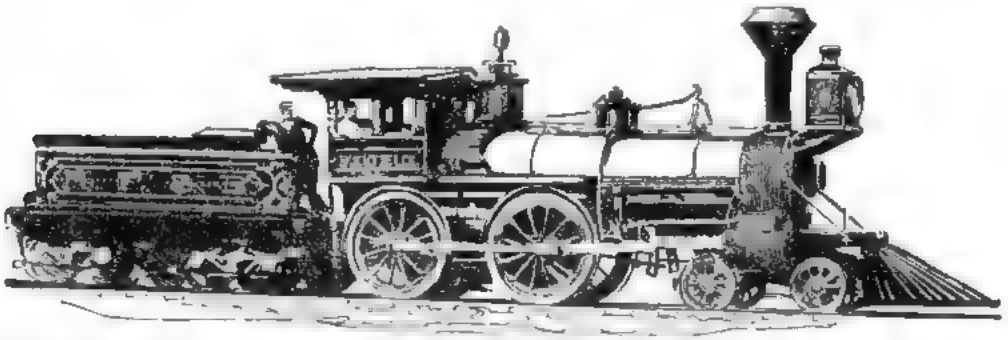
All back numbers containing this series are for sale at this office.

the Buckfield is not unlike some engines built by William Mason

The W. G. Armstrong was built by Mason, in 1853, for the Jeffersonville and Indiana Railroad. She is of interest as being one of his very early engines, and also because she presents such a contrast to the designs which he subsequently evolved. The most conspicuous features of this engine are its huge stack and dome, curious little sand-box, and rather odd cab with three small round-top windows on each side. The arrangement of the running gear, however, is remarkably symmetrical for such an ancient engine. It was one of the

In addition to the regular locomotive builders, there were a number of firms which turned out engines as a sort of side-line. Some of these plants made factory machinery and even ordnance. It is a matter of some difficulty to acquire information concerning these firms, some of which were of obscure origin, hazy history, and enigmatic end.

Pictures and data which would greatly assist in the work of clearing up a number of mysteries appear to have fallen into the hands of a few men who, for reasons best known to themselves, have been offensively obstructive in their attitude toward those



THE BUCKFIELD WAS AN EARLY EIGHT-WHEELER. HER DESIGN WAS FOLLOWED BY OTHER BUILDERS.

features that brought fame to Mason, who was a leader in disposing the wheels of an engine in such a manner as to get the best results from a practical, as well as an esthetic, point of view.

The Nashua was built by Mason in 1866. She was one of his characteristic engines, as will be noticed by comparison with his T. B. Wales, built two years earlier. The latter was built for the Taunton Branch Railroad. She had 15 by 22 inch cylinders and 60-inch drivers. The Nashua and the Wales are much alike, with the exception of stack and tender-trucks.

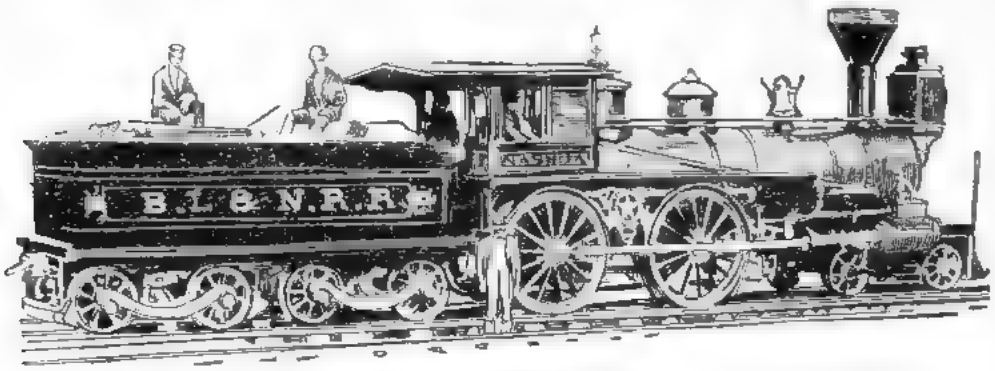
No. 17 of the Fitchburg represents a continuation of the same idea on a somewhat larger scale. She was built by Mason in 1881, and had 18 by 24 inch cylinders and 69-inch drivers.

interested in an adequate presentation of locomotive history.

However, the Abbott Lawrence is a good example of what was turned out by these old-time firms. She was built by the Lawrence Machine Shop, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, for the Lowell and Lawrence Railroad. For such an old-timer she was very well proportioned. Of course, the stack seems rather large, but it must be remembered that this practise, with few exceptions, was customary in those days

The Abbott Lawrence was subsequently sold to the Cape Cod Railroad, and renamed Cape Cod. The Lawrence Machine Shop did not make many engines

In glancing at lists of old-time engines, one is apt to be impressed chiefly with the number of obscure or



THE NASHUA WAS BUILT BY MASON FORTY-NINE YEARS AGO. SHE RAN BETWEEN BOSTON AND LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS.

Photograph by courtesy of J. M. Kimball.

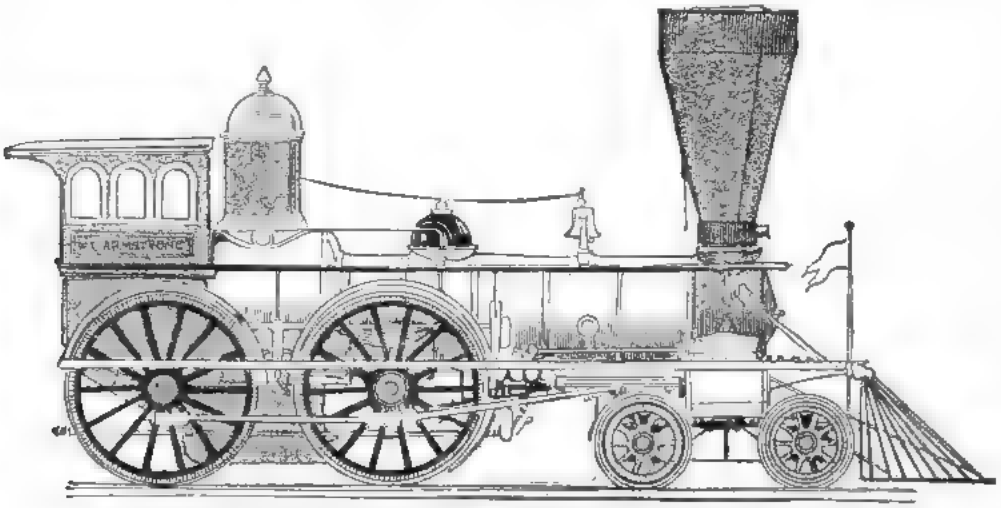
little-known builders represented, and the very small prices for which their products were sold. On one list an engine appears to be valued at only a thousand dollars! Of course, the list referred to is a very old one, being dated September 1, 1841. Even at that, a thousand dollars seems a small price to pay for an engine.

There may be an explanation for this curious entry, although we must skip over forty-four years to find it and consult the lists of a famous builder. In 1885 Mason built an order of four engines for the Boston and Maine. These were known as Bay State, Norris, Haverhill, and Camilla. They were very fine eight-wheelers, somewhat similar to the Henry A. Whitney, built a year earlier for the Boston and Providence and sold for $10,000. Yet these engines were sold for only $6,500 each!

It appears that business was very quiet at the time, so the Boston and Maine got a very neat bargain, and Mason got—less than his engines were worth.

Reasoning from this illuminating detail of locomotive history, it is not difficult to arrive at the conclusion that builders were often underpaid. The same sort of thing exists to-day, but not in the locomotive business.

What is worse, it appears that some roads forgot to pay! At least one



THE W. G. ARMSTRONG WAS ONE OF THE EARLIEST MASONS, HAVING BEEN BUILT IN 1853. THE RUNNING GEAR IS REMARKABLY SYMMETRICAL FOR A LOCOMOTIVE OF THAT PERIOD.

road calmly used an engine for years without the slightest pang of conscience or blush of shame until the builder gave up hope. This engine was never paid for.

Of the various designs shown with this article the old Armstrong was the most popular in her day. She had the distinction of being Mason's second engine, and was one of an order of four. The other three were the James Guthrie, Colonel Riddle, and John Woodburn. These engines had copper "steam-pipes" and flue-sheets. Their cylinders were 16 by 20 inches, and their drivers were 60 inches in diameter.

Curiously enough, Mason did not follow the engineering practise which he had found successful, for in the following year he built a number of "insiders," so called because the cylinders and rods were located between the frames.

Some of these were for the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill, and carried such names as Waterbury, Gov. Hoppin, Hartford, and Miantonomo. The latter had 72-inch drivers—pretty large for the year 1854. This engine was one of a few "outsiders"—engines having the cylinders in the usual location. Subsequently her drivers were changed to 60 inches, but the reason for this alteration was not specified.

The insider really represented an an English idea. It is still adhered to in that country although long since discarded by American roads. They were quite numerous at one time, however, notably on the Boston and Providence, New York and Harlem, and some other roads.

One of the most famous express engines of 1852 was the Gouverneur Morris, of the New York and Harlem. She was an insider. According to an old print purporting to show this engine her cylinders, though under the smoke-box, had their steam-chests outside and in an inclined position. The inclination was not longitudinal; it was lateral. The engine had two domes—one well forward on the barrel of the boiler and the other right over the fire-box. For such an early engine, the Morris possessed much grace and beauty.

The Minerva was the first engine on this road to run through to Chatham. She had only a single pair of drivers, but cost $6,000.

William Mason built a number of engines for the New York and Harlem, prominent among which was the Augustus Schell, built November 14, 1864. Her cylinders were 16 by 24 inches; drivers 66 inches. She was Mason's one hundred and seventy-ninth engine.

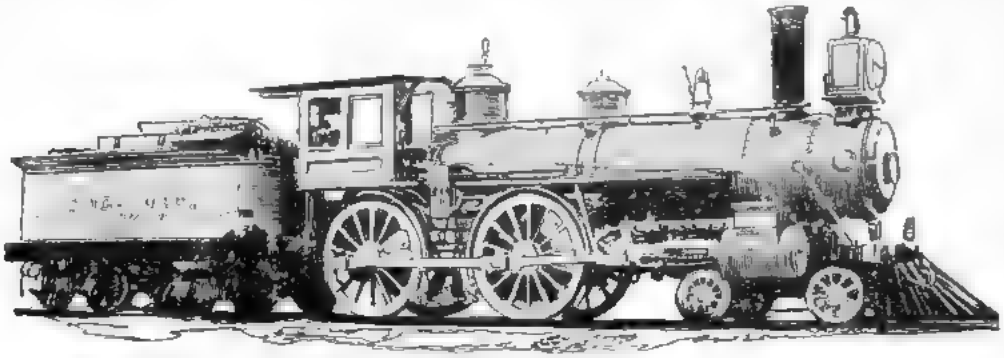
Later in the same year Mason built the John M. Tobin to succeed the E. J. Crosby, which went to the Civil War. The Tobin was like the Schell.

It must be stated here that those were stirring times for railroads and builders alike. Uncle Sam was running the so-called "military railroad," and constantly searching for engines. Many amusing stories are told of how builders, by various ingenious schemes, delivered engines to regular customers and prevented their seizure by Uncle Sam. These tactics were perfectly justifiable, inasmuch as Uncle Sam was not overscrupulous in respecting the rights of others.

Further engines built by Mason similar to the Schell were the Abraham B. Baylies, William C. Wetmore, and Commodore. The Masons on this road were built for freight service.

The only Danforth & Cooke engine on the road at this time was the George L. Schuyler. Other builders represented were Rogers, Taunton, Schenectady, Baldwin, Smith & Jackson, Breeze & Kneeland.

Two of the best known Taunton engines were the Mohawk and Tuscarora. Both had 16 by 20 inch cylinders, but the former had 66-inch drivers, while the latter had 60-inch drivers. The Mohawk was built in



THIS FITCHBURG LOCOMOTIVE IS A CONTINUATION OF THE NASHUA ON A LARGER SCALE.

December, 1852, and the Tuscarora in February, 1853.

Taunton also built some engines for the Hudson River Railroad. The first of these was Champlain, built December 6, 1849. Her cylinders were 15 by 20 inches, her drivers were 54 inches in diameter, and her weight was 47,350 pounds.

The St. Lawrence, an engine of the same dimensions, was built February 28, 1850. In May of that year the Niagara, with cylinders of the same size, but with 60-inch drivers, was built.

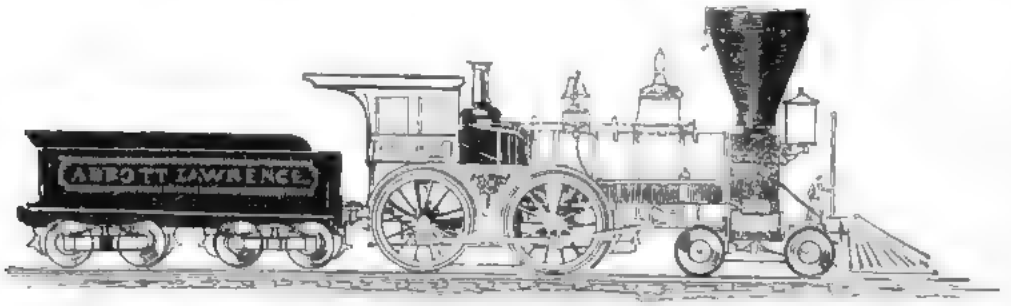
In 1851 four more engines were built. These were the Seneca, Oneida, Canada, and Chippewa. Their cylinders were 14 by 20 inches, and their drivers were 66 inches in diameter.

In 1853 Taunton built two engines for the Rochester and Syracuse. These were known as the Wm. F Weld and the Robert H. Ives. Their cylinders were 16 by 20 inches, and the drivers 60 inches in diameter.

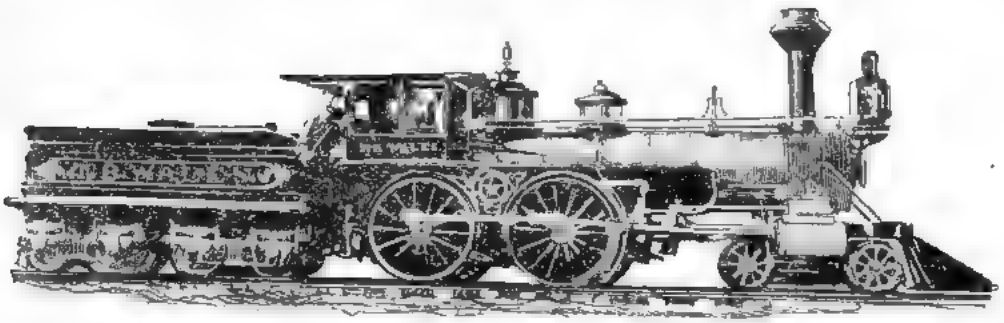
One of the curious old Tauntons of about this time was the Pittsford, of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad. She was built in 1850, and had an enormous balloon-stack. Her boiler was very short and of a peculiar contour. The dome was very close to the stack, so close, in fact, that it was under the rear part of the balloon. The whistle was mounted on it. Back over the fire-box was an odd, cannonlike safety-valve mounted on a turret-shaped base. The roof of the cab was as flat as a pancake, and the tank was of diminutive size. The Pittsford was an insider.

At this point it might be well to say a few words about stacks. A lengthy treatise could be written on this subject alone; but for the present it will suffice to indicate, in a general way, the characteristics of each style.

First of all, the term "diamond" is often erroneously applied to a stack. The real diamond-stack had a symmetrical top; that is to say, the upper



THE ABBOTT LAWRENCE BUILT BY THE LAWRENCE MACHINE SHOPS FOR THE LOWELL AND LAWRENCE RAILROAD. FOR AN OLD-TIMER SHE WAS WELL PROPORTIONED.



THE T. B. WALES BUILT BY MASON TWO YEARS BEFORE THE NASHUA. HER STACK WAS THE CORRECT "DIAMOND" SHAPE.

and lower halves of the top were of the same—or approximately the same—size and conformation. The stack on the T. B. Wales is a good illustration of this.

The "sunflower" stack was quite popular for a while. In the case of this stack, the top was funnel-shaped and somewhat similar to that shown on the Buckfield. This sunflower style appeared in various modified forms, depending on the whim of the customer. The stack on the Nashua, for example, is a modification of the sunflower idea.

The balloon style of stack is well illustrated by the Abbott Lawrence. The stack on the Armstrong is really an elongated funnel, but should come within the balloon class.

It is not easy to classify some of these old-time stacks, because the mixture of several ideas may be found in one of them. Slight variations in the nature of the fuel used might require a very peculiar design. Then, too, large and elaborate stacks were sometimes used in cases where they were not necessary at all. This is proved by the fact that in the course of time many of them were removed and replaced by straight stacks.

However, it is just as well that designers "had their fling" and ample opportunity for experimentation. We have profited by their mistakes.

MUST INCREASE CAPACITY OF "HOGS."

THE ever pressing need of greater train-loads has increased locomotive dimensions and capacities so rapidly that the large locomotives of a few years ago, which the more modern equipment replaces, have developed a serious problem for the motive-power and operating departments to solve. There are numbers of these locomotives which possess more capacity than is needed for way-freight or branch-line service, says the *Railway Age Gazette*, yet in many cases it has been necessary to place them in such service, as well as in switching. Many of these engines are capable of developing a maximum tractive effort which will start very heavy trains, but are deficient in boiler capacity.

If there were some way of increasing the steam-making capacity of such locomotives they could take their place in heavy main-line service; in fact, such an increase in boiler capacity could very easily obviate the necessity of a road making considerable expenditures for new locomotives of greater capacity. The difficulties attending the use of superheated steam with slide-valves and the expense necessary in applying piston-valve cylinders have prevented the use of superheaters.

Of the past year's locomotive development, therefore, perhaps the one of most direct interest to railways is that which has shown the possibilities of increased capacity obtainable from existing locomotives. It is now possible to apply piston-valves without going to the extent of entirely new cylinder and saddle castings, and the use of the superheater and the brick arch has given remarkable results in increased hauling capacity. It is probable that the immediate future will see the modernizing of the large locomotives of a few years ago, in considerable numbers.

Told by Our Readers

WE will pay promptly for railroad and telegraph stories for the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—stories of danger and daring; of mystery, romance, and wonder in the big world of railroading. We want to publish these stories in "Told by Our Readers," and we want our readers to write them. Just sit down and tell the story as it happened—as if you were telling it to a smoking compartment full of good fellows and had them "all ears" to catch every word. Tell it as if you were telling it to your wife and children at home. We want just such stories—true ones, with names, dates, and places, and running from one thousand to two thousand words in length. But—we do **not** want stories of ghosts or hallucinations, or stories of gruesome wrecks. Read those published in this number and try to submit something better. Checks will be mailed on acceptance.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN THE WIRE-CHIEF IS UP AGAINST IT.

Strange Are the Troubles That Beset a Switchboard Man When Weather and Thoughtlessness Bring Distracting Problems.

BY COLLINGWOOD MOORE, Montreal, Canada.

TO the uninitiated a wire-chief's switchboard, with its many vertical "strips," its lamps and its "plugs," its "wedges" and its cords, is an electrical mystery.

Under the care of the wire-chief there are wires that are quadruplexed, others that are duplexed. There are wires on which are worked the "printer" and the "ticker." There are railway despatching wires, broker wires, newspaper wires, wires to city branch offices, wires to cities, towns, and hamlets.

East and west, north and south, through the country they go, touching hundreds of places, some far and some near. The numerous and varied uses to which the telegraph is put are amazing.

When things are running smoothly the duties of the wire-chief are not so onerous. When the sun is shining without, there is also sunshine within. To the wire-chief it means the usual routine work of the day. But when the rain drenches the earth and the fog banks descend, then his troubles come rapidly.

The rain and the fog "steal" his electricity. Water, or anything wet, makes a good conductor. The damp, fog-laden atmosphere will carry a great amount of the current from the wires to the rain-soaked earth.

When such conditions become pronounced, the electrical apparatus will be affected to a certain extent. The duplex sets will get out of balance; the single set instruments will get out of adjustment. Each set will require a great deal of attention to keep it in proper working order.

Some of the wires are so bad that they become almost unworkable. With others, so much of the electric current will escape that nothing can be done on them and they are turned in as weather-bound.

Things in this condition subject the wire-chief to a bombardment of complaints. The traffic-chief is after him for wires to move the fast accumulating pile of messages. The train-despatcher is after him for wires on which to send orders to move his trains. The broker is "kicking" because his wire is bad and some of his quotations are "dropping out." The newspaper editor threatens dire vengeance because his press reports are being held up.

It is then that the knowledge and resourcefulness of the wire-chief are taxed to their utmost. Sometimes he can improve a wire by "cutting out" a section of the wire between two offices and "putting in" in another wire which has not been so greatly affected. This is done by having the operators at the two offices change the wires in their switchboards.

Then again he may, when wires run on

different routes, change from one route to the other, and in this way make a "swap," thus availing himself of the best wires on either route. By such means he endeavors to provide wires on which to move the business, and to prevent complaints.

In addition to this he sometimes has what are called "unusual occurrences." For instance, on the west wires one evening shortly after dark, No. 28 wire "grounded." This, of course, meant that the wire was useless till the trouble, whatever it was, was removed.

In this case it cleared itself shortly after daybreak the following morning and the wire returned to its normal condition. The trouble, however, occurred again the following night. The night-chief tested out the wire and located the trouble twenty miles out between two railway stations. The lineman who went over the line the next day reported that he "found nothing."

That night, however, the trouble was again on. The following morning the lineman was again ordered out, only to return, and again report that he had found nothing. This continued for several nights, then the chief decided to make a night test when the trouble was on the wire.

The lineman was sent out. He cut the wire about half-way between the two stations and found the trouble east of him. Another cut further along and it was still east. This brought him within a short distance of the railway station near which an overhead bridge crossed the railway tracks. No. 28 ran underneath this bridge, and here he discovered the trick that the sun had played.

The wire had been secured on one side of the bridge. The "sag" of the wire was at the time considered ample to clear an iron beam on the other side. And so it was till a lineman in making repairs a short distance away had shortened it up a little. And it was still all right during the day, as long as the heat of the sun expanded the wire.

When night came the wire grew cold and contracted, and in doing so diminished the sag. This drew up the wire till it touched the iron beam. There it remained till morning, making a first-class ground.

Another wire that played pranks for some time was No. 7, a despatching wire. Night after night about 10.30 it would "cross" with some other wire. In about an hour it would clear itself. The night-chief tested it and located the trouble between two stations that had a third station—Trenton—between them.

There was no night agent at this station, so he was unable to locate the trouble any closer. However, he notified the agent, and a lineman was ordered out to run over the line. On his return the lineman reported that he had found nothing.

For three nights following this the cross came on, and went off, and the wire-chief decided, if possible, to find the reason for it.

The agent at Trenton was ordered on special duty from 10 P.M. to 12 midnight. He kept his lonely vigil for a week, but not a sign of the trouble occurred while he was on duty. The very first night, however, after he gave up his special duty, the cross was again on No. 7.

A short branch line ran from Trenton out into the country, serving six or seven small offices. As the chief could find no wire in the switchboard that was affected when No. 7 crossed, he decided that it might be between this wire and No. 7 that the trouble occurred.

To make sure, he ordered a lineman to Trenton the next morning with strict instructions to make a thorough search for the trouble. Over every connection in the office the lineman went, from the local batteries up under the table, round the instruments, up to the local switch, out through the insulators above the window, along the beams under the station veranda, and then up to the pole outside where the wires separated, one going north and the other east. He reported that he had found nothing.

That night the trouble was on again. The night chief became desperate. Calling up the first station this side, and only two miles from Trenton, he asked the operator:

"Have you any way of getting to Trenton, and getting there quick?"

A moment's pause, then came the reply:

"Yes, the section-foreman has a velocipede that I can have, if the despatcher will let me go."

The despatcher cut in with:

"Certainly you may go."

The wire-chief hurried him off with instructions to get to Trenton as quickly as possible and see if he could find out what was the trouble on No. 7.

In about twenty minutes they heard from him.

"Is No. 7 O. K. now?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "what did you find?"

"Oh, nothing, only this bridge-walker had his lamp hung up on the binding-posts of No. 7 and the way-wire."

It seemed that the night watchman who patrolled the railroad bridge crossing the river a short distance below the station had a key that opened the office door, and here he was in the habit of eating his lunch. Knowing nothing about electricity, he hung up his lamp on the binding-posts of the two wires. The metal handle of the lamp made a splendid connection between

the wires in the switch, and thus caused the cross.

One of the worst mix-ups on account of lack of electrical knowledge, however, happened at Norwood, a testing station in the West. Twenty-five wires run through that office. The testing, which is considerable, is done in the railway station by the agent.

One day during the noon hour one of the quadruplex wires grounded, then a printer wire went up, and before the wire-chief could get a test away went half a dozen singles. Within a few minutes almost every wire on the western section of the board was in trouble.

When the chief found an opportunity to make a test he located the trouble somewhere around Norwood. In a short time he had the agent on the wire and asked him what was the trouble.

"Oh," he replied, "it was this assistant of mine. He's a new chap, just arrived here to-day, and doesn't know much about the business. He is full of ambition, though, and while I was out at lunch he went looking around for something to do. He noticed that the switchboard looked pretty dirty, so thought he would wash it up a bit.

"He was not aware that plain water was a good conductor of electricity, and would make connections between the strips on the board. So he drew a bucket of water and with some waste started to clean the board.

"I'll have everything patched up and in working order in a short time, but you might send me out some switch-fuses and a few jack-cords. This thing was pretty nearly put out of business for good," the agent said.

NEGRO FIREMAN'S PECULIAR BEVERAGE.

Oil-Consuming "Tallow-Pot" Found Superheat Lubricant Just the Thing with Which to Slake His Thirst.

BY M. E. CARROLL, Chicago.

THOSE of us who have pulled the throttle on hogs of all kinds in all sections of the country, have met with many funny specimens furnished for the purpose of keeping the old tub hot while we are getting over the division.

I have carried with me on the left side of the cab, greasers, Japs, sons of officers of the road who were looking for practical experience, and for a short time I had with me a clever young fellow who confided to me that he was the youngest son of a branch of the German royal family. A few trips with a consolidation on mountain grades soon got this lad out of the notion of sowing any more wild oats, at least on a railroad.

For downright originality and native "cuteness," however, those of us who have pulled trains in the South, and particularly in the Southeast, will agree with me that the prize goes to the genuine negro fireman recruited from the woods and cotton-fields.

While running an engine in Georgia last winter I came across several remarkable specimens of this kind, one of whom nearly got me into trouble with my master mechanic because I continually overdrew my schedule on valve-oil and especially the superheat oil.

Those clerks in the master mechanic's office can sure scorch a fellow on paper when he makes a bad showing on the road; but when the old man himself called me on the carpet and talked to me with his chin sticking out, I decided it was up to me to get busy and reduce the oil consumption in some way. I hated to buy the extra pints like some of the old heads were doing, so I handed some smokes to the hostlers at each end of my run and got them to watch the supplies on the engine during my lay-over. This soon located the leak, resulting in following report to the old man:

MR. F. L. ROGERS,
General Foreman, Macon, Ga.:

Referring to your remarks to me about the oil schedule, would state I had Fireman John Russell (colored) with me and I could not keep my cylinder-oil on engine, and he claimed

that some one was breaking in oil-box at Macon and taking oil. Since then I have learned from hostler at Montgomery that fireman was drinking my oil. He got rid of, altogether, 12 pints of superheat oil. He had key to my oil-box, Sunday, and Russell drew 10 pints. When the engine was brought to depot, Sunday, there was only 6 pints of oil on her.

I write this for your information.

Yours truly,
M. E. CARROLL,
Engineer.

My fireman had the native fondness for shooting craps and consequently was broke most of the time. One day he spilled some valve-oil on his hands, and licking his fingers, found the taste agreeable—something like the butter they served at his boarding-house.

The next time he went broke he experimented and found that a chunk of bread dipped in valve-oil made a fairly good lunch. I suppose it was about that time that I got my first jacking up for running ahead of the oil schedule.

The old man seemed to take my report with a grain of salt, for he handed it along to the master mechanic as follows:

MR. J. G. COLLINS,
Master Mechanic, Macon, Ga.
DEAR SIR:

With reference to the loss of superheat valve-oil by Engineer Carroll, please see Engineer Carroll's letter to me, herewith attached, in which he claims that his fireman *drank* the oil Will you please get Mr. Patterson to have his hostler say how he knows that this fireman *drank* this oil.

This seems a highly impossible story to me. At the same time, if we have a fireman with such an appetite as this, I think he is a good man to get rid of. The name of the fireman in question is John Russell.

Yours truly,
F. L. ROGERS,
General Foreman.

As the report originated at my lay-over at the other end of the run, the master mechanic shot the following at the Alabama division office:

MR. C. A. PATTERSON,
Master Mechanic, Montgomery, Ala.
DEAR SIR:

The attached correspondence in regard to some one stealing superheat oil from Engineer Carroll. Please note Engineer Carroll states that one of your hostlers has seen the fireman on his engine drinking this oil.

I have no objection to the man eating the coal and chewing up the waste, but certainly do not want to keep a man in the service who is drinking the cylinder oil. I will be glad if you will see if your hostler knows anything in regard to this oil and let me know.

Yours truly,
J. G. COLLINS,
Master Mechanic.

This brought the following reply.

MR. J. G. COLLINS,
Master Mechanic, Macon, Ga.
DEAR SIR:

Referring to your letter of November 27, enclosing letter from Roundhouse Foreman and Engineer Carroll in regard to fireman drinking valve-oil. I have taken the matter up with hostler and he advised that it is a fact that this fireman does drink valve-oil. He is not only drinking valve-oil off your engines, but he was seen on A. and W. P. engine No. 225 drinking oil out of tallow pot.

I cannot understand what kind of a taste this negro has. There is no doubt in my mind that he would chew waste if it was saturated with valve-oil.

Yours truly,
C. A. PATTERSON,
Master Mechanic.

This put the master mechanic up against it as he either had to reform his colored fireman or allow us an increase in oil supplies. He finally sent the papers to the throne with this letter:

MR. C. W. GOODRICH,
Superintendent Motive Power,
Atlanta, Georgia.
DEAR SIR:

Am sending you herewith my complete files, and you will note that we have unexpectedly developed another consumer of superheat valve-oil, who is not taken care of by our schedule. I am very much afraid that the appetite for valve-oil will spread to the other colored firemen, and it will be necessary for us to make proper allowance accordingly.

Will you please send me such revised schedule as you wish to recommend under these conditions?

Yours truly,
J. G. COLLINS,
Master Mechanic.

About this time I had a chance to locate in the North, so I never learned whether the oil schedule was changed to suit the firemen's appetites.

True-Story Series

No. 85.

The Capture of Ned Kelly.

Australia's Famous Outlaw Wore a Ninety-Seven Pound Suit of Mail When He Held-Up a Train.

BY "DON Q."

I GUESS some of you have heard of the Kelly Gang who did the Wild West act over in Australia. Ned Kelly was a farmer, the possessor of a decent little property in what is known in the antipodes as the "backblocks." He was assisted in running the farm by his brother Dan and sister Kate. Anybody who knew them at that time would never have thought they were capable of the deeds that were alleged to have been committed by them.

It was a police officer who turned Ned Kelly and his brother and sister into outlaws. A farmer lost some stock and it was rumored that the Kellys had done a bit of "hustling." A police officer was sent to their farm to investigate. He "took a shine" to Kate; but Kate wasn't impressed by the cop, and when he wanted to kiss her good-by she shouted for help. Her cries were heard by Ned, who rushed up and sent a bullet through the cop.

After that Ned Kelly saw trouble sticking out a yard, so I suppose he thought that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb and decided to become a "bad man" by profession. That was the beginning of the Kelly Gang.

The gang soon got busy and was strengthened by the enlistment of two of Kelly's friends, Joe Bryne and Steve Hart. The outlaws became a terror to both the country folk and police.

They stole cattle in one state and sold it in another, held up stage coaches, raided farms and, if all the stories one heard at the time were true, committed all the crimes in the calendar. They met their Waterloo when they held up an entire town. I happened to be a spectator.

I was employed as a wiper in the roundhouse at Benalla on the Victorian State Railways. I was a long way down on the list for the coal-jerking "profesh," but my first trip on the main line as a fireman came unexpectedly and proved somewhat exciting—thanks to Ned Kelly.

One Sunday afternoon the shed foreman came over to my lodgings and told me to get an engine ready to run as pilot to a special train that would arrive shortly, en route for Beechworth, a town some hundred and twenty miles out of Melbourne.

"What special is it?" I asked.

"Never you mind, sonny," said the shed foreman. "Just get 299 ready as soon as you know how. If you're good I'll probably send you out to fire her. Darned if I know where I'm going to find a regular fireman. Do you think you could manage it?"

"Just ask yourself," I replied, and made tracks for the roundhouse

Two-Mile Sprint to Save Train.

The engineer arrived soon after I reached the roundhouse. I ascertained that we were to run pilot to a special conveying police. Ned Kelly and his men were reported to have held up the town.

The special arrived some hours behind schedule owing to a smash-up at a level crossing some thirty miles out of Melbourne, which had resulted in serious damage to the engine brake-gear.

Some hasty repairs were effected and it was decided to send the incoming engine as pilot. Our engine was assigned to "work" the train.

We left Benalla late in the evening and made good time for about fifteen miles. Suddenly the whistle of the pilot engine announced that she had come to a stop. My engineer jammed on the brakes and we held our breath until we pulled up about a foot behind the pilot engine.

We got down to see what was amiss and found that the pilot had been flagged by the schoolmaster of Glenrowan, a village about two miles ahead. He had found the track torn up and had done a two-mile sprint to save us from going into the ditch. He attracted attention by waving a burning cloth.

The schoolmaster, who was also a Catholic priest, informed us that the Kellys had held up the town and had all the inhabitants under lock and key.

We consulted with the chief of the police, who happened to be on the train, and eventually decided to run cautiously into Glenrowan, with lights out, and make as little noise as possible. It was on a down grade, so we merely had to control the brakes.

Townsfolk Imprisoned in Hotel.

We arrived at Glenrowan without further incident, and found the track torn up just outside the station. Everything appeared to be quiet in the town, but soon we saw running toward us the senior police officer of the town. He had been captured with the rest of the inhabitants, but had managed to escape. He stated that the desperadoes had taken possession of the hotel, and had the townsfolk imprisoned in it.

The chief of the police ordered his men to fall in and advance on the outlaw's stronghold. On the arrival of the police at the hotel the bandits opened fire and drew first blood by shooting the police chief through the wrist. The police returned the compliment, and intermittent firing was heard all night.

Shortly after dawn a peculiar figure was observed moving among some trees near the hotel. It proved to be Ned Kelly. He was clad in a mackintosh coat. On his head was what appeared to be an empty oil-drum with holes cut in the front to enable him to see. This drum was to protect his head from bullets; but did he expect the mackintosh to protect his body?

He paid no heed to repeated commands to surrender or be shot, so the police were ordered to fire on him. Shot after shot appeared to hit him without effect. He just continued to walk around, apparently endeavoring to pick out one of the police.

Why Bullets Had No Effect.

The order was given to close in on him. As the police approached he suddenly took aim, but before he could fire a sergeant of police dropped him.

Kelly was secured and taken to the station-agent's office, where it was found that he had been wounded in the leg. When the police pounced on the outlaw they grabbed *iron*. Under

that mackintosh he was armor-clad from neck to toe. Like the bold, bad knights of old, he had girded himself for the fray. After the suit of mail had been removed we weighed it on the station scale, and it tipped the beam at ninety-seven pounds.

Meanwhile, the rest of the gang—Dan Kelly, Steve Hart, and Joe Byrne—were holding the bar of the hotel against the police on the outside and the townsfolk within. I can't say much for the pluck of the latter, but they were afraid to break out lest they should be mistaken for outlaws and given a dose of lead.

With the chief of the outlaws safely heeled, the police turned their attention to liberating the prisoners and capturing the rest of the gang.

The chief of the police was anxious to capture the outlaws alive, but the day wore on without any sign of surrender. At length the officer came to the conclusion that desperate measures must be adopted or the desperadoes would escape after dark.

A messenger was sent under flag of truce to inform the besieged that unless they surrendered within fifteen minutes the hotel would be fired. The imprisoned townsfolk immediately took advantage of the truce, and soon put a good distance between themselves and the hotel. The three remaining outlaws, however, remained within the building.

They were informed that another fifteen minutes would be given them; but at the end of that period they had made no sign of vacating, so it was decided to fire the place.

Piles of brushwood were speedily gathered and heaped against the building, and the fire started. Just then the village priest asked the chief of the police if he might be permitted to enter the burning building and induce the men to come out.

Permission was granted, and the priest ran into the hotel—now a mass of flames. He returned almost immediately with the news that all three of the outlaws were dead. An effort was made to extinguish the fire, but shortly after the priest left the house the roof fell in and the bodies of the desperadoes were incinerated.

I should have mentioned that Kate Kelly did not take part in the hold-up of Glenrowan. I saw her on the station platform after the bodies had been recovered, vainly endeavoring to identify her brother. They were bad men, but I confess I shed a tear or two at the sight of Kate's terrible grief.

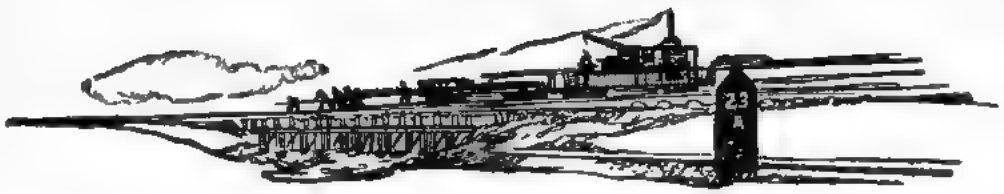
Ned Kelly finished up on the gallows. At his trial he explained his peculiar movements before his capture at Glenrowan. He merely wanted to bore a hole through one of the police officers he recognized in the crowd surrounding the hotel. Perhaps it was the man who tried to kiss Kate—who knows?

THE YARDS AT TWILIGHT.

BY JOHN T. WINTERICH.

SOFTLY the buggy's blinking lamps
Shine through the rising evening damps,
And the red light at the tower bars
The Mallet's way with her eighty cars.
Down a siding a switcher sneaks
And snorts her wrath at the tank she seeks.

A headlight glows in the distance pale;
Swells the hum of the singing rail
A flashing sequence of windowed light
And the fast express sweeps athwart the night,
Chanting in every bolt and wheel
The thundering lyric of the steel.



WHEN THE TRANSITMAN HUNTS POSSUM.

Sometimes He Trees a Real Coon and Sometimes He Sits Down to a Feast of Real Polecat.

BY WALTER GARDNER SEAVER.

IT was Saturday, and the boys who were finding a route through Mississippi for a new railroad, came in from the field an hour earlier. While riding into the engineers' camp they decided that as the night promised to be clear they would go on a coon and 'possum hunt.

"I believe," said Jones, "that there is more real fun in a coon hunt than hunting any other animal, especially if you get a coon that has lived long enough to be a wise guy. You get a coon of that kind and the chances are about even that you don't get him, and, at any rate, he will give you a run for your money. However, you want trained dogs that know the difference between a coon and a polecat. A dog who will stir up a polecat usually finds himself disliked. He doesn't like himself, and naturally seeks human companionship and sympathy, only to be met with stern rebuffs and frantic efforts on the part of his human friends to try to induce him to 'chase himself.'

"You want to be sure that your hounds are led by a dog of experience. I never could see the sense in lugging a shotgun along when you are after coons and 'possums, though I don't deny there are times when you need a gun, especially if you go up a tree after a coon or 'possum and you find that you have treed a bobcat.

"An ax is necessary, always, and it is advisable to have a lantern, not for the purpose of lighting your path, but for lighting when your dogs have 'treed.' Carrying a lighted lantern in a coon-hunting party is a nuisance, because it blinds everybody except the man that is carrying it. There is always somebody in the party who can shin up a tree and shake the coon or 'possum from the limb.

"A wise old coon, as he goes crashing through the limbs, will manage to twist himself so that he lands beyond the range of the outspreading limbs with his feet under him when he strikes the ground, ready to make his getaway. Here is where your experienced hound is on the job. He will circle around the tree, and when Mr. Coon lands far out he is ready. On the other hand, the young dogs are apt to cluster close under the tree. This is all right if the coon is young, for he is apt to come straight down, but the wise coon is more likely to strike the ground twenty or thirty feet from the trunk of the tree and is away before the dogs can get to him."

"Did you ever eat a polecat?" asked the levelman.

"I never did; but I have heard that negroes sometimes eat them."

"I have," said the transitman, "but I did it unknowingly. We were running a line in Arkansas, and two of us, the chief and I, had gone out on horseback ahead of the party. We had missed our calculations to arrive at a cabin about dinnertime, and it was considerably after noon when we saw a negro working in a cotton-patch. We asked him if he had anything to eat in his cabin. He scratched his woolly pate and said:

"'Deed, marster, I don't know of anything cooked. You-all go up to de cabin. Dere am some cold cawn pone an' a pot of coffee; but I'm shore dah's no meat or taters.'

"We rode on up to the cabin. There was no one visible, so we went inside. We found the pone and the coffee, and the chief went foraging in the cupboard but

found nothing more. In the oven, however, he found a covered pan containing a coon as nicely cooked as one would wish.

"'That darkey was foxy,' said the chief. 'He was figuring on having this coon for his own supper.'

"We soon disposed of the pone, coffee, and coon, and after smoking a pipe so that our horses would have plenty of time to eat their provender, we saddled and started out. When we reached the cotton-patch the chief said:

"'Old man, that was the finest coon we ever ate. Why didn't you tell us about it?'

"'Deed, cap'n, dat wa'n't no coon. I didn't tell yo'-alls about hit, 'case I didn't think you would care foh skunk meat.'"

Forgot to Tell the Judge.

IN a little Southern town lives a justice of the peace who, prior to settling down, used to travel around the country with a fiddle. He always managed to gather in sufficient coin for food and drink. Just how he happened to settle down in this small town and get elected justice of the peace is hard to tell. In the old days he used to be in on every coon and 'possum hunt for miles around, and even after he had donned the judicial ermine he would drop everything for a hunt.

One night there was a hunt which resulted in the capture of several coons and 'possums, but for some reason the judge was overlooked

Some time afterward a negro named Sam, who had piloted the judge on many a coon-hunting party, was haled before him charged with misdemeanor. The judge had been up pretty late the previous night, and after hearing the evidence reached out for a law-book, but picked up a mail-order catalogue instead.

The book opened at a cut of a sewing-machine with the price, $14.75, in big black figures.

The judge studied it gravely for a few minutes, then said:

"Sam, yo's guilty. The fine is $14.75, according to the book, and I assesses yo' that amount."

Sam's friends managed to collect the fine, and as they were escorting Sam from the court-house, one said:

"See, heah, yo' fool niggah. Yo' wants to have yo'self change dis case if yo' gits hauled up 'foah dat magistrate agin. He's done li'ble to open dat book at de picture of an automobile, an' we neber could pay de fine an' he would done own yo' body an' soul. Yo' heah me shouting."

"Lawsee," remarked the other, "I knows why he do me dat way. I done fo'-get to tell him about de coon hunt de odder day. Yassah. Dat's hit; sho'."

The Mass in the Tree.

SUPPER was over, and the men were sprawled out on the ground smoking and wondering why the negro and his hounds had not showed up; but about nine o'clock the camp was invaded by a dozen restless, yelping hounds, with Sam in the middle armed with an unlighted lantern and an ax.

"See here, Sam," said Jones, "have your dogs been trained? We are after coons and 'possums; we don't need any polecats to-night."

"De dawgs am all right, cap'n. See dat long-eared houn' wid de liver spots? Dats ole Tobe, an' he's de bes' coon dawg in de whole State of Massassip'."

"We will take your word for it," Jones answered; "but I tell you now, if any polecats are stirred up to-night, there'll be trouble."

"Dat's all right, cap'n; we'll sho' keep away from polecats to-night. Yo' heah dat—yo' fool houn's?"

The hounds yelped in chorus as if fully satisfied that they understood, and Sam led the way into the dense woods. But for some time there was no sign of anything doing, though the hounds were circling far and near.

It was nearly midnight when the deep, bell-like cry of old Tobe rang out. Then the rest of the pack yelped in various keys. The crowd followed as rapidly as possible, first one and then another stumbling over a log or stump or sprawling on the ground. After half an hour of chase, the song of the hounds changed, indicating that they had treed, and from the excitement they manifested the game was easily accessible.

When the party reached the hounds they found them clustered around a sapling. Peering into the branches we could see three dark bunches closely hugging the limbs.

Two of the party seized the sapling, while a third lighted the lantern, and shook the tree vigorously.

Suddenly the dark bunches came tumbling through the branches, struck the ground with a thump, simultaneously, and resolved themselves into two exceedingly lively coons and a 'possum.

True to his character, the 'possum played dead, and the dogs turned their attention to the coons, which were finally captured. Then Sam tackled the 'possum.

Then came a discussion as to whether the party should return to camp or continue the hunt; but before a decision was

reached the hounds gave tongue and set out at an angle, swinging back toward camp. Every man set out after the hounds.

They had gone nearly a mile before they treed. Before reaching the hounds Sam caught sight of a black, bulky object in a tree.

"Dah, am a paintah—an' noobdy's got a gun!"

"Never mind," said the transitman, "I have my automatic. If he shows fight, I can stop him; but if he lets us alone, we won't bother him."

Sam lighted the lantern and the party moved toward the tree. The transitman, his automatic ready for action, and Sam were well to the rear. As they drew closer to the tree a voice was heard:

"Don't shoot! I'll come down!" it said.

The dark mass in the tree seemed to fumble for a moment. Then it slid rapidly down the tree. As soon as it got within lantern range it proved to be a white man.

He said that he had started out for the engineers' camp, but the distance had proved further than he thought. He had been following the line of stakes until darkness set in, when he soon found he had wandered off the line. He was afraid to remain on the ground, having a horror of snakes, so he resolved to pass the night in a tree.

He had secured himself from falling if he dropped asleep, by buckling his belt around a limb. He declared he had never heard sweeter music than the yelping of the hounds, as he knew it was a coon-hunting party and they could show him the way to camp.

The hounds were still giving voice, and the party, without waiting for further explanations, hurried on. This time the coon was in a tree too large to shake; but they could see it was a coon all right, so Sam shinned up the tree, and as he ascended the coon crept further out on the limb.

His grip was a tenacious one, however, and required vigorous shaking. When he finally fell he kept bouncing outward until he struck the ground well beyond the sweep of the limbs of his tree of refuge.

But if he was a wise old coon, old Tobe knew something, too; and as he struck the ground, Tobe was on the job, and the coon —a twenty-four pounder — was added to the bag.

The levelman said the ground looked familiar, and, taking the lantern, started an inspection. About five hundred feet away he found one of the survey stakes. The station numbers on the stake indicated the direction, and the number showed that they were within a mile of camp, the hunt having described a semicircle.

At the camp the tree-sleeper explained that he was a clerk from the general office, and had come out with some instructions for the chief and the pay-roll checks for the party. He said the next time he came out he would keep to his horse. At a cabin where he left his horse, the tenant told him that the engineers' camp was about "three whoops and a holler" from there. He took this to mean less than a mile, but experience proved that it was nearer five. None of the boys laughed at him. Even the axmen realized how easy it is for a man to get lost in a virgin forest.

SAVING A SHIPWRECKED FREIGHT TRAIN.

FLOAT No. 2 of the Long Island Railroad, with fifteen loaded freight-cars aboard, recently left the docks at Greenville, New Jersey, in tow of one tug, bound for Long Island City. Captain Chauncey Blackmar was in charge. A gale was blowing across the lower New York Bay, and Float No. 2 was tossed by the waves to such an extent that its hull sprung a number of leaks. It was impossible to get beyond the Brooklyn Bridge, as the tug towing the float had to devote its power to pumping water out of the hold of the boat.

When Captain Blackmar found there was imminent danger of the float and freight-cars going to the bottom of East River, he communicated with H. S. Des Anges, chief of the marine department of the Long Island Railroad, known among his men as "Admiral." Mr. Des Anges immediately gave orders for a number of the railroad's tugs to go at once to the assistance of the disabled float.

The railroad's tugs arrived alongside of the sinking float about midnight. They at once started the pumps working, but made little progress. In the mean time Mr. Des Anges, who had reached the scene of trouble, gave orders for the tugs to pull the float to Pier 22, near Brooklyn Bridge. As soon as the pier was reached, longshoremen moved some 40,000 pounds of flour from the cars; all the while the tugs kept pumping away.

Even with 40,000 pounds less in the float's cargo, the situation was so critical that a call was sent about two o'clock in the morning to a wrecking company for assistance. This help did not arrive for several hours, but the pumps on the railroad's tugs kept the float from sinking.

By the Light of the Lantern

Ask us what you want to know

WE want to be as useful as possible to our readers, but, because of the great popularity of this department, we are obliged to impose certain restrictions. It is limited to the answering of questions of an informative, technical, or historical nature only. We cannot answer requests for positions or give information regarding employment. All letters should be signed with the full name of the writer, as an indication of his good faith. We will print only his initials. The editor begs that readers sending in questions will not be disappointed if the answers do not appear as early as expected. It frequently takes weeks to secure correct answers, owing to the complexity of the questions. All questions are answered free of charge. The editor earnestly requests his readers to immediately bring to his attention any errors they may find in this department.

IS there a Westinghouse combined straight-air and automatic-brake equipment for high-speed interurban electric cars in which the combined brake systems are operated with one brake-valve?

(2) What are the names of the different notched positions on these brake-valves and their use?—G. B., East Hartford, Connecticut.

Yes. The Westinghouse Air-Brake Company furnishes the combined equipment you mention, known as the A M M brake-equipment, in which both the straight-air and automatic are operated with one brake-valve. In addition to the straight-air feature it contains others known as the "quick recharge," "quick service," "graduated release," "high emergency pressure," and a maintenance of brake cylinder pressure against leakage during emergency applications.

(2) The names of the brake-valve positions are to the left facing the brake-valve at the handle side: (1) release, (2) straight-air lap, (3) straight-air application, (4) automatic lap, (5) automatic service, (6) emergency. The use of the positions are, briefly: (1) release, for the release of brakes after either a straight-air or automatic application, and to recharge or to keep the brake system charged for a subsequent application; (2) straight-air lap, to hold the brake applied with any degree of force that may have been obtained from a straight-air application; (3) straight-air application, to admit air-pressure from the main reservoir through the control-pipe to the brake-cylinders for applying the brake without in any way disturbing the automatic system; (4) automatic lap, to hold the brakes applied after an automatic application; (5) automatic service, for making a predetermined rate of reduction in the brake-pipe for applying the automatic brake for ordinary service-stops; (6) emergency, to be used in case of accident or when a stop in the shortest possible distance is imperative. The graduated release mentioned is made by alternating the brake-valve handle between automatic lap and release positions, or between automatic lap and straight-air lap positions as may be required to produce the desired results.

PLEASE give an answer to the following questions: Order No. 36 C and E engine No. 31, engine No. 31 run extra A to H and return to A as No. 4. A is east of H. Odd numbers west, even numbers east. Extra 31 is going west, arriving at F extra 31 west gets a clear signal, but we find that we cannot make Y before No. 4 is due to leave there. Can we go on order No. 36 against No. 4, F to H?

(2) C is a station where the view is obscured and is also protected by yard-limit boards, No. 1 and No. 2 are second-class trains. Can No. 2 do work at C on the time of No. 1, No. 2 having to pull out as far as the yard-limit board without being protected by a flag?—J. P. C., Fields Landing, California.

An order to run extra A to H and return to A as No. 4 does not confer any right on

extra 31 to disregard the schedule of No. 4, for the reason that the book of rules provides forms for the advance of a train against the schedule of a superior train and such forms must be used. It should be evident that notwithstanding that extra 31 held an order to run as No. 4 from H to A, it was within the power of the despatcher to annul that order upon arrival at H, or before.

(2) No. 2 has no authority to do work on the time of No. 1 within yard limits without being protected in some manner. The manner in which protection is given varies on different roads, but there must always be protection. Yard limits do not excuse protection.

PLEASE state whether or not in a locomotive boiler under 200 pounds steam-pressure per square inch, and containing nearly three gages of water, is the pressure greater on the mud-ring and in the legs of the boiler than it is on the crown-sheet or any portion that may be above the water line.—S. J., Bucyrus, Ohio.

The pressure per square inch on the mud-ring and in the legs of the boiler is slightly greater than it is on that portion exposed to steam only above the water line, the exact difference being the weight of a column of water one inch square and of a length equal to the distance from the mud-ring to the surface of the water in the boiler. With 200 pounds pressure of steam, water has temperature of 381.8 degrees Fahrenheit, and at this temperature weighs .0316 of a pound per cubic inch. Suppose the height of the water above the mud-ring to be 55 inches, then the pressure per square inch upon the mud-ring would be 55 x .0316 added to 200, or 201.74 pounds. The difference being so small, it is not usually taken into consideration either in boiler design or other questions pertaining to boiler pressure, and the answer generally given to questions of this kind is that the pressure is about the same.

J. J. A., Honolulu.—The standard arch-bar trucks in use on box and flat cars of fifty tons capacity weigh 8,000 pounds each, 16,000 pounds per pair.

HOW is "day of leaving" determined. A claims that if No. 1, due out of A on old time-table at —— A.M., and on new time-table shown due out of A at —— P.M., that schedule of preceding time-table does not correspond in day of leaving with schedule of new time-table; but if on both old and new time-tables it shows no one due out at —— A.M., then schedules correspond in day of leaving.

(2) No. 2 on time-table No. 1 shows No. 9 due out of A at 11.10 P.M., and on new time-table, taking effect at 12.01 A.M., No. 9 shown out of A at 12.10 A.M. It is understood that schedule of No. 9 on old time-table is in effect from 11.10 P.M. until 12 01 A.M., at which time new card goes into effect. Presuming that No. 9 leaves A at 11.10 P.M., and not being able to proceed on new time-table on account of not corresponding in day of leaving with No. 9 of preceding time-table, could another No. 9 leave A at 12.10 A.M. on new time-table? A claims that both trains No. 9 could leave A; No. 9 on old time-table could run until 12.01 A.M., and at 12.10 A.M., No. 9 on new time-table could fulfil its schedule leaving A.—T. H. C., Brownsville, Texas.

Day of leaving is determined by the day on which the schedule is due to leave its initial station on any division. For example, No. 1 is due to leave its initial station on the old time-table at 11 A.M., December 3; a new time-table takes effect at 3 P.M., December 3, showing No. 1 due to leave its initial station at 1 P.M. In this case the schedules correspond as to day of leaving, and inasmuch as that one correspondence effects the assumption of a new schedule, the train of the old time-table may assume the new schedule. But if No. 1 of the old time-table was due to leave its initial station at 11 P.M., December 3, and a new time-table took effect at 1 A.M., December 4, showing No. 1 due to leave its initial station at 12 30 A.M., then the schedules would not correspond as to day of leaving, the old schedule leaving on December 3, and the new December 4.

(2) In the second case, No. 9 of the old time-table would be authorized until 12.01 A.M., after which it would be dead, as the schedules would not correspond as to day of leaving. At 12.10 A.M. the new time-table would be in effect and authorize a train No. 9 to leave its initial station on the new time-table. But it must be remembered that the two trains No. 9 are of different dates. They do not correspond as to day of leaving.

PLEASE give the details in regard to locomotive classification on the Boston and Maine Railroad. For instance:

engine No. 3673 is a P-2-b; and No. 2912 is a L-1-b. What do these symbols indicate?

(2) Give data in regard to the number of engines and cars and the mileage of the Boston and Maine Railroad, and also what is the mileage of the Mystic Junction and Mystic Wharf yards respectively.

(3) How old is the Boston and Lowell Railroad, and when was it leased by the Boston and Maine?

(4) Is the present No. 3200 (old 733) of the Boston and Maine the first Atlantic type locomotive built?—H. P. M., Somerville, Massachusetts

The characteristic letters designate the wheel arrangement, the figures indicate the major subdivisions of the class, and the final letter, which is lower case, represents minor subdivisions. Taking the Pacific engines as an illustration, the letter P indicates the Pacific or 4-6-2 type. The first lot of this type were classed as P-1. The second lot were classed as P-2, because they differed considerably from the previous lot. The third lot were equipped with superheaters, but were otherwise duplicates of the second lot. The distinction is indicated by calling the second lot P-2-a, and the third lot P-2-b. In the case of the class L, the L indicates a Mastodon or 4-8-0 type locomotive. There are two lots of these, L-1-a and L-1-b, the difference being due to characteristics incidental to their having been constructed by different builders. The classification according to wheel arrangement is as follows:

A—4-4-0—Eight-wheel or American type.
B—2-6-0—Mogul type.
C—4-6-0—Ten-wheel type.
D—0-4-4—Eight-wheel Forney.
E—2-6-2—Mogul Forney.
F—0-4-0—Four-wheel switcher.
G—0-6-0—Six-wheel switcher.
J—4-4-2—Atlantic type
K—2-8-0—Consolidation type.
L—4-8-0—Mastodon type.
P—4-6-2—Pacific type.

(2) The Boston and Maine operates 1,243 locomotives, 27,562 cars, and 2,252 miles. The mileage in Mystic Junction yards 8, 9, and 10, is 23.2 miles; Mystic Wharf yards 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and 29, is 32.7 miles.

(3) The Boston and Lowell Railroad was incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts, June 8, 1830. The main line was opened June 26, 1835. On April 1, 1887, the road was leased to the Boston and Maine for a term of ninety-nine years.

(4) No. The first Atlantic type was built for the Atlantic Coast Line.

L. G., Rochester, New York.—The term draft-gear is used to designate the device or apparatus that connects the draw-bar or coupler with the sills of a car. The draft-gear absorbs and dissipates the buffing and tension shocks received through the couplers, thus preventing damage to the cars.

THE distance from A siding to B siding is six miles up a one-per-cent grade. Is it possible to have automatic signals which will permit east-bound trains to follow one another at mile intervals, meanwhile holding all west-bound trains at B? And similarly, can following west-bound trains be automatically held at B until preceding trains have arrived at A? No telegraph station at either siding and track is single.

(2) Why are slide-valves not used with superheater steam?

(3) Is the piston-valve better than the balanced slide-valve? Why?

(4) What is the approximate cost of a 24-tube superheater of the Schmidt type?

(5) How many tubes of 2-inch diameter would be displaced by a superheater of 24 tubes of 5⅜-inch diameter?—C. B., Ottawa, Ontario.

It is not only possible, but it is a fact that such a blocking arrangement is in effect. The one-per-cent grade does not mean anything whatsoever. If trains are to follow each other a mile apart the signals must be placed not over a mile apart. The signaling is accomplished by having a hold signal at the siding at A and also at B, which cannot be passed while they are in the stop position. The signals between A and B are the regular automatic signals known as "permissive." When the leading train moving east leaves the siding at A, the hold signal at the siding at B is set at stop and remains so until all trains moving east which have left A have arrived at B, after which the signal at B indicates clear, and the west-bound movement could be made in the same manner.

(2) Piston-valves being completely balanced have less frictionless resistance than slide-valves. They are consequently less

likely to become heated, the tendency to do so being greater where slide-valves are used, especially unbalanced slide-valves.

(3) The piston-valve is generally conceded to be better than the D slide-valve on account of the reasons given in answer to the preceding question.

(4) The cost of superheater appliances vary according to the size of the locomotive and the length of the superheating pipes. Manufacturers of the appliances care to furnish the cost only under specific details and to prospective purchasers.

(5) In the case of the larger flues being intersected by the smaller flues there would be a displacementof over seventy flues, and where there are no small flues intersecting there would be a displacement of about one hundred flues.

A. B., Fort Bliss, Texas.—The most powerful locomotive in use at the present time is the Erie's six-cylinder Mallet, "Matt H. Shay," built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia. The engine and tender weigh over 800,000 pounds, and develop a tractive-force of 160,000 pounds. The engine has three sets of cylinders, one high-pressure set being 36 inches in diameter with a 32-inch stroke; the two sets of low-pressure cylinders being of similar dimensions. Two sets of low-pressure cyliuders are used where one large set is usually employed.

The diameter of the driving-wheels is 63 inches. The fire-box is 162 inches long and 108 inches wide. There are 318 flues 2¼ inches in diameter, and 53 flues 5½ inches in diameter, all 24 feet long. The heating-surface is 310 square feet in the fire-box; 4,480 square feet in the tubes of 2¼ inches, and 1,825 square feet in the 5½-inch tubes; combustion chamber, 45 square feet, brick-arch tubes, 40 square feet; total, 6,700 square feet. In addition the superheater has 1.530 square feet. A water bottom tank is employed, with a capacity of 10,000 gallons and 16 tons of fuel. The length of the wheel-base is 88 feet 6 inches.

C. N., Iron Rub, Minnesota.—On the Soo Line, the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railroad, the heaviest and most powerful locomotives are of the Mikado type. Of the 1000 class, there are eleven, none of which is in use on the Chicago Division. There are 38 locomotives of the 732 class, Pacifics, eighteen of these are in use on the Chicago Division. The rolling-stock of the road consists of 529 locomotives, 26,681 freight-cars, 417 passenger-cars, and 74 miscellaneous cars.

W. S. B., Detroit.—The definition of the term foot-pounds may be said to be a weight of one pound raised from the ground one foot in one minute. It is the unit of work, and represents the amount of work done in overcoming a pressure or weight equal to one pound through one foot of space. Thus, in estimatiug the horse-power or power exerted by an average working horse, James Watt, the eminent engineer, after making many experiments and setting forth many examples under varying conditions, succeeded in having it universally accepted that 33,000 foot-pounds per minute was a safe estimate of the power of a horse. That is, a weight of 33,000 pounds could be raised one foot from the ground in one minute, and this force could be kept up for a reasonable number of hours. As a matter of fact, a horse may exert a much greater force for a short period.

In calculating the resistance of springs it should be borne in mind that the most suitable material of which to make a spring depends on the use to which it is put. In resisting weight, hardened steel is superior to all other materials, but must be protected from rust. Locomotive and wagon springs are usually made of a number of flat plates of varying lengths, and on the larger classes of locomotives they are so constructed as to correspond to a stress of 75,000 pounds per square inch. Your question does not furnish any idea of the form or purpose of the spring.

J. B. S., Los Angeles.—In testing a locomotive boiler with water, the general practise has been to raise the pressure to 25 per cent more than the working pressure; that is, a locomotive constructed to run at a working pressure of 200 pounds per square inch, would undergo the hydrostatic test at 250 pounds. In regard to stationary engines, it is usual to test the boiler at a higher percentage of pressure, because they are not now so frequently inspected. Stationary boilers are frequently located or built into positions that are difficult of access. To this may be added the

fact that locomotive engineers are by education and experience better qualified to run an engine safely than are many entrusted with the care or operation of stationary engines.

PLEASE give a short description of the locomotives that are used in heavy passenger service on the Rutland Railroad and also on the Maine Central Railroad.—J. J. C., McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

On the Rutland Railroad two designs of 4-6-0 type locomotives are used in heavy passenger service. In the first lot the cylinders are 20 x 26 inches, diameter of drivers 70 inches, piston valves. Superheaters are being applied as fast as the engines are shopped. The second lot differ from the first only in that the cylinders are 22 x 26 inches, and that a number of them were built with superheaters and Walschaerts valve-gear. In addition the road is also using a number of fast freight engines of the 4-6-0 type with 63-inch driving-wheels and cylinders 21 x 26 inches. These engines are reported to be doing excellent work in this service

On the Maine Central Railroad the standard for heavy passenger service is the Pacific type, cylinders 22 x 28 inches, diameter of drivers 73 inches. These engines are equipped with superheater and combustion chamber.

K. D., Savannah, Georgia.—The different types of blow-off cocks are many and varied, ranging from an ordinary plug-valve to a pneumatic affair with some considerable mechanism. We do not know just what type you have reference to. It is more than likely the pneumatic type is intended.

The general principles on which pneumatic blow-off cocks are constructed are as follows: An inner or check-valve is so arranged as to be kept seated by the boiler pressure and prevent water from escaping to the atmosphere. Against this valve rests the stem of an air-piston, which is confined in a small cylinder over the check-valve. To the cylinder containing the air-piston a pipe is attached, and connects with some pipe on the engine leading to the main reservoir pressure. In this connecting-pipe is placed a cut-out cock. When air is turned into the air-cylinder of the blow-off cock from the main reservoir the piston is forced down, unseating the check-valve against boiler pressure, allowing the water to escape.

PLEASE give a general description and the number of the most powerful locomotive on the Northwestern Pacific Railroad of California

(2) How many cars, locomotives, and miles of track has this road?—R. S. A., Eureka, California.

The following is a general description of locomotive No. 136, one of a number of the largest type engines in use on the road mentioned.

Class	T 63-20 28-135
Loaded weight on drivers	135,500 pounds
Diameter of drivers	63 inches
Boiler pressure	200 pounds
Size of cylinders	20 x 28 inches
Maximum tractive effort	30,200 pounds
Combined weight of engine and tender, loaded	321,800 pounds

(2) The Northwestern Pacific Railroad operates 406 miles, 66 locomotives, and 1,527 cars. This road has 105 additional miles under construction.

J. B. T., Jacksonville, Florida.—The best method of placing a patent on the market, assuming that it is something in connection with the mechanical appliances used on railways, is to obtain permission from one or more of the leading railroads to apply the article, and then secure reports on its practicability and publish the same broadcast. This costs time and money, and a patience that never wearies, and a perseverance that knows no defeat.

If the article is of real merit it may come into use or it may not. For several years past it has been almost impossible to introduce any new article, not because nothing meritorious appeared, but because the railroads had no money to spend on new appliances. It took all they had to keep the old material in repair.

In regard to the meaning of the term "foot-pound," see answer to W. S. B., Detroit, in the present issue.

The term "draft-gear" is used to designate the apparatus used under a car to dissipate the shocks due to coupling, and to provide an elastic resistance in pulling the car. Strictly speaking, the term "draft-gear" includes only the springs or fric-

tion blocks and other parts enclosed within the coupler yoke. Draft-gear and attachments include the entire apparatus by which a car is drawn with the exception of the coupler or draw-bar. Friction draft-gear, so called, includes any form of draft-gear which makes use of friction for absorbing and dissipating the energy of buffing and tension shocks transmitted through the couplers.

WHAT type of engine does the Seaboard Air Line use on through passenger trains? If possible, describe these engines.

(2) On train No. 1 of the Seaboard Air Line, leaving Washington, D. C., at 9.30 P.M., where are the engines changed between Washington and Savannah, Georgia?

(3) How many cars has this above road?—W. E. H., Ridley Park, Pennsylvania.

Several different types of locomotives are used in first-class passenger service. They vary according to operating conditions on the several divisions.

On the Virginia and North Carolina divisions, between Richmond, Virginia, and Columbia, South Carolina, and between Portsmouth, Virginia, and Monroe, North Carolina, they employ Pacific type superheater engines—their class P—with cylinders 23 x 28 inches, 71-inch driving-wheels, weight on drivers approximately 140,000 pounds, giving a tractive-effort of approximately 33,000 pounds. In December last there were put in service on these divisions a number of mountain-type locomotives with 27 x 28 inch cylinders, 69-inch driving-wheels, weight on drivers 209,000 pounds; tractive-effort approximately 47,800 pounds.

On the South Carolina division, between Columbia, South Carolina, and Jacksonville, Florida, ten-wheel passenger engines are used, the class K. This is a simple, slide-valve engine, with 21 x 28 inch cylinders, 72-inch driving-wheels, weight on drivers about 136,850 pounds, giving a tractive-effort of approximately 29,200 pounds. On the Florida division, between Jacksonville and Tampa, Florida, their class L-2 is used. This is a simple, ten-wheel, piston-valve passenger engine, with cylinders 20 x 28 inches, 67-inch driving-wheels, weight on drivers 132,610 pounds, giving a tractive-effort of approximately 28,400 pounds.

On the Georgia division, between Monroe, North Carolina, and Birmingham, Alabama, the class K and L-2 engines already described are used

(2) Train No. 1 changes engines at Richmond, Virginia; Raleigh, North Carolina; Columbia, South Carolina; Savannah, Georgia, and Jacksonville, Florida.

(3) The Seaboard Air Line operates 525 locomotives and 18,893 cars.

IN an oil-burning engine of the following dimensions, cylinders, 10 inches by 24 inches; diameter of smoke-arch, 30 inches; length of smoke-arch, 23 inches; diameter of smoke-stack, 10 inches; height of smoke-stack, 56 inches, I wish to know whether or not the steaming qualities would be impaired if a stack 12 inches in diameter should be substituted for the present 10-inch stack. The argument advanced in favor of the large stack is that the present stack is so small that it does not permit the steam to free itself rapidly enough from the smoke-arch.—T. C., Canal Zone.

For the proportions given the present 10-inch stack is relatively larger than the accepted practise in general modern design locomotives, and we do not believe any beneficial results would be obtained by substituting a 12-inch stack. On the contrary, a 12-inch stack would be very much out of proportion for the engine in question. A stack ten inches in diameter should offer no serious obstruction to the free escape of gases from the smoke-arch.

WHAT is the hauling capacity of a ten-wheeler (4-6-0) locomotive with 57-inch driving-wheels and cylinders 19 x 26 inches on a track not exceeding seven-tenths of one per cent grade, and also the hauling capacity of a consolidation (2-8-0) type with 48-inch driving-wheels and cylinders 18 x 24 inches, under the same conditions?—M. T. L., Eureka, California.

At starting speeds a locomotive will usually develop, at the rim of the driving-wheels, the rated tractive-force, which is calculated from the dimensions of the engine by the formula:

$$T = \frac{0.85\ P \times C^2 \times S}{D}$$

T is the rated tractive-force at rim of driving-wheels.

P is the boiler-pressure in pounds per square-inch.

C is diameter of cylinders in inches.
S is stroke in inches.
D is driving-wheel diameter in inches.

Now assuming that the pressure of steam, which is not given in the question, is 200 pounds per square-inch, multiplied by 0.85=170 multiplied by the square of the diameter of the cylinder, which in the first example amounts to 676=114,920, multiplied by the length of stroke, which in the first case is 26—2,987,920, which divided by 57, the diameter of the wheels first given, gives 52,420, which is the tractive-power of the locomotive in pounds at starting.

By the same method of calculation, and assuming that the presure of steam is the same, the tractive-power of the second locomotive would be 36,720 pounds.

In regard to grades, the resistance due to friction is increased by that due to lifting the train against gravity. The amount of this increased resistance is determined as follows: One mile equals 5,280 feet, and if the grade be one foot per mile, the pull necessary to lift a ton of 2,000 pounds will be $2000 \div 5280 = .3788$. Therefore, to find the total resistance due to grade in pounds per ton of 2,000 pounds, the rise in feet per mile must be multiplied by .3788.

In the grade in the question, seven-tenths of one per cent is equal to nearly 37 feet per mile; therefore, 37 multiplied by .3788 amounts to 14 pounds, the tractive-power necessary to raise one ton a height of 37 feet per mile.

It must be borne in mind that these calculations are based on what is known as the starting power of the engine, and as the speed increases the tractive-power of the engine diminishes in a gradual ratio, so that at a speed of fifty miles per hour there is about 38 per cent of the original tractive-force available.

H. H. W., Concord, New Hampshire.—There is no formula for determining the capacity for water in a locomotive boiler other than a careful measurement of the various parts of the boiler. The capacity of the barrel of the boiler could be found by ascertaining the area of one head up to the water line and subtracting the combined areas of the holes cut for the tubes. Multiply this by the length of the boiler in inches and divide by 1728. This will give the number of cubic feet of water in the barrel. To change to gallons, multiply by 7.5. To find the weight of the water multiply the number of gallons by 8.33.

In a locomotive boiler, however, it would be necessary to add to the contents of the barrel of the boiler the amount of water in the crown space, the legs, the back, and the throat. This could only be done by measurement to ascertain the exact cubic contents of these spaces.

In general practise it is usual to fill the boiler about three-quarters full.

T. J. R, Biddeford, Maine—The rolling-stock of the Canadian Pacific Railway consists of 2,052 locomotives, 80,359 freight-cars, 2,583 passenger-cars, and 5,414 miscellaneous cars. The superintendent at Calgary, Alberta, is D. S. Fraser; at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, A. W. Porter, and at Winnipeg, Manitoba, S. A. Simpson.

A. M., Borough of Brooklyn, New York City.—The rate of pay for brakemen on Eastern railroads was the subject of special inquiries by a commission appointed over a year ago. Sufficient details to answer your questions were given in the answer to B. M., on page 851 of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for December, 1914.

HOW many engines and cars has the Northwestern Pacific Railroad?

(2) What is the combined weight of engine and tender No. 131 of that road?

(3) What are the various indications of whistle signals?

(4) Are the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads operated by the Southern Railroad?

(5) What is the name of the L. S. and M. S. Railroad?

(6) What is the equipment of the Southern Pacific Railroad?—C. S. W., Geyersville, California.

See answer to R. S. A. in this issue.

(2) Combined weight of engine and tender, loaded, is 294,100 pounds. This locomotive is similar to No. 136, described in answer to R. S. A., except that No. 131 has 6,000 gallons rectangular tender and Stephenson link-motion instead of Walschaerts valve-gear.

(3) Details were given in answer to A. O. W. on page 342 of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE for February, 1914.

(4) The Central Pacific Railway is operated under lease by the Southern Pacific Company. The Union Pacific Railroad is an independent line not operated by this company.

(5) Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway.

(6) 1,384 locomotives and 39,983 cars.

WHAT is a ton mile?

(2) What is the formula for figuring consumption of coal by tonnage?—K. W., Montreal, Canada

The expression "ton-mile" means the gross weight of the train multiplied by the number of miles traveled. For instance, a train weighing 850 tons, hauled 120 miles would be equivalent to 102,000 ton-miles. That is, the work done theoretically equals that number of tons hauled one mile.

(2) There is no special formula beyond ordinary arithmetic for this. If an engine burns 10 tons of coal making 1,000 ton-miles, it is clear that one ton of coal is burned for every 100 ton-miles made. This is found by dividing the total number of ton-miles by the number of tons of coal burned while doing the work

G. W. F., Pulaski City, Virginia.—The total number of operating railways in the United States is 1,296, with 63,378 locomotives. This is according to the latest official report, which is more than one year old, but the increase during the last year is extremely limited.

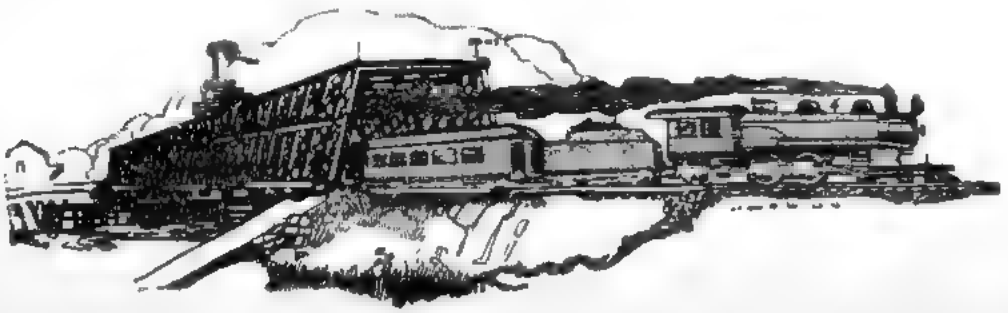
K. O. P., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.—When using bituminous or soft coal, the fire-box temperature ranges from 1,800 to 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit. When the fire-box is fired with an admixture of about twenty pounds of atmospheric pressure (present in the fire-box through any of the various avenues of ingress) to each pound of coal consumed, the temperature will reach 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. This is regarded as an ideal temperature for the fire-box and it will insure the proper combination of the gases required for perfect combustion. It is rarely attained in general practise.

G. H. K., Kings Mountain, North Carolina.—The usual age at which young men may become engaged as firemen is 21 years, but each road has its own regulations, and these rules are also being constantly changed. Much depends on the physical appearance and condition of the applicant. In all cases the applicant must appear in person at the office of the master mechanic or division superintendent, where application-blanks will be furnished to likely candidates.

CAN you give a history of the Sodus Bay Railroad? I think it was to run from Sodus Point, New York, to Baltimore, a part of the old road that runs through the village of Enfield Falls, New York, about eight miles northeast of Ithaca

We have been unable to locate any data Perhaps some of our readers may be able to throw some light on this subject.

R. S., Chicago.—We cannot say where you might purchase a blue-print showing a side elevation of a locomotive In regard to a reference chart with a list of the mechanical parts, the Angus Sinclair Company, 114 Liberty Street, New York City, publishes sectional views of the American, Atlantic, Consolidation, and Mikado type locomotives. These charts show a sectional fantom view of the locomotives, the parts being numbered and the names given. The price is twenty-five cents each.



What the INVENTORS Are Doing

BY LESTER L. SARGENT.

IN place of the 294 different tables which the express companies now require to figure transportation charges, a Mechanical Computer has been invented by Neil P. Leary, Washington, D. C. A tape which is wound on spools and contained within a compasslike casing, bears printed tables of rates which are visible through the glass face of the casing. A slide piece mounted over the visible portion of the tape in the glass face of the casing affords a small observation opening and permits of the easy selection of the proper transportation charge for any desired weight or standard package from among those listed on the printed tape. One of the spools is wound to bring the desired portion of the tape into view, the other spool running free. The inventor believes that errors amounting to thousands of dollars in overcharges and undercharges occurring annually under the old system of separately paged tables may now be eliminated.

SEMIINDIRECT Lighting is produced by a new fixture patented by Harry C. Adam, St. Louis. Instead of having the light glaring in the eyes of the passenger it is first shunted upward by a reflector beneath the lamp and then reflected back of the passenger by opposing upper reflectors that are adjusted to throw the light where it will not be disagreeable to the passenger who reads while he rides.

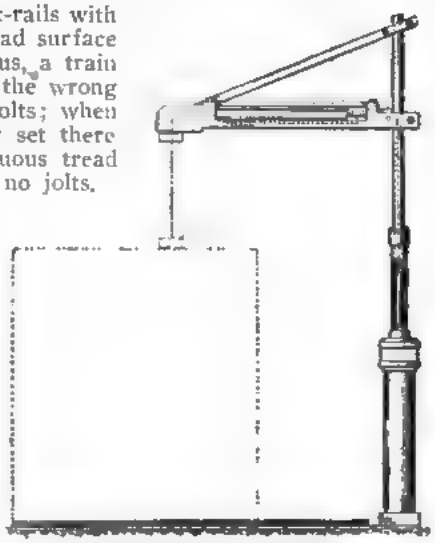
A NEW Transportation Ticket, patented by Charlton Messick, St. Louis, combines the advantages of the mileage-book with those of the strip-ticket. The ticket is in the form of an elongated strip folded so as to be contained within a "book." A longitudinal line of perforations separates the strip into an accounting section and a passage section. Its advantages are that one section of the end portion of the units strip may be converted into a passage ticket by the act of the ticket-agent, the other section of the duplex end portion serving as a self-checking stub. As the conductor is required to take up and return to the accounting department the ticket as validated by the agent, the agent need return only the corresponding "stub" or duplicate section of the duplex strip which he detached. The ticket is thus self-checking.

NEW means for keeping dust out of car journal-boxes is provided in a Dust-Guard invented by Lacey Y. Williams, Toledo, Ohio. A flexible packing of leather or fabric is tacked or nailed to the body of the guard, passed over a spiral spring that encircles the journal-opening, and tacked at its other edge to the other side of the guard. There is sufficient slack between the points at which the packing is nailed to cause it to create folds. When the dust-guard is inserted within the chamber at the back of the journal-box it will be frictionally compressed against the vertical surfaces of the box to a slight extent, thus increasing the folds contiguous to the journal-member and excluding dust.

WILLIAM ALFRED SMITH, Birmingham, Alabama, has an idea for eliminating noise from crossings where car-tracks intersect. At the same time jars and jolts are likewise to be relegated to the past. Excessive wear is to be made less excessive. In case the new track-crossing structure is not perfectly aligned, its safety construction, it is explained, will prevent serious injury. Each intersecting portion of track is mounted as a turntable, with a continuous flange groove extending across it, with humped treads at right angles to that grove, adapt-

ed to aline with the track-rails with which the turntable's tread surface is not in alinement. Thus, a train may safely go across it the wrong way, but with marked jolts; when the turntable is properly set there is a substantially continuous tread between alined rails and no jolts.

MEASURING abnormally large pieces of baggage is now possible with a Baggage Measuring Device invented by Benjamin B. Betts, St. Louis. It has a platform for the baggage and a fixed dimension scale for determining lengths and widths of pieces of baggage. A vertically operable block determines the height of the baggage. Baggage of excess size may thus be ascertained and charged for as handily as has long been done with overweight baggage.



THIS DEVICE, INVENTED BY BENJAMIN B. BETTS, OF ST LOUIS, WILL GIVE THE EXACT SIZE OF ABNORMALLY LARGE PIECES OF BAGGAGE SO THAT THE EXCESS MAY BE EASILY COMPUTED

HUGH DAVISON, New London, Connecticut, has invented a Self-Closing Fender for cars, particularly street-cars. When a person falls on the fender, springs are released which swing it upward, carrying the fended individual upward out of danger.

NOVEL features in the truss work and superstructure of a Railroad Trestle have been patented by Paul Albert Teters, Rock Island, Texas. In place of auger-bored holes and bolts, U-shaped, S-shaped, and L-shaped bolts are employed for securely holding the structural members without their being pierced. Spaced uprights and outer additional truss members have securely bolted to them diagonally positioned sway braces, presenting the appearance of a letter "X," which are in turn fastened to the cap piece by the U-shaped bolts. Stringers carried by the cap pieces are secured in place by the employment of combined S-shaped and L-shaped bolts connecting adjacent pairs of clamping members at spaced positions on opposite sides of the stringers to produce a rigid construction. These clamping bolts, the inventor explains, have a three-way action. They exert primarily a horizontal compression which serves to hold the stringers in place; the stringers are thereby held in vertical alinement, and at the same time, by means of the L-bolt, are clamped firmly down on the cap pieces. The cross-ties are placed transversely on the stringer and spiked down, being further secured in place by having a mortise adjacent their extremities in which the upper guard-rail stringers are positioned.

A JOKE on the car thief has been effectually consummated in the new "Jokerlock" Car Seal devised by a Georgia inventor, and which is manufactured by the H. S. Elkins Company, Washington, D. C. The device is effective because the letters or numbers designating the sealing point, and the initials of the railroad are impressed into the seal strip at its ends after the ends are fastened together by a slotted metal strip from which neither strip-end can be withdrawn without pounding down or destroying the sealing number or stamped initials. If that is done the act cannot escape detection on inspection, as the stamped impression ordinarily projects sharply out of alinement with the rest of the strip which forms the shackle. All parts of the seal are exposed, the stamping of the seal taking the place of a socket and catch. The stamping is done by a sealing-press, hand operated, but capable of readily producing a sharply outlined, deep stamp by reason of a compound leverage action. This is effected by a toggle-link connecting one jaw of the seal with the corresponding handle member. One of these sealing-presses is kept at each sealing point on divisions where the seal is in use. It is being introduced by a number of railroad

DEVIL'S SLIDE, Utah, has won a place in patent records by the perfecting and patenting of a new Loading Apparatus on which packages glide from station to car and from the first car to the car beyond. Consider, for instance, the loading of bags of cement: the use of a chute is done away with. Instead, the bags are put on an endless conveyer in

the station which carries them to inclined aprons, and thence to an upwardly inclined conveyer mounted in the car adjacent to the station through which the bags of cement travel, say in single file, to the upper end of a second inclined apron down which they toboggan into the second car, where they are stacked by hand. An advantage of this invention over the former through-chute device from car to car is that no serious damage is done if either of the cars is started during the loading. If the car nearest the station were accidentally started while the apparatus was set up the worst that might happen would be the breaking of the conveyer chain leading into it. If the further car was started up it would take its apron along but cause no breaks of any kind. The apparatus consequently affords a safe as well as expeditious means

THE LYONS INVENTION TO PREVENT A TRESPASSER'S FOOT FROM WEDGING BETWEEN THE MAIN AND GUARD RAILS.

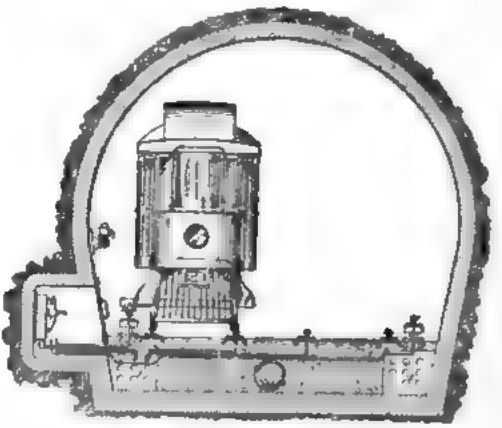
of loading. Alexander V. Jensen is the inventor.

A FOOT-GUARD for rails, invented by Daniel D. Lyons, Carpenter, Iowa, is beneficently designed to prevent the catching or wedging of a person's foot between the main and guard rails of a railroad. The guard plates employed between the converging rails have shouldered portions that project so as to form a stop to prevent insertion of the toe. The plates throughout their length extend from the outer portion of the base flange to the lower portion of the rail head, thus closing the dangerous open space that would otherwise exist between converging rails.

WALTER S. ADAMS, Philadelphia, has invented an Attachment for Car Seats which locks the cushion so that it cannot be removed unless the seat-back is in mid position. This is to prevent the accidental tilting of a car-seat cushion when the seat is in position to be occupied by passengers.

AN Apparatus for Heating Water to fill and wash the boilers of locomotives in roundhouses, has been invented by George H. Gibson, Montclair, New Jersey. The underlying idea of the invention is to utilize the heat that might otherwise be wasted in the blow-off of the locomotive. A pipe connects the boiler with a jet condenser, which, by reason of the creation of a vacuum effects the withdrawal of steam from the boiler and also draws additional steam from the hot water in the locomotive boiler until the temperature of that water has been reduced far below a temperature at which steam is liberated under normal conditions. The boiler water may then be allowed to run to waste, comparatively little heat being wasted. The heated water flowing from the condenser, which is to be utilized for washing and filling purposes, is carried to a suitable tank or heater. Thermostats set for the desired temperature regulate the operation of the apparatus automatically.

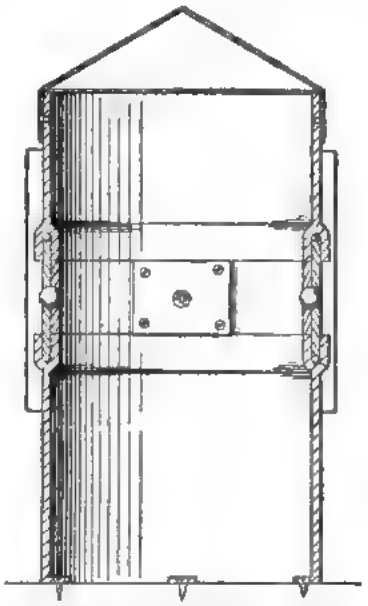
A POSTHUMOUS patent to the late George Westinghouse has just been issued on an Electric Railway located in tunnels. Provision is made against the electrification of the passengers in case a train breaks down in a tunnel. The power circuit is interrupted and a considerable length of the tunnel electrically isolated in case an accidental short-circuit occurs. A series of circuit breakers are provided for this purpose. These devices are located in chambers at the side of the tunnel; the chambers are connected with ducts beneath the road-bed in which the electric conductors are laid. In these ducts are located the leads which connect the circuit-breakers with the cables and with the rails. The circuit-breakers are pneumatically operated, a characteristic feature of so many Westinghouse inventions. Compressed air, an electro-magnet, piston, air-cylinder, and valve mechanism all ingeniously combined



THE LATE GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE'S DEVICE TO PREVENT THE ELECTRIFICATION OF PASSENGERS IN THE EVENT OF ACCIDENT IN AN ELECTRIC SUBWAY.

when set in operation release a spring that opens the circuit-breaker to prevent short-circuiting of main conductors by reason of derailment of a train, or other accident. This circuit-breaking mechanism may be reset from a distant point.

A SAFETY Turret for express cars has been patented by Edwin A. Strattman, Bogalusa, Louisiana. It is an armor-clad cylindrical retreat for the express-agent beset by robbers. The express-messenger, on the first signal of a robbery, steps into the turret, swings the door to and locks it from the inside and proceeds to man the guns. After the ammunition in one firearm is exhausted on the robbers, a revoluble section of the turret may be turned so as to permit the use of other firearms.



AN ARMOR-CLAD CYLINDRICAL "FORT" TO BE USED BY EXPRESS MESSENGERS IN THE EVENT OF AN ATTACK BY TRAIN ROBBERS.

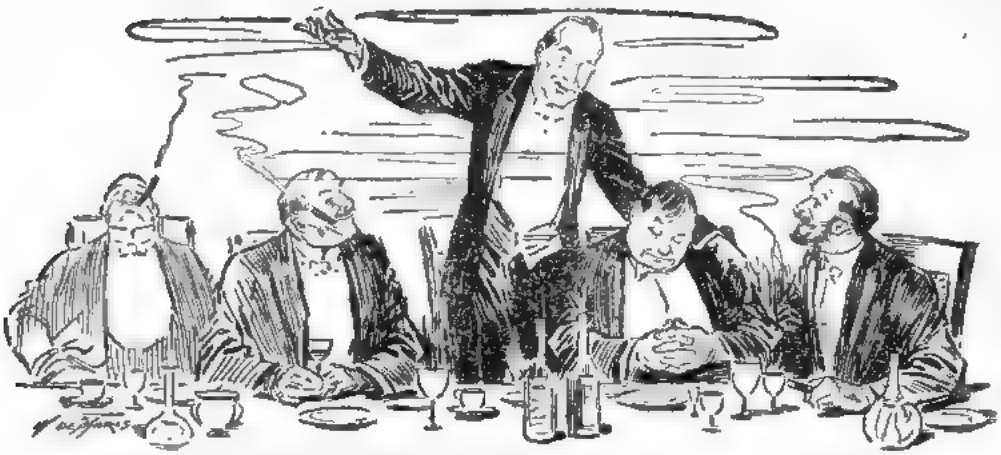
FRANK E. STEBBINS, Washington, D. C., is the patentee of an Alcove Sleeping-Car embodying improvements in the construction of upper berths. Those lofty sleeping-quarters in the new car are brought nearer the floor. There is a corresponding lowering of the lower berths so as to allow ample intermediate space. The upper berth consists of an inner part and an outer part hinged to is so as to extend horizontally when let down, this extended portion being supported by a cable from the top of the car. With this construction the upper berth when folded up takes up little room and leaves a wide, unobstructed space in the top portion of the car.

A LUBRICATING Roller to supply oil to car-journals has been invented by Henry O. Smead, Newton, Kansas. It is immersed in the lubricant in the journal box, contains absorbent material which retains the oil, and has openings in the face of the roller for the exudation of the lubricant to the journal.

AN Automatic Train-Stop has recently been patented by Frederick I. Leach, an engineer, of Lynn, Massachusetts. It is mechanically operated. It can, however, be operated on an electric road where standard air-brakes are used. The automatic stop is effected by a trip device carried at the front part of the engine and adapted to be operated by an obstacle or track-detent under the control of the roadway signal system if the train is not stopped by the engineer at a danger signal. The trip device operates valves that apply the air-brakes and cut off the power. The device is independent of all control by the engineer. An interesting additional use of the invention is the employment of a portable trip in emergencies when a train is stalled. This may be carried back a suitable distance and placed so as to bring a following train to a standstill, thus eliminating the danger of rear-end collisions.

JOHN RUSKIN'S DESCRIPTION OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

I cannot express the amazed awe, the crushed humility, with which I sometimes watch a locomotive take its breath at a railroad station, and think what work there is in its bars and wheels, and what manner of men they must be who dig brown ironstone out of the ground and forge it into that! What assemblage of accurate and mighty faculties in them; more than fleshly power over melting crag and coiling fire, fettered, and finessed at last into the precision of watchmaking.



AND THEN FROM THE STREET BELOW CAME THE SHRILL, TREBLE SHOUT OF A NEWSBOY.

Honk and Horace.

BY EMMET F. HARTE.

Our Old Friends Invest Their Savings in F. and A. Railroad Stock.

"I WAS talking with Carter Finley just now," remarked Honk, eying me somewhat severely. "He tells me that the banks absolutely will not loan any more money to anybody for less than eight or ten per cent."

"That's nice," said I, unperturbed, "for the banks; but why the two per cent leeway? Why not say either eight or ten and stick to it?"

"Ah!" Honk expanded with an opportunity to explain something. "You see, my boy, it's like this: If a big factory or corporation wants a loan, and its securities are gilt edge, the bank charges them eight per cent. On the other hand, if an individual—for instance a personal friend of the banker—needs a little financial aid for sixty or ninety days on his own paper they're obliged to charge him ten."

"H-m!" said I. "I see one thing sticking out, and that is—the personal friend's the lad that gets the worst of it. Moral: do not be a personal—"

"Bah!" interrupted Honk rudely. "The important thing, however, that we're up against is the fact that money is tighter than its been for years, and business is practically at a standstill all over the country. Economic conditions are alarming. The business world is facing a crisis. No man can tell what minute the storm will burst in all its fury."

I preserved a semblance of calmness only by clapping on the emergency brakes of my iron will. And, true to the traditions of my race—a ruthless, daredevil breed, i' faith, a fighting strain that sings while charging into the cannon's mouth, nor little recks whether school keeps or not—I e'en

All back numbers containing Honk and Horace stories for sale at this office.

made shift to jest, though the ship were, indeed, blown up and sinking, as he intimated.

"Why, business seems much the same," I remarked cheerfully: "at least I'm about as busy as ever in my particular sphere. Maybe it's like a cartoon I saw the other day in a newspaper. It depicted Business hiding under a bed while Opportunity searched the house, trying to find him. Probably everybody's more scared than hurt."

"That's right, make fun, Horace. Go on in your blind, benighted, boneheaded way, to scoff and mouth silly jokes while you sit, in fancied security, right over a floating mine. You're like a lot of other foolish people. You would descend into the crater of a volcano on a cobweb, or carry a blazing torch through a powder magazine—for the simple reason that you don't know any better. But wait, my friend! You and those like you are going to be taught a bitter and lasting lesson one of these fine days. The grim grip of a slow but sure destiny is gradually tightening its strangle-hold on your weasand, and you'll not be able to evade the issue forever."

"The deuce you say!" Was it, indeed, possible that, in the hurry and bustle of my busy life I had actually let myself get compromised in the way he said? "Wha-what would y-you advise me to do?" I asked nonchalantly.

"I advise you as I do myself," replied Honk with funereal solemnity. "We must both of us call a halt. Prepare for the worst, so that, when the bottom blows out, as it undoubtedly will, we'll not be caught in the wreckage. All signs point to a financial upheaval in the near future, Horace. And no wonder. Look at the average American of the day. What is he? A spendthrift, a wastrel, a foolshead, taking no heed of to-morrow as long as he finds the sun shining to-day. You and I are not exceptions—we're just as bad as the rest. Luxury-lovers, lollers in motor-cars, lotus-eaters, voluptuaries, Horace, with grilled mushroom tastes opposed to our stewed pumpkin resources. The things that our forefathers deemed unattainable luxuries we consider necessary to our bare existence. My grandfather used to keep cool in summer with an occasional gourdful of spring water and a big palm-leaf fan; but now it'd take a couple of electric fans, various buckets of iced drinks and an evening spin in a five-thousand-dollar motor, to keep him from melting and disappearing in a cloud of steam. I've seen the old codger's picture taken in winter time. He wore a coonskin cap and a knit comforter and lived in a log cabin with cracks in it big enough to throw a hound-dog through.

"That wouldn't serve to-day. Now, he'd have to have steam radiators, fur-lined chinchillas, fleeced merino pajamas, electric foot-warmers and a valet to order around, or else he'd freeze to death the first light frost."

"Personally, I don't own an electric foot-warmer or a valet, either," I objected nervously, "and when I loll in a five-thousand-dollar auto somebody else is paying the carrying charges. And when I own a fur-lined overcoat I won't be staying here nor anywhere else. I'll be gone from you."

"But listen to me!" thundered Honk. "How much money have you salted away for stormy weather? Not ten dollars, I'll bet. Neither have I, for that matter. We're both in the same old leaky boat with no haven in sight and a storm brewing."

"Well, I had thirty plunks left over last pay day," I quavered, "but something went wrong with it—it sort of dwindled away. But"—I brightened up a little—"there's no reason why I shouldn't have money to throw at the birds when I get my next *pro rata*."

"That's it exactly!" growled Honk. "You've already thrown too much coin at the birds. You've wasted your substance in riotous living. When the bleak winds rave, the cold rain de-

scends, and the yowl of the wolf is heard at the door, where'll you be, eh?"

I bristled. It was all true, of course, but one hates to be told of their shortcomings in that many words.

"Oh, I don't know," I retorted; "you needn't call me down! Where's the six hundred you had in the bank a year or so ago? What do you do with your princely stipend, month after month? You don't look to me much like a bloated bondholder. I'm not the only candidate for almshouses in this neighborhood."

Honk dismounted from his high horse. "Our social obligations," he palavered, "necessitate the expenditure of some money. We have to keep up our end. My losses at bridge and—well, theater stalls, suppers at the Palazzo, and—and everything costs, you know."

"You bet. Especially when a sixty-dollar four-flusher is trying to make a noise like a six-cylinder sport. I'd 've been well heeled to-day if I hadn't let you inveigle me into this high-society foolishness. I've been buncoed out of my money—"

"Hoity-toity, Horace. You're having a silly spell now. What is gone is gone. The nub of the thing is this: Recriminations won't bring back our wasted substance, and crabbing at each other won't help matters a bit. Let us get down to the heart of it. Here we are in the halcyon period of our capabilities, our ability to earn money is at its best; we're still vigorous and in full possession of all our physical and mental powers; but a day draws ever nearer when old age will creep upon us, dimming the sparkling brilliance of our eyes, banking the fires of youth and hobbling the quick pulses that now throb within us and make us lusty and eager to be up and doing. Now, to-day, if ever, is our golden opportunity to build a stanch shelter to protect us against the storm-blasts of adversity. Now, to-day, to-morrow, and the next day is the time to secure

I MADE OUR DAILY ORDER TO THE GROCER AND MEATERER, AS WELL AS BAKER AND PASTRIER, LOOK AS IF A SHELL FROM A SIEGE-GUN HAD STRUCK IT.

ourselves against the scant mercies of an unscrupulous future!"

His impassioned words moved me strangely. Stout-hearted though I am and bold of spirit to the point of utter recklessness, his words gave me pause. The picture suggested—of myself a doddering, decrepit old wretch; a pariah, an outcast, hungry, cold (or hot in season), ragged, piebald; a pitiful plaything of the fates, at the mercy of an unheeding world—almost took my cork clear under to think of it. I was ready to sue for terms without further quibbling.

"Well, what do you want me to *do?*" I asked tremulously. "Spit it out, and let's begin before it's too late."

"We must retrench," said Honk solemnly. "We must turn over a new leaf and put in operation some kind of a system which will enable us to save money. A nickel here and a dime there accumulated daily will soon give us a sinking fund for our old age. What if we do have to deny ourselves a little? It 'll be worth it in the end. You can cut expenses on every hand. Take, for instance, extra newspapers, cigars, moving-picture shows, popular magazines, café lunches—each costs a trifling sum, but the aggregate total of all added together will astonish you, I'll warrant. And there's our housekeeping expenses! You're in charge of that part of it, and you must admit that you spend money like water for what we eat. The most expensive cuts of meat, sugar-cured hams, and high-priced breakfast bacon; pastries, imported canned dainties—all sorts of extravagances—"

Now it's a well-known fact in psychology that if you want to start something just begin to berate a housekeeper about his or her method of handling the culinary end of the household expenses. I began to feel a warm glow stealing over me.

"How much do you pay for eggs?" Honk went on loudly. "And clam chowder, canned lobster, maple syrup—the genuine, New England article. I believe—to say nothing of imported sardines, and hot muffins delivered every morning by special messenger from the bakeshop two blocks away—I tell you we're wasting our substance in riotous living!"

I squirmed a little; but I let the chance pass to detonate in his face.

"I can remember," he continued reminiscently, "when sorghum molasses was considered a delicacy—at twenty cents a gallon. When I was a kid we had corn pone, and beans, and hominy, and the toothsome bosom of the festive swine. We didn't have any high-priced, gold-labeled Medoc to wash it down with either. Six dollars a month would feed a family of five, and indigestion hadn't been introduced into polite society."

"Enough!" I exclaimed, cornered and browbeaten by his eloquence at last. "I really believe you're right. I can see where we are, as you say, on the shoot-the-chute that leads to digestive as well as financial ruin. Maybe we should operate our domestic plant on a more economical basis. I'll see what I can do. But don't get the mistaken notion that I'm the only spendthrift in this house. While we're adopting this aforesaid tightwad system of frugality as a life-preserver which will snatch us out of the lion's jaws and enable us to safely descend into a sheltered port where we'll be protected from the icy blasts and thunderbolts of the impending equatorial upheaval, I'll ask you something. What are you contemplating giving up while the renunciation's good?"

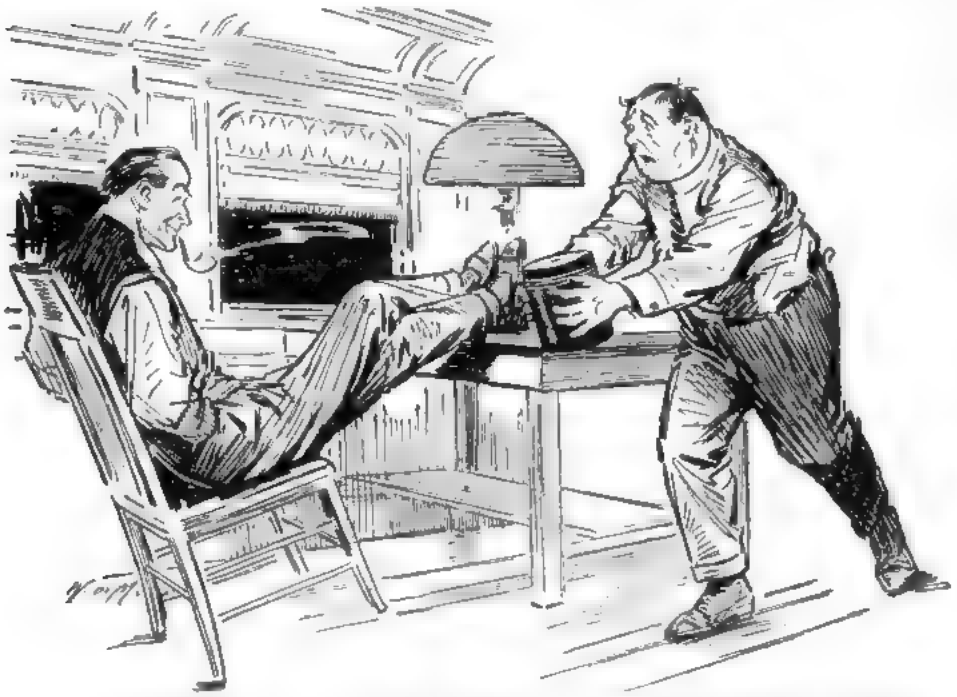
Honk puffed himself full of wind, and his eye flashed with high resolve. "I shall give up grand opera," he said, "at five dollars a seat, and cigars, taxicabs, and the foolish habit of treating every man I'm introduced to, whether I ever expect to see him again or not, a pernicious and absurd practise. I shall swear off tipping entirely. I intended buying me a new pump-gun this spring, with shooting-coat, cap, and hip-boots to match; I'll give that

all up. I'll have my old straw hat cleaned, and my last year's low-cuts half-soled, and make them do this summer. Of course, tobacco hasn't ever been so very expensive in my case—"

"No, it hasn't," I admitted readily, "considering that you mooch—"

He waved that point aside airily. strongly. Come to think of it, the family crest of my family was a hedgehog couchant below a mailed fist clutching a bird, with the motto: 'Safety First!'"

I might have gone on and elaborated upon this subject if encouraged, but Honk abruptly emitted a distinct snort of derision, got up, and went out



"NOT SO LOUD, HORACE," HONK GRINNED SHEEPISHLY "I TOOK THE MONEY THIS AFTERNOON. I BOUGHT F AND A COMMON AT THIRTEEN"

"Lemme have a small chew now, while I think of it, Horace. Tobacco, as I was about to remark," he continued, biting a horse-track out of my plug, "is a necessity; it soothes and calms the overwrought nerves, clears the brain, and fits a man for his work It comes under the head of the essentials, so we'll continue to chew and smoke when we feel like it. But I suggest that you stock up with a quantity of some good Perique, and we get out our old pipes; cigars are an extravagance."

I assented. "Retrenchment is the word. Since you've brought up the subject, I'll say that it appeals to me hastily. I doubt if he took me seriously.

And now, friends—and others who are not so easily bamboozled—take it from me that we entered upon a period of strict tightwadding in daily expenditures, exactly as planned. First off, I made our daily order to the grocer and meaterer, as well as baker and pastrier, look as if a shell from a siege-gun had struck it. All the fancy truck with high-toned names was relegated to the discard, and the Landwehr, like rice, cornmeal, beans, spuds, and salt pork, were called to the colors You'd be surprised to know what a conscientious retrencher can do with

these old standbyes. Take cornmeal "mush," for instance. Formula:

Stew or parboil four or five pounds of meal (ground maize) in water, salted to taste. Ladle out and serve in bowls, or whatever's handy, adding sugar and milk if desirable. Eat with a spoon. Milk expense may be materially cut by diluting what the milkman left with ordinary well, cistern, or hydrant water. Who laughed? Oh, milkman! Humph! Then, for luncheon, add more water to the semi-solid mass left over from the breakfast, reheat, and serve, ditto. Eat heartily. (Rinse out the milk bottle.)

Dinner—some call it supper. Fried mush. That's all. What? I said that's all.

You can repeat this treatment every day, or by alternate days, indefinitely, or until the patient begins to squeal after meals like a pig, when a good plan is to skip three or four days and save trouble.

Then there's pork and beans—fairly safe, and an undeniably solid and sane fare for men of red blood and robust nerves; for brain-food, there's fish—pickled mackerel, and the familiar, old, time-tried "blind robin" of yesteryear, or the year before. What was it the poet Jasper said of smoked herring? "Age cannot wither, nor customer's fingers stale—" Well, anyway—let's get down to business.

HONK THOUGHT UP A PLAN WHEREBY WE COULD SAVE A DOLLAR EACH ALTERNATE WEEK

And there's oatmeal, and sweet potatoes, and sauerkraut!

Once we got the system in operation, our method of arriving at the amount of money saved each day was as follows:

Just before we severed friendly relations with Messrs. Skinner and Robwell, fancy and imported groceries, Honk obtained from them the carbon

copies of our daily orders for foodstuffs during the preceding year; the same thing was done in the case of big "Ham" Handworth, the butcher. All that was necessary thereafter was to compare each day's disbursements with corresponding date of the year before, and the difference was our saving. Thus:

Groceries, pastries, meats, *et cetera*, per orders, February 14, 1914	$5.93
One package rolled oats, 10c., one pint milk, 5c., February 14, 1915	.15
Saving	$5.78

At the outset I, for one, began to see bank-accounts looming large in the offing; but when I'd subsisted for a fortnight on oatmeal and pale milk my dreams of wealth were tinged with a secret hope that some day I might be permitted to visit Scotland in a Zeppelin. It's a fact you do grow weary of any article of diet after so long a time.

But as regards the savings proposition. Honk and I got an old gunpowder can, cutting a slot in the top large enough to admit the passage of a dollar, or even a bigger coin if necessary, which receptacle for accumulations of increment we set under the kitchen-table. Every Saturday night we figured up our profits and deposited them in cash in this improvised bank. It was quite safe. No burglar would think of looking there for money, and nobody knew about the cache but the two of us. So far so fair.

I think it was about two weeks later when, one evening, Honk began to hem and haw over his cold-boiled potatoes. According to my reckoning, we had saved forty dollars.

"H-m, Horace," he said finally, "whatchoo think about investing our surplus money? Money—if properly invested—will rapidly earn more money, you know."

"Yep, I know," I returned dryly, "and I'm also aware that money if given a little leeway will toss its tail and skip out without even waiting to let you kiss it good-by. A steady diet of oatmeal," I continued, "makes a mon canny, dinna ye ken? Besides, my family motto is 'safety fir'—"

"Bah! Rats!" snapped Honk. "You and your family mottos make me tired! I'll bet your folks 'd have run themselves to death if they'd ever seen a coat of arms. From all accounts your Grandpap Peevey down in the canebrakes along the Cumberland died without knowing that there'd been a war, let alone that it was over."

"You don't say!" I snapped back. "Well, that was better than hiding out in the marshes along Chesapeake Bay for four years to keep from serving in the army, as your grandfather did. I've heard that your ancestors all had webbed feet and lived on crawfish. Is that right?" I demanded belligerently.

He probably saved himself a severe chastising by not replying, for I was a trifle over two-thirds full of Irish potatoes at the time—and Irish potatoes make me warlike.

But a week later I chanced to read in a newspaper somebody had discarded in the waiting-room how a man had swapped a shotgun for a farm in Oklahoma, struck oil, gas, *et cetera*, and in less than six weeks mopped up half a million in profits. I myself broached the subject to Honk of investing our capital—now something like $65.40, as I had it figured up.

"Let's buy a farm," I said abruptly one day at dinner. Honk let a bean go down the wrong flue. (It came out at his starboard nostril later.)

"What—phooie!—had you—hakka-hakka—in mind?" he queried in due course

"An oil farm," I explained, "or gas, say. Something we could realize on in a week or ten days."

Honk made a horrible face, doubtless on account of the bean, which still was at large in his system. Then he spoke in a conciliatory tone of voice, to wit:

"Who's been stringing you now, Horace? What's the joke?"

"It's no joke," I said. "I read it in a newspaper."

"Umph!" He pondered a minute. "Listen!" he resumed, fixing me with a hypnotic eye. "Get your mind off of gas. This afternoon I had a long, confidential chat with Armitage. You've heard about the Florida and Alaska Railway, I suppose? It's been in bad repute lately; equipment run down, deferred dividends, stock demoralized, threatened receivership, and so on. Well, the Wilmot crowd have it now; they got control yesterday." He waited for me to enthuse.

"Good!" I said. "That's fine dope. But what of it? How the Sam Hill does it affect us?"

Honk's voice sank to an excited whisper. "The stock is now away down. F. and A. common was offered at thirteen to-day. When the news comes out that the road's to be reorganized with unlimited resources behind it the stock will soar, and lucky will be he who is in on the ground floor."

He had me going. It sounded good, even to an oat-eater. "Er—um"—I hesitated—"but you know my family mot—"

"Exactly. Still, this is a cinch. I've got inside information. Armitage is plunging himself. The balloon ascension may start to-morrow. Armitage says—"

I made up my mind without further palaver. Trembling with eagerness, I rose and hurriedly stepped into the kitchen to get our cherished hoard. I returned with the can in my hands, breathless, for a strange and terrible thing had happened.

The can was very light—it felt hollow, in fact. I shook it. It was empty—like a punctured soap-bubble. I burst into a species of hoarse bray.

"We've been robbed!" I shouted. "We've been *robbed!*"

"Not so loud, Horace," Honk grinned sheepishly. "I took the money this afternoon. I bought F. and A. common at thirteen; fifty shares, my boy, on a ten per cent margin; if she goes to forty we win right at a thousand apiece; but say she hits eighty, or ninety—"

"Or nine, or eight!" I growled. "Bucket shopping is a mighty uncertain proposition for the shopper; his bucket often has a concealed hole in it. But to stick to the theme. Fifty shares at thirteen is six-fifty; ten per cent of that is sixty-five; where's the extra forty cents, please?"

Honk was caught, as many another appropriator of loose change has been caught, in the toils of the eagle-eyed auditor. He confessed that he and Armitage had squandered the money for cigars and lemonade, or some such extravagance. Well, I told him about it, you bet.

The money was tied up. F. and A. opened next morning at fourteen, rose to fifteen, and closed at twelve. You can figure it yourself; we weren't in the deal then only about as far as you can dent an armor-plate by butting it with your head. Probably if the market had kept open ten minutes longer they'd 've got all of our sixty-five.

Now comes the tale of our real skimping and pinching:

Our F. and A. holdings forced us into awful sacrifices, whereby we might scrape together a few dollars to put up on margins. Honk called it "protecting ourselves," I called it flinging good coin after bad. It was along about here that we annulled one meal a day, and cut out tobacco unless we could beg the essentials from friends; we'd been doing our own laundry work for some time, and Honk thought up a plan whereby we could save a dollar each alternate week, viz.: to wear our linen twice as long and wash biweekly instead of weekly. But I refused to turn my collars in order to extend their period of usefulness. I'll not be a whited sepulcher without and a coal-bin within, not for twice three cents!

F. and A. seemed to watch us like a hawk. It would flit up to fourteen, hover a point or two either way, maybe for three or four days or a week, till we managed to get another twenty dollars saved, whereupon 'twould swoop down to eleven, and we had to put up or—we had to put up. Once it dropped to ten. We quit sugaring our coffee, quit coffee, quit shining our own shoes even, because we'd run out of blacking.

Personally I hadn't been to a movie show for weeks, and my friends no longer knew me. Thus are we repudiated on every hand when we tighten up our purse-strings. Truly hath the sage put it: "A tightwad is without honor in his own precinct."

Both Honk and I began to have a slinking, furtive, grasping look, usually sitting in the car at night, after our crackers and water, with pencil and paper, figuring on how to save a penny by some new sacrifice or other. Sometimes I got pettish.

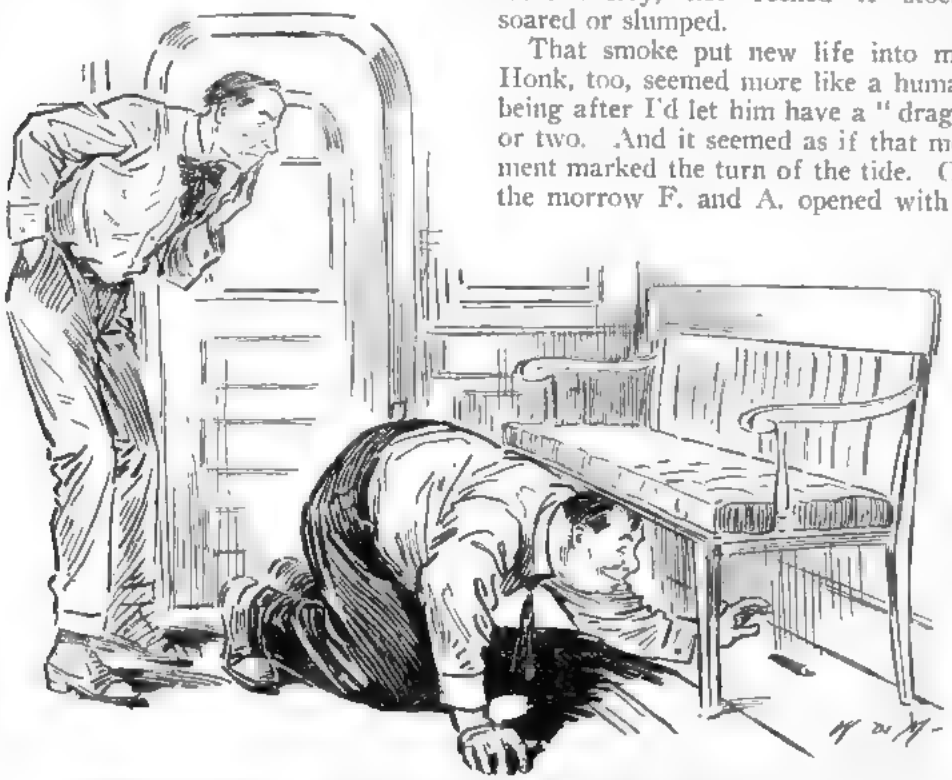
"I hope you're satisfied," I glowered one night. "Your wonderful investment closed at nine asked, and nothing bid, to-day. We have ten dollars in the war-chest. Do you want it?"

Honk stopped massaging his hands over having saved a quarter by cutting his own hair to peer at me from under his brows

"Eh?" he cackled. "Yes, I guess so. We got to protect ourselves. But just wait! Wait till the dividends begin to come in! Then you'll—"

"Yes, I'll do wonders—when they do!" I scoffed; and then I paused, my eyes glistening. I'd glimpsed something on the floor under the settee—something that I made haste to pounce upon like a famished cat. 'Twas a half-smoked stogie—mute souvenir of happier days when we ate, drank, and were merry, nor recked if stocks soared or slumped.

That smoke put new life into me. Honk, too, seemed more like a human being after I'd let him have a "drag" or two. And it seemed as if that moment marked the turn of the tide. On the morrow F. and A. opened with a



I'D GLIMPSED SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR UNDER THE SETTEE—SOMETHING THAT I MADE HASTE TO POUNCE UPON LIKE A FAMISHED CAT

decidedly bullish trend, which grew more pronounced as the day deepened.

For many days thereafter this upward movement gained in power, till finally, even as Honk had argued, the ascension began which was to land us on cloud-kissed peaks of affluence.

From its near-bedrock starting point at nine nominal, F. and A. common mounted to ten, then twenty, then thirty. Ten, twenty, thirt—at thirty, I, individually, was winner some $767, or $677. I know it was a lucky number, anyway, even with broker's commission deducted.

At forty our air-ship sailed around a bit, did a few loop-the-loops, and one spiral glide back to thirty-two—then again up, up, and away, away! Honk spent each day from ten till three at the bucket-shop bulletin-board, returning weak and faint with excitement to our evening meal of boiled rice or stewed turnips. The day our winnings reached the fat, aggregate total of $2,800 I tired suddenly of oatmeal. I felt a strange gnawing within me. I bought and ate, all by myself, a can of mustard sardines, and felt better. At 4 P.M. I flew up.

"Say," I told Honk, "I've a sudden fancy for good things to eat. What say we unbend to-night. Let us send out the fiery cross, commandeer a few boon companions, and partake of some real sustenance at the Palazzo. For my part, John D. Rothchild hasn't got anything on me."

"Circumstances do alter cases," admitted Honk, reaching for the phone.

He mobilized Pillsbury, Carter Finley, Higgins, and seven others, while I conferred with M. Jean Jacques O'Toole, chef *par excellence*, and mentioned our needs. And the end justified the means.

At the appointed hour we gathered, a gay and care-free assemblage, once again where the lights were bright, and the soulful scent of real food was in our nostrils. 'Twas a goodly spread, beginning with something and ending with something better. Twelve places were reserved for our party at five dollars per platter—a mere nothing—a trifle—a song! The canvas-back and the lamb's breast with what-you-may-call-it sauce I had was easily worth ten dollars, to say nothing of a host of other things, including cheese and "extra dry."

At midnight loud cries of "Simpson!" "Speech!" "Speech!" were heard.

Honk rose after the usual protestations of reluctance and limned a few word pictures. I remember that he was in the midst of an eloquent passage when I awoke later.

"The pennies, gentlemen," he thundered—"the nickels, the dimes, the quarters—are the stepping-stones to fortune! Only in so far as we guard with jealous care the tiny trickle, the seemingly insignificant and inconsequential outgo, the careless expenditure of these nickels and dimes and quarters are we at last able to laugh at the howling of the wolf-pack. Only by self-sacrifice and watchful waiting do we attain the heights. Here to-night are Horace, my good comrade, and myself at peace with all the world. Time was—and that at no great distance in the immediate past—when we were beset by dire forebodings. We saw the handwriting on the wall, gentlemen. We read the somber signs of the times aright, and we steered our frail bark accordingly. Now, where do we stand? Ah, my good friends, all, I am happy to tell you that we—"

And then from the street below came the shrill, treble shout of a newsboy. Sharp, penetrating, insistent, his call reached us as we sat there.

"Extree! Extree! Big railroad gone to th' wall! F. and A. Railroad in th' hands o' receivers! Get 'n' extree—pa-per!"

Well, the rest is a mere bagatelle. We tried to save car fare, if possible, out of the wreck when the market opened next day; but the elevator was going down when we boarded it, and its destination was the basement.

Spike Malone on Yardmen.

BY JOHN C. RUSSELL.

He Gives Some Reasons Why the Switchman Never Gets the Pin On the First Try.

SPIKE MALONE came home from a night spent laboring in the yard with an ingrowing grouch of majestic proportions. Of course, I rubbed it in the worst way I knew, and after we had picked up the book-case, replaced the books, set the table on its legs, and picked up the fragments of the wash-bowl and pitcher, we settled down to talk matters over

"Talk about rawhide!" snorted Spike. "One out; one back! Back up and slack ahead a little! Ea-asy! Dadgum it; the coupling didn't make! That's what I've been doing all night. Or else: Give 'em a kick and then here's a wash-out. Then kick 'em again. Why? The switchman never gets the pin the first try does he?

"Also, I rise right here to remark that if ever I gets to make a kick of a string of cars without having these here yard-jaspers run me over the switch and back me up again, I swear to you, Rusty, I faints on the instant.

"One of these here railroad mysteries that you-all is so fond of prating to me about seems to me to be just this. I don't figure that I'm any thicker in the skull than the average run of hogheads scattered throughout this fair land of ours; but when it comes to yard work, I'm away out on a limb.

"Me and these here jaspers what elects to earn their daily three square pers by laboring in a yard, sports not a thing in common. My mental processes is so far different from theirs that I'm surely at a loss to figure the whyfor and the whence of the various stunts they perpetrates during the course of a day.

"From their point of view, they're all to the mustard; but, take it from me, I characterizes the tactics they pursues as nothing short of extreme idiocy—same as they does for me.

"At that you has yet to sight me to any road-hogger that dwells in peace and harmony with a bunch of snakes; there ain't no such episode in history!

"It's a many a moon before I realizes whyfor the railroad fraternity denominates switchmen by the name of 'snakes,' in which same cognomen they surely glories. I used to think they derives that nickname from the letter 'S' which they sports on their pins; but I has lately arrived at the true significance thereof. And it's this:

"Snakes, as you-all is doubtless aware, pursues their way mostly along the ground, same as switchmen, and snakes is mighty smooth customers with which to wrangle. They hasn't a single thing on these yard-jaspers that I ever perceives. Also snakes—specially these here old he-diamond back-rattlers—is mighty apt to go on the peck on the slightest possible excuse; and, believe me or not, you

got to hand it to the switchmen when it gets down to an appetite for trouble. 'Trouble' is their middle name! You hear me shout!

"A piece back, Windy Williams, the Adonis call-boy, routs me out of the hay one morning with the cheering information that I'm elected to a day goat. I tries to inveigle him into calling some other duck, but Windy has his usual date with a skirt, and can't spare the time a little bit; so I'm stung.

"I mopes forth, seeing red, and I finds Carl Kelly curled up on the seat-box of the 'gine I'm to wrastle with all day; and right there I *know* I'm stuck aplenty.

"No! I surely deems Kell a mighty tolerable fireman; but Kell possesses the fatal nose for trouble; has a habit of romping forth and searching for the same, and he usually lands an amount of that worthless commodity a heap too large for him to handle alone. Whereupon, he sends up a hurry call for assistance, and passes over a large hunk of his wo to any of his friends that happen to be handy. Me and Kell has seen some high old ructions he digs up from the most unpromising sources.

"We two exchanges a mess of repartee whilst I'm shifting into my fighting clothes, and, after I dumps a little run-fast on the old mill's secret works, we ambles down the yard to the switch-shanty where we collects the aggregation that represents our own particular crew, and sets forth on the labors of the day. While we're getting down to the end of the yard the *hombre* that's following the engine makes a sneak back into the cab and proceeds to hand me an earful of real cheerful information.

"'Old head,' he says, 'you-all is up against one grand proposition!'

"'I hear you say so,' I tells him.

"'Take it from me, I'm right,' he insists. 'This here is a first-class crew if we has a man for a foreman that knows his business; but we don't, not by several jugfuls! This animal what we has inflicted on us, purporting to be an engine foreman, is a student, and what he don't sabe about switching fills the dictionary. He's surely the limit plus two!' Leaving me to mull that news about in my head, he beats it for the front footboard. And, Rusty, he was right. Just even right!

"You-all sabes how this here Tucson yard is run right up-hill, so you needn't be noways surprised when I confers the information on you that we buckles into a string as long as a drunkard's dream, and proceeds to kick them all up the hill.

"Looks like a real human would have gone at them from the up-hill side so's the cars would roll into their appointed tracks down the slope with mighty little urging from the 'gine. That's the way they works these hump-yards, you know. But no, we grabs the string aforesaid, hauls them out of the lead, and proceeds to administer kick after kick.

"Laboring, as I am, with the throttle and Johnson bar, any little thing out of the ordinary comes as a mighty welcome diversion, and, you can take it from me, old-timer, it ain't very long before we has the aforesaid diversions aplenty.

"We has hold of a mess of loaded oil-cans, and has just kicked one of 'em in on four and is about to kick another, when the first stunt pops up This foreman jasper hands me the high-sign, and I get a nice roll on 'em when Kell lets a whoop out of him, throws both feet up on the boiler-head, and braces hisself like the end of the world was coming

"These here contortions Kell indulges in causes me to shut off the throttle and make a grab for the air; but before I connects, it happens. There comes a great smashing and clattering from up near the head of the string, and the old goat rams into the car we has immediate hold of to a fare-ye-well.

"Next thing I rightly sabes is standing on my head over in the corner with my dainty No. 10's waving wildly in the air and with the seat-box upset and jammed against my anatomy.

"Also there arises on the summer air a noise like the wailing of a curlew. It emanates from where Kell is an interested spectator of my antics. Whereupon I extricates myself and falls onto Kelly like a pan of milk off'n the top shelf.

"Kell and me finally arbritrates our personal war and surges forth to investigate the whyfor of the calamity. Seems like the oil-can we has just kicked in on four don't sport no such thing as looks like a brake—which same condition seems to be chronic with these here Espee cans—and it rolls back down the lead just in time to meet us coming in on the next track with another kick.

"And, believe me, they did meet, too! We plumb sews up that neck of the yard for four hours, while the wrecker gets busy and cleans up the mess and the yard section gang builds a few lengths of track where the old steel used to be. It sure was a mess!

"Right there Kelly's animosity gets the better of him, and he and our bold foreman indulges in a mess of war-talk, in which Kell seeks to point out to this galoot the error he makes in merely existing. Next thing I knows, here's Kell and this foreman guy tearing up the ballast for rods around where they battles over the yard.

"By the time I gets Kell bedded down in the cab again, snorting through his nose and glaring blue murder at everything in sight, I comes pretty near being willing to tie into the game myself; but here comes his yardlets on a high run, and he hikes for the upper end of the yard, where we resumes our labors.

"At that there's a mess of language exchanged between the engine and the ground that withers the grass for yards about, and causes a cottonwood tree to shed all its leaves.

"First thing we does is to run in on No. 6 and grab ten or twelve empties. Then we reaches in onto No. 7 where there is a train just come in off'n the Stormy to get the caboose. The curve is all on Kelly's side, so I have to depend on him to get the tokens from the switchmen for me.

"I'm dropping down pretty lively, and looking for an easy sign, when Kelly yells 'Whoa!' at me. Before I gets them anywheres near checked up, here comes another of these ramme-hards, only this time I knock the back window out with the top of my head. Then I'm sore, and I starts for the end of the string, making large, dark-blue hunks of war-medicine.

"Before I gets half-way down to the scene of carnage I runs into Fritz Nemitz, who is raging up toward the engine like one of these here red, hairy tarantulas what hops sideways at you full of poison and animosity; and, take it from me, Fritz was certainly on the peck!

"First off, he 'lows he's a going to murder that fool hoghead what's running the goat; and when he perceives it's me that is going to be his shuddering victim, he rearranges his ideas to that extent he deems he'll merely cuss me out something scandalous and let it go at that.

"Not that Fritz is anyways leery of tackling me, 'cause he ain't; but me and him is by way of being pretty good friends. No, sir. If jack-rabbits is imbued with half the spirit that Fritz packs around with him, they ups and spits in a grizzly bear's eye, and gets away with it into the bargain.

"We discusses the *pros* and *cons* of the situation, and Fritz sets out on a still-hunt for this would-be foreman, me trailing along, scenting diversions in the air. Pretty soon we lights on to him where he's still indulging in frantic signals directed in the general direction of the goat.

"Right there Fritz hops him.

"'Whadda ye mean, you pie-faced mutt?' demands Fritz. 'I wish you-all takes a look at the inside of my crummy! It's a wreck!"

"The foreman begins to make overtures towards arbitration, but Fritz is a heap wroth, and takes a lot of convincing.

"'We-ell,' says Fritz, 'if this here stunt is meant like it lays, I'll murder you so complete you'll merely evaporate. If you intends it to be humorous, I'll simply wallop you into one long, shuddering ache, and let it go at that. If, as you-all says, it's an accident, you-all surges into that crummy, rebeds the stove, and puts the water-barrels back in the other corners, and we calls it square.'

"The foreman and his doughty crew invades Fritz's dog-house with what I terms alacrity, and I ambles back to the 'gine where I confers the tale onto Kell.

"Kell gets a heap of joy thereat, in the midst of which we resumes our merry course. I'm getting up quite a sweat horsing the old mill about, and Kell adds to my discomfort by inquiring in an injured tone of voice ever and anon: 'Sa-ay, don't this here job *never* get no spot?' until I lams the hand-oiler at his fool head with instructions to shut up.

"But now the job has another aspect. We is working down-hill most of the time, and all I has to do is to hand the cars a gentle shove and the grade kindly does the rest. This here peeves these switchmen a whole lot, as they has to coon the boxes and gons and get a binder set up on 'em before the rattlers get a gait on 'em that they can't stop.

"Naturally, as the occasion arises, I manage to put a little extra impetus on some of the cars, and it's nuts to me to watch the bold and fearless switchman who's working in the field sprint over on the hot-foot, do the squirrel act on the side-ladders, and set about winding-up on the brakes.

"Kelly derives a mess of amusement from the situation. Whenever I starts a rattler on its festive career with speed and expedition, Kell perks up his ears and protrudes hisself outen the window to get an eyeful of the proceedings.

"When he perceives that the car has got a gait on it that makes it a moral cinch that it's going to register on the string before the victim can get his little binder set, Kell chortles with glee. And at that it's a real comical stunt from the point of view of me and Kell.

"This jasper makes his little high-daddy for the car, swarms her, and goes to work manfully on the brake-wheel with his little club. Pretty soon he sizes it up for a bad job, and right then he abandons all thoughts of brakes and hikes for the middle of the car-top. Just before they registers, Mr. Switchman emits a wild whoop, and soars up into the air like a bird, all spraddled out, figuring them to hit and quit slamming around before he lights. At which Kelly gurgles like the little brown jug.

"Sometimes, however, our mutual friend miscalculates his little leap for life, and then is when Kell derives diversions. Up he goes as per usual; but a little too soon, and he manages to get home again just as the car he is riding arrives at its destination. And, glory be! there he goes, heels over appetite, all over the roof of the car!

"When this here occurs, as it does several times in the course of the day, Kelly's mirth waxes to such a degree I surely deems he's going to strangle. All of this peeves our car-wrastling friends no limit; but as they takes it out in repartee, which same me and Kell returns with interest—we should worry!

"Don't nothing sensational transpire for quite a spell until we has to do a little poling out of the rip-track. These here Espee engines ain't never equipped with a real, honest-to-good-

ness pole to use in this here poling stunt, the yard crews making use of an old tie or a ten-by-two, or any other hunk of lumber that happens to be handy by.

"This time the nut that's acting as foreman elects hisself master of ceremonies, and searches forth a piece of timber that bears all the ear-marks of having been a side-stake on some gondola of lumber. He eases one end up ag'in' the car we has to extract from the rip-track, and gives me the easy ahead with his free hand.

"Times without number I has seen this said stunt performed without mishap, and every time I witnesses the play the man what's doing the timber-holding has his head cut in to that extent that he stands on the side of the timber next the engine so's the whole caboodle moves away from him.

"Not so with this *hombre*. 'Course I sabes his way of making the play is sheer foolishness; but on account of the ructions we enjoys a little previous, like I narrates to you, I ain't feeling called on to take him to task, nor to point out the errors of his ways a little bit. If this here is his funeral, it's strictly up to him. He must dope out his own "Safety First" according to the way I'm feeling.

"I comes ahead as easy as circumstances will permit, and, if I do say it, I surely makes a nice touch of it. I then looks for this geezer to turn loose, duck under, and hand me the high-sign. Does he do it? Not a little bit! He hands me one of these violent-kick signs of his'n, and that is exactly what I does.

"I horses the Johnson bar out on the pilot and turns the throttle out on the back of the tank. Gentlemen, hush! This here timber is as rotten as the bonus system. The first surge the old mill gives, here she goes—*blam!* Mr. Foreman was standing right in front of the play, and the way the splinters are flying I realize that he'll keep a few under his cuticle.

"From the yowls he emits I waxes scared that I've sent him to the happy hunting grounds; so when the smoke of battle subsides, I descends and prowls up to see how dead he is. Here my happy gentleman lays and, Rusty, if I don't know better, I'm here to swear he's a human pincushion.

"He's done sprouted twigs like a locust-bush! Naw! He ain't hurt—not to no considerable degree—just all stuck up. At that I'm betting the next time we has a car to pole while he's around he refuses to assist in the operation.

"A little later I adds his scalp to my belt for keeps. It's all his own fault, too, which adds to my joy to no little degree, and which causes the crew he's bossing and has been bulldozing all day to wax that enthusiastic that they loosens up for a tub of suds all around over in the El Moro after the day's trials and tribulations are over. Which is an episode from which I in the future dates time.

"Happens like this, it does.

"This goat that I'm running, while loggy with a string of cars, is as quick as a cat when denuded thereof. In view of that fact, I've been exercising consideration all day for the crew, and specially for this whalloper of a foreman. He has a nasty habit of standing in the middle of the track a couple of car-lengths ahead of the 'gine, and handing me the highest sort of a high-ball.

"Of course, just before I gets to where he's about to hop to the footboard, I eases the air to the pig, and slows down to a decent gait to pick him up.

"Ever since him and me has our little run-in he has been looking for a chance to crawl my hump over some stunt or other; but the opportunity ripens for him to spring his little game. Not that I care a whoop; but the way things is running, he just don't seem to get his chance.

"Then he makes one for hisself.

"For the umpteenth time that day I gets one of his weird signals and comes ahead on him, slowing down to let him hop the foot-board as usual. Right there he hands me a washout and takes out for the cab

"'When you work with me you work by signals!' he yells. 'A high-ball is a high-ball and a washout's a washout! When I want you to slow down for me, I'll give you the easy sign. I was hopping a foot-board when you was baking your addled brains up ag'in' a fire-box door. You work to my signals, or I'll turn you in a heap!'

"'Fair enough!' I told him, knowing that a soft answer turns away wrath with the added virtue that it makes the other fellow madder than anything else you can hand him. 'Fair enough, old top! From this time forth forever more you-all gets a high-ball or a washout as per your instructions. Just the same, don't you-all come swarming up into this here cab seeking whom you may devour if you-all gets the hot end of the poker!'

"With that I opens up and away we goes.

"Kell looks at me like he thought I was laying down to this foreman guy, but I lets that little insult pass for the nonce.

"By and by I gets my chance.

"We kicks a car down one of the tracks and here's my bold foreman throwing the switch about a car-length or so ahead of me. Sure enough, he steps into the middle of the path and hands me another of these here wild and woolly tokens of his'n. I'm laying for him, too, believe me.

"My sanders are running nicely and the bar is plumb into the corner, so I sets a little air with the jam and horses the yavvy wide open. When I think she's good and ripe I shoves the jam into full release, opens the driver-brake cylinder-bleeder at the same time and the old girl makes a leap at this guy like a cat at a mouse He ain't got no time to duck off the track, so he makes a game effort to hit the foot-board.

"Hit the foot-board! Man alive, he went up against that poor front-end like heaving an overripe tomato against a brick wall. If it ain't that there's another whalloper there to catch him, I'll gamble he'll bounce off like a rubber ball. Then I stops her and ambles around to ascertain the extent of the execution

"It's nothing short of that either We searches forth a stretcher and packs him off to the back shop, yodeling most dolorous, and from that time until we winds up the day these here switchmen was mighty circumspect in the way they hands a sign to little Spike

"No! This here foreman ain't permanently deranged; he's back to work, in a few days, a sadder and a wiser man. Every time that he passes me on the street now he turns up his nose and concocts snoots at me, but that's the extent to which his animosity leads him. Also they tells me he doesn't use that fancy signal now."

In the April "Railroad Man's Magazine" Spike Malone will tell of his experiences with "helpers" on the heavy grades.

Flashing the Red Eye.

BY WILLIAM SPENCER.

A BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL PRINTED COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE.

CHAPTER I.

The Meeting Place.

IT was raining when Chester Forbes left his home, the kisses of his wife and daughter still warm upon his lips. He felt ill at ease when he recalled that his daughter Alice had wept and pleaded earnestly with him not to attend a meeting which, he had claimed, would decide his success or failure.

Forbes had a solemn duty to perform that night. He was president of the Amalgamated Railroad Workers, an organization composed of employees of the big railroad systems along the Atlantic seaboard. Forbes was leader of the order. Nearly fifty years old, he was a resourceful man with an intimate knowledge of railroad work in all its branches. He had put in many years in the mechanical departments of the big railroad systems of the West.

He was now foreman in the railroad shops of the New York, Wellington and Central Railroad, one of the most powerful transportation systems in the country, of which Charles Westcott was the president. Over ten thousand men were in the employ of the company.

The Amalgamated Railroad Workers had resolved on a drastic course of action in order to obtain a fifteen per cent increase of wages and reduction of hours of labor.

Forbes was to outline his plan of action at a public meeting of the workers that evening, and his only fear was that an anarchistic element that was threatening all organizations similar to the one of which he was the head, might be present and cause trouble.

Forbes idolized his wife and daughter. He winced at the thought that failure of the great project he had in view would spell not only disaster for himself, but also suffering for his family.

As he walked he said to himself that the railroad workers could win only by the exercise, if not by the display, of the superior force of allied organization, which he knew was now all powerful. His desire was to employ that force peacefully, so that the railroad men might gain their ends.

He was thinking of the outcome of his plan when he felt a hand thrust through his arm. He turned and beheld his daughter.

"Alice!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Why have you followed me?"

"To beg you not to attend this meeting to-night, father," she responded earnestly. "Listen to me."

"This is nonsensical!" interrupted Forbes, with a frown. "Return home at once. Have no fear on my account."

"I pray God you may be safe, father; but I cannot forget my dream!" she exclaimed in anguish.

"Your dream again! This is foolish! Here comes a car; you must take it, Alice."

The girl hesitated, and there was a sob in her voice when she asked if she could not be permitted to wait for him somewhere in the vicinity of the hall where the railroad workers were to meet

He laughed. Taking her arm, he was leading her toward the approaching street-car when an exclamation of one

of three men who had approached them unobserved attracted his attention.

"Gee!" exclaimed the speaker ecstatically. "It's Miss Forbes—and as lovely as ever."

Forbes started. He recognized at a glance the three men, who watched them insolently.

The man whose exclamation caused Alice to shiver was Bill Manning, a shiftless, illiterate creature of the New York slums.

Another of the trio was Luke Storms, a ward politician of evil reputation, a servile creature of the political boss who paid him most for his services, and who sought to employ the Amalgamated Railroad Workers as a footstool in the advancement of his ambition to be elected an alderman in his ward on the West Side, and in which official capacity his looting propensities might best be employed to his own profit.

The third man was a stranger to Forbes; but, being in the company of the others, his suspicion that the man was a crook was not far from the truth. Hence, he was filled with sudden aversion for the trio.

The car had passed on. Without replying, Forbes turned and walked rapidly with Alice to the next corner.

Turning suddenly, he observed that the three men followed them leisurely, yet alertly.

"The dogs!" he muttered, hailing a car, which halted abruptly. With a kindly "Good night," he assisted his daughter aboard.

"We shall watch for you, father," she said tenderly.

"Have no fear."

She waved her hand at him; and, when she had seated herself, the bell rang and the car sped on.

Forbes sighed and resumed his interrupted walk. Turning, he saw Manning, Storms, and their companion in the street, the car approaching them noisily. At that instant an automobile forced him to jump to the sidewalk.

When he looked again the car on which he had placed Alice was vanishing in the gloom.

He could not see the three men. What had become of them?

The circumstance caused him annoyance; but, after a momentary pause, he turned and hastened to his appointment.

CHAPTER II.

The Murder.

IT was past eight o'clock when Forbes reached the meeting. The hall stood in one of the side streets of the Bronx, New York, near the Harlem River, and was well adapted for the purposes to which it was devoted.

The men cheered Forbes lustily as he exchanged greetings with friends here and there. Without loss of time he seated himself on the president's platform.

"Order!" shouted several enthusiasts With a loud scraping of feet and shoving of chairs they prepared for the evening's work.

The roll was called, and the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted with a few slight alterations.

Patrick Callahan created a ripple of excitement by declaring that Secretary Jones had wilfully and maliciously distorted his remarks concerning Forbes's project of a mighty uprising of the Amalgamated Railroad Workers. The uproar that followed the statement indicated that the hostile elements in the organization already were at work.

"I niver said we ought to sind a committee to talk settlement wid de Railway Employers' Association!" yelled Callahan amid shouts of approval. "What I said was that the only way to bring dem fellys to terms wus to use a little dynamite—"

Callahan was interrupted by a roar of approval from his adherents, several of them rising to their feet and wildly waving their hats. Callahan, gratified by this commotion, waited calmly for the storm to subside so that he might proceed with his explanation.

"That's the stuff, Callahan!" shouted one of his supporters.

The uproar that followed grew momentarily more deafening, and during the wrangling that ensued Forbes saw Bill Manning slink into the hall and seat himself among the turbulents in the rear. Order finally was restored, and Forbes decided in favor of Smith as against Callahan. The decision was greeted with hoots and derisive catcalls.

It was some minutes ere Forbes was enabled to continue. The expected anarchistic element—members of an order known as "The Cause"—seemed to realize that Forbes would not recognize them and began to hoot every man who tried to speak. Forbes threatened to call the police unless order could be maintained.

"Down with the police!" shouted an intrepid worker, waving his arms frantically.

In a few minutes the place was a veritable pandemonium.

Suddenly some one shouted that a knife was being used, and that one of the agitators, named Wilkinson, had been stabbed. Forbes rushed like a madman into the mêlée and catapulted himself through the surging mob to the man's side.

"They have killed him!" he cried in horror.

The crowd retreated in terror; and several, realizing that they were now in serious conflict with the law, tried to escape from the hall, shouting frantically to some to unlock the door. Others sprang to the windows and, throwing up the sashes, screamed lustily that they were being murdered.

The shrill sound of a police whistle came up from below, and the rattle of a patrol wagon, which was hastily summoned, could be distinguished above the fierce howling of the wind and the measured pattering of the rain. Presently there was a rush of footsteps in the hallway and then a violent knocking at the door.

"Open in the name of the law!"

Forbes, who had been examining Wilkinson's wound, rose at this stern command and gazed stolidly at the group of terror-stricken men who surrounded him. His face was pale as ashes, and his features twitched convulsively. The wounded man gasped once or twice, his legs stiffened, and then he lay still.

"Who committed this crime?" asked Forbes, calmly pointing to the dead

"It was Bill Manning!" shouted some one in the rear of the hall.

"It's a lie!" answered Manning, the look of a hunted beast in his eyes. He slunk into the crowd that avoided him as he passed.

"This means the disintegration of the Amalgamated Railroad Workers!" cried Forbes despairingly.

The only sound that broke the stillness was the resonant rapping of the police on the door. Suddenly the door was kicked in with a loud crash, and a dozen policemen, armed with clubs and pistols, sprang into the hall.

"We want Forbes!" shouted the sergeant in command of the squad. "Where is he?"

"I am here," said Forbes, advancing. "You are my prisoner."

The next instant a pair of nippers encircled Forbes's wrists.

The sergeant turned and with a start caught sight of the body of Wilkinson stretched upon the floor. Without a word he stooped and gazed into the dead man's face. Then he arose with a frown and a stern look in his hard gray eyes

The sergeant ordered Forbes and a dozen of the principal workers into custody. The names and addresses of the others were taken by the police, and they were directed to hold themselves in readiness to appear at the coroner's inquest when legally summoned. The identity of Wilkinson's murderer was not disclosed, if, indeed, it was known. Manning could not be found.

Thirty minutes later Forbes and his fellow workers occupied cells at police headquarters.

CHAPTER III.

"You'll Live to Regret!"

WHEN Alice, after being so unceremoniously placed on the car by her father, seated herself she felt as if her heart were bursting. She could not define the strange feeling that possessed her; but with that rare divination of future events possessed by a few and acquired by none, she was convinced that a crisis in her life had been reached

"Fare, please!"

She looked up dreamily to see the conductor standing before her with outstretched palm. She opened her purse hastily, but it was empty! Her face flushed, and she stammered a feeble apology.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I have no money. Please let me off."

"The old dodge," remarked the conductor with a leer. "It don't work this time—see?"

"I beg your pardon. I was not aware I had left my money at home."

"Git off at de next stop," growled the conductor, with a vicious jerk at the bell-cord.

The car came to a halt abruptly and Alice hastened to descend. She started rapidly in the direction of her home, when a voice hailed her

"Good evening, Miss Forbes!"

Alice turned. By her side was Luke Storms, whom she had seen a few moments previously in company with Manning, the man of all men she detested most. She had an instinctive aversion for Storms, who, she was certain, intended to force himself on her attention. She hastened forward in the hope that her reserved manner might disconcert him; but she was mistaken.

"Permit me to escort you, Miss Forbes," he said, unabashed by her coldness.

"I need no escort, Mr. Storms," she answered frigidly.

"I trust I have not offended you."

"Not that," she stammered; "but—but why do you insist forcing yourself upon me, Mr. Storms?"

"Is my company distasteful to you?"

He took her arm, and they came to a standstill.

"If I thought that—" He hesitated and watched her with impudent assurance.

"Well?"

"If I really thought you hated me," he went on, "I would never want to see you again."

Alice listened to him with a smile filled with contempt. She did not like him or his manner. Even as he pleaded with her with apparent honesty, his nature rang untrue.

She had often heard her father discuss him unfavorably; and though he had called at her home several times, apparently to see her father, she realized that she was the attraction. She resolved to end the affair once and for all

"Mr. Storms," she said coldly, "your company is both distasteful and undesirable. Permit me to wish you good night."

She turned abruptly and walked away. Storms followed her with a curiously wistful expression upon his face.

"You'll live to regret your words!" he said hotly. "I would have been your friend. As for that crazy father of yours, who dreams of regenerating the world, I'll put a flea into his ear he won't like."

"You are a coward!" replied Alice, turning on him with flushed face and clenched hands. "You are revealing your true character to me! Speak to me again and I shall call the police!"

Storms laughed wickedly and left her. She watched him for a moment, and resuming her interrupted journey, reached her door, where her mother was awaiting her in alarm at her prolonged absence.

"Where have you been, Alice?"

"I went to warn father not to attend that meeting to-night."

"You might have known that would be useless."

Alice drew off her coat and with a despairing gesture threw it upon a chair. Then she went to the sitting-room, where a bright fire flamed in the grate.

Alice's mental attributes were not inferior to her charms. She was well educated, and her attainments as a conversationalist were of no insignificant order. She had made a study of sociological problems, and this had made her a chum of her father.

Of her youth Alice knew little, except that she was brought up in New York. In recent years fortune had been unkind to her family. In order to meet the wants which her father's income could not satisfy, she had secured a position as stenographer in a lawyer's office. The pay was not large, but it enabled her to indulge more freely in the things that the feminine heart always craves.

Alice gazed thoughtfully into the fire. Mrs. Forbes took up her sewing and watched her narrowly. What ailed the girl? Why this fit of abstraction in one who was usually so happy and care-free?

"Mother," said Alice suddenly, "I had a strange dream last night."

"Yes?"

"I dreamed I was in a city the streets of which ran with blood."

"How dreadful!"

But Alice did not hear her mother and continued her recital in a low monotone:

"The city was under arms. Men

came from all quarters, carrying rifles. Suddenly a gun from a war-ship in the bay sounded and a shell, hissing across the sky, finally fell into a crowd and scattered the people like chaff. Then a general fusillade began. The men turned and fired on one another—slaughtering men, women, and children like so many rats!"

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Mrs. Forbes gazed at her in amazement, wondering if the girl had lost her reason.

"Poor, dear child," she murmured as she caressed Alice gently, "you must not think of such things. What has affected you?"

Alice gazed dreamily into her mother's eyes, then laughed softly.

"It was only a dream," she answered, "but by its startling realism it has disturbed me."

"Don't let a dream worry you, dear," said Mrs. Forbes.

"You had better go to bed now."

"Not yet, mama; I want to wait for papa."

She told her mother of her fears concerning her father. She had a premonition that some evil was about to fall across his path and theirs.

Alice communed with herself long after her mother had retired. She went to the window and watched silently and patiently. It was storming more fiercely than ever. Look which way she would, not a human being could she see.

The clock struck eleven. Her father should have returned long ago. She glanced into the street again and fancied she saw the shadow of two men in a doorway opposite. Suddenly a man appeared at the foot of the stairway leading to the vestibule. She watched him as he ascended the steps. Presently there was a gentle rapping on the panel.

Filled with dread that clutched at her heart-strings, she went to the door and opened it.

"Is Miss Forbes at home?" inquired the man politely.

"I am Miss Forbes."

"I have bad news for you—"

He paused sympathetically while she placed her hand to her heart to still its wild pulsations.

"What has happened?"

"Well, you see," began the man, "there was a row at the Railroad Workers' meeting and —and—"

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"Well, there was a fellow killed. Your father and a bunch of others were arrested for murder."

Alice received this information like one who is speechless. She signified by a gesture for him to continue.

"He sent me to you," the man went on with averted face, "with the message to come to him at once."

"Where?"

"At police headquarters."

"I shall go to him immediately."

She closed the door in the man's face and quickly donned her coat. She entered her mother's room and stood for a moment by her bedside.

Mrs. Forbes was sound asleep. Her pale, care-worn face was wreathed in a smile of contentment. Alice watched her with a breaking heart.

She decided not to awaken her mother, but, stooping, kissed her gently on the forehead. Then she crept from the apartment as noiselessly as a fantom.

In the next instant she was in the street.

Out of the gloom, after her, crept two men. They closed in upon her, and Alice felt herself seized by strong hands. She cried out once; but before she could repeat the cry a hand was placed roughly over her lips.

CHAPTER IV.

The Aftermath.

THE tragedy at the meeting of the Amalgamated Railroad Workers created a sensation. Certain newspapers pretended to see a gigantic plot to destroy certain railroad property in the outskirts of the city.

Rumors spread with persistence that quantities of dynamite had been found in an old building near the Grand Central Terminal.

It was reported that evidence of a plot to wreck that structure and many others were in the hands of the authorities.

The people became alarmed at the wild reports spreading like wildfire, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the conservative press, a state of terror prevailed.

Although it was conceded that Forbes had not committed the crime, he was held responsible in the public mind. Demands for his punishment were heard on all sides. Some termed him a lunatic whose detention was imperative if the interests of society were to be subserved. Others maintained that he was the leader of a coterie of anarchists who had made their headquarters in New York, and that he ought to be electrocuted on general principles.

Forbes, in his cell, was a prey to the gloomiest reflections. On the morning following his arrest he sent for his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Forbes hastened to the prison. Being admitted to his cell, she fell sobbing into his outstretched arms.

Presently Mrs. Forbes withdrew herself from his embrace and held him at arm's length.

"Where is Alice?" she inquired in a scarcely audible voice.

Forbes gazed at her in astonishment.

"Alice? Did she come with you?"

"Merciful Heavens!" cried Mrs. Forbes, horrified. "Have you not seen her?"

"No."

The unhappy woman swayed. Forbes caught her in his arms and sat with her on his prison pallet, her head resting on his shoulder. She sobbed with a violence that shook her spasmodically.

"Compose yourself, Marie," whispered Forbes.

The unhappy woman wept on his shoulder, a nameless terror tugging at her heart-strings. Where was Alice? What had become of her? These questions she essayed to ask, but could not.

Forbes, on the other hand, began to suspect that some new calamity far greater than that which threatened him was menacing their lives.

When his wife had regained her composure he stood before her with bowed head, his heart bursting to ask the questions that trembled on his lips, but to which his tongue refused to give utterance.

"What a misfortune!" moaned the unhappy woman.

"Misfortune?" echoed Forbes. "What do you mean?"

"Something dreadful must have happened to her."

"Nonsense! What could have befallen her? Come, tell me all. I must know the truth! When did you see her last?"

"At ten o'clock last night, when I retired," answered Mrs. Forbes. "She was seated before the fire. This morning when I awoke I found that you had not returned. Entering her room, I was amazed to find her not there."

Mrs. Forbes paused, her speech broken by a sudden burst of emotion.

"Yes, yes; go on!"

"Her bed was unoccupied. Indeed, she had not slept there."

"Strange!" muttered Forbes thoughtfully.

"I searched the house; and, failing to discover any trace of her, went to Mrs. Callunden's, next door, in the hope that she might have seen Alice. My hope was not realized. None of the Callundens had seen her since early last evening. I returned to the house in despair, seeking in vain to convince myself that she had been called away by you and that she would soon return."

Forbes paced the narrow limit of his cell with tottering steps. His hands were clenched and his brow darkened by a deep frown. He began to realize that treachery was afoot. He was cudgeling his brain for some solution of the mystery.

"It cannot be," he said to himself, pausing suddenly and breathing heavily, "that my secret— No—it is impossible! I alone know that story. But she! What could have happened to her?"

Mrs. Forbes sighingly watched her husband as he communed with himself. His bitter distress filled her sympathetic soul with an anguish it had never before experienced. She was about to speak when he turned almost fiercely toward her.

"It is all my fault!" he cried passionately. "Had I not attended that meeting I would not be here now, and she would not be—where? Having placed myself in this extremity by my own acts, I must regain my freedom and undo the evil I have done. But how?"

He struck the iron framework of his cell with a wild laugh. The sound made his wife shudder.

She arose and grasped his hands. There was a look of madness in his eyes. Though they were gazing into her face,

he seemed to be unconscious of her presence.

"Alice is the victim of some devilish plot!" he shouted excitedly. "They are trying to take her from me; but I swear they'll not succeed!"

"Hush, Chester!"

His mood changing, he appealingly drew her toward him.

"Have you ever told any one – you know what?" he asked feverishly.

"No."

"Swear it!"

"I swear."

"I believe you."

Forbes resumed his walk, more composed. The terrible expression in his eyes, which had so alarmed his wife, gradually disappeared. He was again the cool, calculating man capable of matching cunning with cunning.

"We must await developments," he said. "If she does not return home by to-night we will know that something unusual has occurred."

"Shall I inform the police?"

"No, no!" interrupted Forbes. "Say nothing until I give the word. If she has been abducted, as I suspect, I will find her, never fear!"

"Who could have abducted her?"

"That remains to be seen," he replied thoughtfully. He paused; then added with a forced laugh:

"I fear we are borrowing trouble for ourselves. Alice is capable of taking care of herself. Unless she is dead or a prisoner, she will appear soon to gladden our hearts."

They discussed their plans for the greater part of an hour, and Forbes related the events which led to his arrest. He made the humiliating confession that his story of thousands of men being ready to rise up against constituted authority was a mere figment of the imagination advanced for the purpose of strengthening the men in their resolution to support the strike of the iron and metal men, which was hourly threatened.

Forbes had some knowledge of the operations of The Cause which he deemed it prudent to conceal even from his wife. He contented himself with the statement that his arrest would prove to be only a temporary inconvenience, and that his early release was inevitable

"I pray Heaven it may be so!" said Mrs. Forbes. Somehow she did not share her husband's confidence as to the outcome of this deplorable affair.

The law, she said to herself, was dilatory even under favorable circumstances, and where murder is concerned, trebly so.

"Be of good cheer, Marie," said Forbes lightly. "I have committed no crime and have nothing to answer for. Have no fear on my account. Find Alice and bring her to me. That is all I ask."

He was interrupted by the rasping sound of a key turning the ponderous lock of his cell door. The next instant the heavy fabric creaked on its hinges and was thrown wide open.

Two prison trusties entered the cell. Behind them came a number of reporters, eager to subject him to that squeezing process known as interviewing

Forbes was courteous in his replies, however, and the impression he made on his interviewers was most favorable; although they were forced to admit that for a man who had witnessed the commission of a murder, and who was presumed to be the head of a gigantic aggregation of anarchists, he was as barren of sensational facts as a temperance sign.

"The inspector wants to see you," said a trusty. The other winked at the reporters and laughed.

Forbes nodded. Turning to his wife, he whispered to her to resume her search for Alice and notify him without delay of the success of her mission.

She nodded, her face averted, her eyes swimming in tears.

The reporters who observed her emotion considerately left the cell and permitted her to pass them without offering to interrogate her.

Forbes passed into the dimly lighted corridor with a trusty at either side and was conducted to a private stairway which led to the office of the inspector on the floor above.

Strange sounds reached his ears as he walked—noises that shudderingly reminded him of Dante's description of the Inferno.

The maudlin cackle of several old women exchanging reminiscences in the drunk cell mingled incongruously with the mad ravings of a shrieking morphin fiend who begged for only one "shot"

of the coveted drug to save him from torture.

Oaths, more or less forcibly expressed, came in volleys. Here and there were prisoners of every degree seated on cold benches in consultation with attorneys.

Sick at heart, Forbes closed his eyes and suffered himself to be led onward, then up a flight of narrow steps into a chamber, the door of which, on being closed, shut out the frightful babel of sounds that made a veritable hell of the place beneath.

A moment later a man entered the room. He was the inspector of police, and Forbes now beheld him for the first time.

Forbes drew himself together with an effort and awaited with calmness the ordeal through which he felt he was about to pass.

CHAPTER V.

The Third Degree.

INSPECTOR ISAAC JONES, of New York, at this stage of his career was one of the most celebrated police officials in the United States. His achievements as a detective for more than thirty years had been the wonder of thief-catchers in all the cities of the world.

Countless persons accused of crime, justly or otherwise, had abundant reason to rue his efforts in behalf of the prosecution.

"If you get the right man, cinch him. If he cannot be found, get a victim anyhow," was the Isaac Jones motto.

It was a policy that satisfied justice and the commissioner of police perhaps; but it was rather hard at times on the unfortunates who were often compelled to suffer for the offenses of unknown malefactors.

Inspector Jones was a vigorous man of some sixty years, short and stockily built. His gray hair curled about his head and served to partly conceal a bald patch over the occiput.

He wore a chin beard of medium length, also a mustache. His eyes, deep set in a network of wrinkles, gleamed coldly at those whom he was accustomed to interrogate and gave his face an expression of superior wisdom, which his speech, interlarded with oaths, failed to convey.

That he was cunning none could deny; nor could it be said that his successful catches were altogether the result of chance. That he had an eye for the main chance was made evident by the fact that he was a millionaire. His fortune was acquired largely by lucky investments in real estate and stocks.

He stood high in the estimation of the police commissioner, whose authority at times he openly defied. With the press he was frequently at outs. Its loud clamor for his removal as an incompetent grafter merely aroused mirth in his breast. With all his imperfections, the inspector possessed the rare quality of upholding with firmness the acts of his subordinates under all circumstances, particularly when the efficiency of the force might be enhanced.

Personally, he was liked by few and hated my many—a condition he viewed with supreme indifference. He knew his power and exercised it at will, without bestowing a thought on the effect his petty exactions affected those under his sway.

For months past he had kept his watchful eye on the Amalgamated Railroad Workers, and Forbes in particular. He did not believe that Forbes and his coworkers were sincere, and stubbornly held to the idea that they were identified with "The Cause."

The inspector could not conceive of any humanitarian impulse that would prompt a man like Forbes to identify himself with agitation. To his distorted mental vision the actuating motive was always criminal—a lust for murder, the despoilation of property, and open robbery.

While he had no tangible evidence connecting Forbes with the murder of Wilkinson, or with the suspected plot of the anarchists who swarmed like bees in every quarter, Inspector Jones was convinced that Forbes knew many facts of value, and he trusted to his perspicacity to wrest this knowledge from him.

He refused to acknowledge to himself that he was "up a tree"; but in the course of his interrogation he hoped to catch some clue that might enable him to fathom the mystery and bring the anarchists to justice.

Casting an indifferent glance at Forbes, who was watching him with interest, the inspector pressed a button. His secretary, a sallow-faced young man, entered the room and, at a signal, prepared to take down the questions and answers.

Forbes realized that he must be cautious. He resolved to carefully consider every question before vouchsafing an answer. Looking up, he beheld the cold gray eyes of the inspector staring at him coldly.

"Your name?" asked the inspector gruffly.

"Chester Forbes."

"Where were you born?"

"Boston."

"How old are you?"

"Fifty years," replied Forbes, passing his hand through his hair.

"How long have you been in New York?"

"Three years."

"You have a family?"

"A wife and daughter."

"Ahem!" coughed the inspector, darting a quick glance at Forbes. "You have a daughter, eh?"

"Yes, sir"

"Her name?"

"Alice."

"Her age?"

"Eighteen."

The inspector bent his head slightly forward.

"Is she in fact your daughter?" he asked quietly.

Forbes started visibly; but the movement was not lost on his interrogator, who smiled astutely.

"That is a strange question," said Forbes guardedly.

"Not at all, Forbes," returned the inspector. "I repeat it, is this girl your daughter?"

"I have said so," replied Forbes coldly.

The inspector paused for an instant.

"Very well," he muttered. "We will let that pass." Then he added: "Has Alice a red birthmark in the form of a cross on her right shoulder?"

Forbes sprang from his seat in amazement. Realizing his surprise had betrayed him, he fell back into his chair, vaguely wondering what this devil of a man would ask him next.

"Your answer," demanded the inspector smilingly.

"She has," responded Forbes uneasily.

He was eager to learn how the inspector had ascertained this. Was Marie in custody, then? Had the inspector basely taken advantage of Forbes's helplessness? He would have given the world to know what was passing through the inspector's mind.

"Where is your daughter?" asked the inspector suddenly.

"I do not know," replied Forbes. "You would favor me greatly by informing me of her whereabouts."

The inquisitor looked amused. "The old trick of evasion," he said. "Come, tell me where you have hidden the girl."

"I have had no reason to hide her away. My wife tells me that she left home after my arrest last night and has not been seen since."

The inspector frowned and pressed a second button. A detective appeared and was ordered to search for Alice without delay.

"I'll ask you about the murder of Wilkinson," said the inspector. "Tell me what you know of the affair."

Forbes related the story in detail. It lacked the essential details the inspector coveted and which he knew were indispensable in order to bring the guilty to justice. He resolved to employ another method.

"Do you know Luke Storms?"

"I do."

"What is the extent of your association with him?"

"I know him only casually. He is identified with the Grievance Committee of the Amalgamated Railroad Workers. I have come in contact with him several times."

"Do you know his reputation?"

"Only by report," responded Forbes cautiously. "I admit that he does not impress me favorably."

"Indeed!"

"He is radical. I might say unprincipled."

"In fact," interrupted the inspector, "Storms is an anarchist."

"Perhaps."

"Isn't it a fact that Storms is one of a band of outlaws who look upon you as their leader?"

Forbes turned pale.

"Do you insult me, sir?" he answered with emotion.

"Pooh!" contemptuously. "What did you mean," he went on after a pause, "by saying thousands of men stood ready to rise unless their demands are granted?"

"It is true I made some such statement, but it was false."

"Why did you lie?"

"Because," answered Forbes, with a trace of passion in his voice—"because I deemed it necessary to say something that might encourage the men to stand together in the event of the strike of the railroad men, which is pending."

"In other words," added Inspector Jones solemnly, "you are a hypocrite—as well as a liar."

"I have my faults," returned Forbes shamefacedly.

"It is a serious fault, stirring up men to commit arson and murder."

"You're mistaken!" said Forbes.

"Do you know Bill Manning?" inquired the inspector.

"Yes, sir."

"Is he one of your companions?"

"No!" Forbes replied in disgust. "He is a scoundrel whom I heartily despise!"

"We agree on that point. Do you know where he lives?"

"I do not."

"Might he have killed Wilkinson?" asked Inspector Jones.

"I cannot say. When Wilkinson fell I heard one man shout that Manning had done the deed."

"Excellent!" cried the inspector. "Who was that man?"

"I do not know."

"That's a lie!"

"I trust you will not use your power to insult and humiliate a defenseless man," said Forbes.

The inspector whistled softly to himself.

"He is a proud man, and sensitive," he said to himself. "He may be a misguided enthusiast, but he is no criminal." Then, turning to Forbes, he asked: "Do you know Victor Dobrowski?"

Forbes started, then nodded affirmatively.

"Tell me about him."

"I know that he is a madman!"

"How so?"

"He aims at the leveling of all things, the disintegration of society, the abolition of all legal forms at any cost," said Forbes.

"Did he ever seek to enlist you in his schemes?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you say in reply?"

"That he was a scoundrel!"

The inspector coughed violently. He could not understand this man before him.

He realized that Forbes was no easy man to handle, and the knowledge irritated him as sorely as an incurable wound.

"Is it not a fact that you visited Dobrowski in his room in East Houston Street one night two weeks ago?"

"It is true."

"What was your object?"

"Dobrowski wished to unfold a plan to me."

"And that plan?"

Forbes paused, breathing heavily.

"It was," he said at length, "a project to blow up the Grand Central Terminal and the city hall."

"Now we are getting down to facts," muttered the inspector in a tone of intense satisfaction.

He made a note on a sheet of paper and then asked abruptly:

"And your reply?"

"It was that I washed my hands of the whole scheme, and that there could be no progress by the execution of unlawful designs."

"And Dobrowski?"

"He threatened that I should have cause to regret my obstinacy."

"I have suspected Dobrowski for a long time," mused the inspector. "Do you know where he is now?"

"I do not."

The inspector remained silent for a moment. It was evident he was revolving some scheme in his mind. He was about to speak when a knock was heard, and two detectives entered the room. He arose and conversed with them in low tones.

He gave certain directions. The men saluted and left the apartment. Forbes nonchalantly viewed his surroundings. He was buried in deep thought when the inspector addressed him.

"I have just had a report concerning your daughter, Forbes," he said sympathetically.

Forbes gazed at him eagerly.

"My men," resumed the inspector, "have secured evidence tending to show—"

"To show—" echoed Forbes breathlessly as the chief paused.

"That your daughter has been abducted"

"My God!"

Forbes fell back with a moan and covered his face with his hands. The chief seated himself before the unhappy man and for the first time regarded him with a kindly expression.

"We'll find her, though," he said reassuringly.

Forbes looked up with bloodshot eyes. "Yes," he echoed, "we'll find her!"

"This man will suit my purpose admirably," thought the inspector. "He has energy and a knowledge of the men I am after."

"I desire to make a proposition to you, Forbes."

Forbes regarded him in silence.

"It is this," resumed the inspector. "If you agree to assist me, I will obtain your release."

The prisoner pondered deeply. Then he resolutely faced the inspector.

"I thank you," he replied fervently.

"Very good. In consideration of your release, then, it is understood that you will cooperate with me in running to earth Dobrowski and his crew. Is that understood?"

"There's my hand on it!"

"As for your daughter," resumed the inspector, "we shall find her somehow, and, I hope, soon. I imagine that Storms or Dobrowski may be found where she is detained. It is a mystery. With your help it will be unraveled."

"It shall be unraveled!"

Ten minutes later Forbes was back in his cell, a prey to the gloomiest fears, but resolute in his purpose to find Alice. He lay for hours on his pallet, revolving in his mind the details of his plan of operations. In complete exhaustion he finally fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

A week later he was released on motion of the prosecuting attorney, it being declared that there was insufficient evidence to secure his conviction. The members of the Railroad Workers were also discharged on the same ground.

Public interest in the matter finally died out. The murder of Wilkinson—as murders usually become in such a big and busy metropolis as New York -was but a memory to all save the dead man's family and inspector of police. The assassin was at large, and the prospect of his capture seemed exceedingly remote.

Forbes entertained but one idea: to wreak vengeance on his enemies. He could not foresee the terrible experiences that were to be his in the days to come; but even the certainty of death would not have swerved him from the path he was determined to follow.

CHAPTER VI.

In Captive Chains.

WHEN Alice recovered her senses she found herself in a modestly furnished chamber, well lighted and commodious. She was lying fully dressed upon a bed, and raising herself upon her elbow, examined her surroundings with staring eyes, wondering if this were her room. She arose and went to the door, but to her consternation found it locked from the outside.

The furniture consisted of a table, two chairs, and a bed. The walls, calcimined in blue, were adorned with a few cheap chromos. Over the door was the motto, gaudily painted: "God bless our home!"

There was a window hemmed in by faded curtains. Alice went to this and looked at a fog-obscured landscape with increasing dread. It was day, but the exact hour she had no means of knowing, and the landscape was obscured by a fog. She tried to open the window, but her effort failed, and an examination developed that the sash had been secured by nails.

She was a prisoner!

She began to remember events with startling realism. She recalled the messenger of the previous evening who acquainted her with the news of her father's arrest, her departure from home, and the subsequent events. She knew that she had fainted, and while in a

swoon she was brought to the place in which she now found herself.

She recoiled with horror when she sought a reason for her abduction. What evil design did her captors meditate? Who could possibly have an object in depriving her of her liberty? What did it all mean? The poor girl's senses reeled. She sought to give expression to her terror in a shriek; only a feeble moan escaped her lips.

She threw herself on the bed in despair. Happily for her state of mind, relief came to her in a sudden burst of bitter tears.

When her grief had spent itself partly she went again to the window in the hope that she might recognize the locality in which she was confined.

Far to the left through the lifting fog she beheld a hill, the side of which was studded with cottages. Soon she could see people passing. She sighed bitterly and envied them their freedom.

She could not recognize the scene. Turning to the right, an equally unfamiliar view met her gaze. In this direction the sky was clouded by dense volumes of smoke, indicating that some factory was in operation beyond the barren hills

Beneath her, in the enclosure in which her prison house stood, were some trees denuded of leaves. That she was confined in an upper room was evident. She measured the distance with her eyes and estimated that it was at least twenty-five feet. She fancied herself leaping from the window and shuddered as she thought of lying with broken bones on the hard earth beneath.

Who were her captors? What did they purpose doing with her? How fared it with her father in prison, and what was her mother doing now that she was bereft of both husband and daughter? Who but she could console her?

Driven to hysteria by these thoughts, she gave utterance to a piercing shriek. Running to the door, she kicked madly at the panels.

A woman's voice somewhere beyond answered. The door was opened cautiously and the female entered.

"What are you making such a fuss for, my baby?" inquired the newcomer with a coarse grin.

The appearance of the woman did not impress Alice favorably. She was about fifty years of age, heavily built and muscular. Her face was deeply wrinkled, and her eyes were fastened on Alice in a cold, malignant stare. She scowled fiercely at the frightened girl, who shrank from her with instinctive aversion.

"Who are you?" inquired Alice.

"Who be I?"

The woman laughed insolently.

Alice wondered how long she would retain her reason under the domination of this frightful creature who filled her with horror.

"Who be I?" repeated the woman, placing her arms akimbo. "Who do you think I be?"

Alice remained silent.

"Oh, ye needn't put on yer fine airs with me, Miss What's-your-name!" she shouted in a sudden burst of rage. "I'm as good as the likes of you; and you'll find it out, too, before you are here longer nor a week!"

"Pardon me," said Alice. "I meant no offense. I am a prisoner here, evidently. I desire to know by whose orders I have been placed in your charge."

"Oh, indeed!" sniffed the woman with an insolent gesture. "Perhaps you'd like to know if I'm married, and if I've got children, and such like. I'm a tellin' you to ask me no questions and I'll tell no lies!"

Alice turned from the woman in disgust. The latter grasped her by the arm and swung her around suddenly.

"I'm goin' to warn you not to kick at the door again," she said brutally. "If you can't behave yourself I'll lock you up in the cellar with the rats. How'd you relish that, miss?"

"Please leave me."

"Sure I will. But if you make a noise again I'll beat your head off."

With this parting shot the woman left the chamber, carefully relocking the door behind her. Alice sat on the bed and stared aimlessly about the room. She pressed her hand to her throbbing temples, a feeling of nausea oppressing her.

She fancied she saw her mother beckoning to her; but she hadn't the physical strength to respond to the summons. For hours she sat, finally lapsing into a hopeless apathy which even the pangs of hunger could not dissipate.

She began to talk to herself. In cap-

tives this is a premonitory sign of mental collapse.

CHAPTER VII.

Manning Shows His Claws.

WHILE Alice was recruiting her strength a stirring scene took place in the chamber beneath. Three men were seated at a table engaged in a more or less excited colloquy. One was Luke Storms; the other, Bill Manning; the third, the man who had delivered the false message to Alice.

Manning and the messenger had delivered their goods according to contract, and it was up to Storms to keep his part of the compact—the distribution of the promised reward into the itching palms of his confederates.

"It appears to me, Bill," said Storms coldly, "that your price is rather steep for a job of this kind. You want a hundred, you say?"

"Dat's what youse agreed on, Storms," replied Manning, casting a hungry look upon the bills which Storms fingered with tantalizing persistency.

"Well," remarked Storms with a scowl, "I'll give you a twenty, and you may think yourself lucky to get that."

He tossed a "yellow-back" to Manning, who grabbed it with avidity and thrust it into his pocket.

Manning knew Storms thoroughly, and his greatest fear was that he might repent of his generosity and demand its return.

"It ain't right to treat a cove so," whined Manning. "Youse promised me a 'century'—"

"Forget it!" interrupted Storms angrily. He turned to the third man and tossed him a ten-dollar bill, with the remark that honest men were deserving of reward.

"But I ain't a gettin' of it," growled the man. "If it hadn't been for me the gal wouldn't—"

"Shut up!" broke in Storms, thrusting his money into his pocket. "Do you take me for a millionaire?"

"Of course not," answered Manning petulantly. "We took youse to be on the square, though, and both of us has found out our mistake."

Storms leaned across the table. Ere Manning could dodge, he struck him with his clenched fist. Manning fell backward with a cry of pain and half drew a knife from his pocket. He arose furtively and caressed an abrasion over the right eye which the impact of Storms's ring had produced, his snaky eyes flashing fire.

"No knife-drawing here, mind that," remarked Storms threateningly. "You'll find me different game from Wilkinson—"

"I didn't kill him!" interjected Manning savagely. "You lie in yer teeth when youse says I done it!"

Storms smiled sardonically. "I guess not, my friend," he answered coldly. "I've got the proof! You will do well to remember that! It's the chair for you, now that the police are on your track."

Manning fell on his knees before Storms, who repulsed him with a kick.

"Don't give me away, Storms!" he begged. "I don't want to hang! I'm too young and good to go to the electric chair!"

He wept like an infant, emitting sounds which irritated Storms to the degree that he opened the door and, picking up Manning, threw him out bodily. Manning rose as the door was shut in his face, and a bitter curse escaped his lips.

He muttered vengefully to himself. "Youse shall suffer for this! I knows a t'ing or two about youse and your gang, and I'll tell the cops when it suits my purpose!" he threatened.

Casting a vindictive look at the door, Manning limped to the brow of the hill. He halted, turned, spat viciously—and disappeared.

Storms dismissed Manning's confederate more gently. When he was alone he laughed in satisfaction.

"I got ahead of them that time," he chuckled. "It's lucky I've got the drop on Manning. As for the other—he won't do anything. Now I'll have to look after my prisoner, who no doubt will prove to be a valuable piece of property to me."

He went to a rear room which served as a kitchen and found Alice's jailoress busily engaged in preparing supper. He greeted her jovially; but she responded in a surly tone, to which he was evidently accustomed.

"Well, my dear aunt—"

"Don't 'dear' me!" she growled. "Use that talk on the other 'n' up-stairs."

"So I shall when it suits my purpose, old woman," he answered with a whistle. "How is she to-day?"

"She kicked, growled, and cried some, and even tried to break the door down. But I put a stop to that pretty quick."

Storms grew serious at this, and his eyes glittered ominously.

"See here," he said quietly; "I'll have no cruelty, mind! Lay but a finger on her and I'll beat the breath out of your carcass!"

"I wa'n't goin' to hurt her," whined the woman. "I don't intend to, nuther."

"See that you don't," responded Storms menacingly.

Three raps in quick succession at the front door were heard. Storms started visibly.

"Dobrowski!" he muttered in a tone of annoyance. "What can he want here to-night?"

Storms went to the door, turned the key, and Dobrowski hastily entered the room. He was panting like a tired beast, and there was a scared look in his rat-like eyes.

"What an escape!" he muttered.

"What's up?" inquired Storms curiously.

"What's up, you ask?" responded Dobrowski, grasping Storms's arm and dragging him to the window. He thrust aside the curtain cautiously.

"See him there!"

The figure of a man, like a sentinel on the brow of the hill, stood silhouetted against the sky.

"Sure thing, Dobrowski," said Storms laughingly. "There's nothing to be afraid of, I reckon?"

"You fool!" exclaimed Dobrowski scornfully. "He's a spy!"

Storms glanced cautiously out of the window. The man had disappeared.

"He's gone," he said lightly.

Dobrowski made no response. With bent head and his hands clasped behind him, he walked back and forth several times, thinking deeply.

"Tell me about it, Dobrowski."

"Listen!" he answered explosively. "The man followed me from the Williamsburg Bridge. Do what I could, I was unable to shake him off. I should like to throttle him!"

"Did you recognize him?" inquired Storms uneasily.

"I never saw him before; but he must be a detective. How I hate these blood-hound police!"

"Same here, Dobrowski. But why are you here to-night?"

"Business."

"I wish you were dead!" muttered Storms to himself. He moved toward the door furtively.

"Stop!" commanded Dobrowski. "We must change headquarters immediately!"

"All right. The sooner the better."

He thought of his fair prisoner, and realized that discovery of his secret was imminent. Yet he was resolved on one thing: not to permit Dobrowski to interfere with his nefarious plans.

"You must be present to-night, Storms," said Dobrowski suddenly.

"Eh—what?"

"There is to be a special meeting to-night."

A chair falling upon the floor above startled them suddenly.

"What's that?" asked Dobrowski in alarm

"Nothing."

Storms's face flushed, and he sought to leave the room. Dobrowski caught his arm and dragged him back.

"You are hiding something from me!" he exclaimed menacingly. "Beware! Victor Dobrowski knows how to punish those who would betray our noble cause!"

"Don't get excited," responded Storms conciliatingly. "There's nothing up-stairs to be scared of."

"Who is there?"

"Only a woman"

"A woman!" echoed Dobrowski, surprised. "Who is she?"

"Alice Forbes."

"*Gott in Himmel!*" shouted Dobrowski almost devoutly. "You have Alice Forbes safe in this house?"

Storms nodded, wondering what could have caused this elation in Dobrowski He told the story of the kidnaping of the girl. The anarchist listened to the recital eagerly.

"Excellent!" he exclaimed when Storms had finished. "This alters the situation materially, and I now know how to act."

Storms bristled. "Don't forget that the girl belongs to me, Dobrowski," he said frowningly.

Dobrowski gazed at him contemptuously.

"Belongs to you!" he echoed mockingly. "No, she does not belong to you, but to the cause! When the cause has finished with her you may enjoy her to your heart's content!"

Storms glared at Dobrowski with a look of hatred. He thought in vain of a suitable reply; but, unable to express himself as he would wish, he hastily quitted the room.

Finding himself alone, Dobrowski went to the mantel and inserted his knife-point in a crack in the woodwork.

Pressing steadily downward, a small panel fell into his hand, revealing an aperture, into which he thrust his talon-like fingers.

He drew forth a sealed packet, placed it carefully in his pocket, and readjusted the panel.

"Fate favors me," he said, glancing out of the window into the gathering gloom. "I have her in my power! How fortunate for the cause that Dobrowski never sleeps!"

But Alice was unconscious of the evil designs of this madman who gloatingly paced the room and chuckled as he communed with himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

Victor Dobrowski, Anarchist.

VICTOR DOBROWSKI was a native of Petrograd, the son of a peasant who had amassed a comfortable fortune, of which he was defrauded by a government official, with the result that he became an anarchist. In revenge, he risked his life in his mad calling.

By the treachery of one of the plotters the government was kept posted regarding the operations of the band. One night the entire party, Dobrowski among the number, was captured.

Only one result of the capture was looked for—life imprisonment in Siberia. Young Dobrowski was thirteen years of age when his father, bereft of his fortune, was sent with some twenty others to the salt-mines in the Far Northeast.

Dobrowski lived through three years of the most frightful torture. His dying message to his son, Victor, was that he should avenge his father's cruel death.

When Dobrowski was eighteen his mother died. Finding himself constantly under the eyes of the Russian secret police, he determined to quit the country of his birth.

He secured a passport and went to Holland, where for several years he lived the life of an adventurer. His whole nature underwent a complete change by reason of his environment. He was radically opposed to any law which prevented men from enjoying the liberty of doing precisely what they pleased. The rich were to him simply beasts preying upon society, whom it was the solemn duty of every man to rob or slay. He was inconsistent; a sort of madman who could see at a glance the faults of the world, but who imagined himself perfect. He was convinced he had a religious mission to perform. In its accomplishment he resolved that nothing should interfere.

Having, in the prosecution of his plans of revenge on the assassins of his father, as he called the Russian police, seriously wounded one of them in a quarrel at Brabant, he found it convenient to escape to New York, where for some years he worked at odd intervals.

He was sixty years of age, and his heavy beard was tinged with silver. His shoulders were stooped, as if he were constantly oppressed by a heavy burden. His soul, once openly defiant of every principle that was irreconcilable to the tenets of his creed, had by experience grown to be so Machiavelian that he excelled in craft and in the practise of those subtle arts which are designed to deceive others.

He managed, therefore, to steer clear of the police; and while he was secretly preaching the anarchistic dogma, he was guilty of no perceptible infraction of the law. He gloried in this as a tremendous victory, and flattered himself that he was making fools of those hounds of police who persisted in interfering with honest men like himself without provocation or cause.

Dobrowski had seen much and learned much. He knew Forbes long before the latter was aware that such a man as

Dobrowski existed. He recognized in him an enthusiast in the cause of labor, and felt that his enthusiasm might be employed to advantage to the cause—if Forbes could be won.

One day he began to inquire into Forbes's antecedents; and, applying this knowledge to some facts concerning another well-nigh forgotten affair, he found himself on the threshold of a mystery in which Forbes and his daughter Alice were the principal figures.

He began to cultivate Forbes's acquaintance. One night he offered to enroll Forbes as a member of "The Cause," after outlining in cheerful colors the gloomy plans of that body. Forbes refused to entertain the proposition, notwithstanding Dobrowski's threat that he might have serious cause to rue his obstinacy.

Dobrowski had in his possession certain papers secured years before from a fellow anarchist. They related to the strange disappearance of a baby girl, the daughter of Dr. Albert Lauriston, a millionaire, who had since died, leaving his fortune in trust for the child should she ever be discovered. A reward of one hundred thousand dollars was offered to any person or persons who found her.

The only clue to her identity was a red birthmark in the form of a cross on her right shoulder.

What a splendid opportunity for the advancement of the cause! Where was this girl to be found? One day Dobrowski was walking near Central Park when a crowd of men and women attracted his attention. Lying stunned on the ground was a handsome young girl, who, eyewitnesses declared, had been struck by a speeding motor-car. Her clothing was badly torn, and the right shoulder was partly exposed.

This attracted Dobrowski's attention immediately. Saying that he was a physician, he was permitted to examine the girl without hindrance. He started up suddenly when he took a long chance and pulled back the clothing that covered her right shoulder and saw a birthmark—a red cross.

The girl was Alice Forbes, as Dobrowski subsequently learned. He instituted a secret inquiry, and made the alarming discovery that a young, ambitious lawyer named Clark was working on precisely the same case. Clark had submitted the matter to Inspector Jones, with a view of enlisting his powerful aid; but with what result Dobrowski never learned.

He recognized the necessity of securing control of the girl—by abduction, if necessary—in order that he might carry out the gigantic scheme he had conceived. This was to secure her signature to the renunciation of half, if not the whole, of her fortune in his favor.

His movements were hampered by the sudden and unlooked-for vigilance of the detectives, who, he was aware, were watching him closely. He knew, too, that Storms, who was one of his colleagues in the cause, loved the girl, and he was about to take Storms into his confidence when the murder of Wilkinson interfered.

He had not anticipated this good fortune

"There is only one plan to pursue," he said. "She must and shall do as I command or—"

His gloomy features were darkened by a frown at the thought of refusal.

"She shall not refuse! I may be forced to work on her fears and thereby cause her pain; but that is a mere trifle. I will be generous and allow her one-half of the fortune to which she is entitled. It's a fair proposition, for without my help she can get nothing. In fact, I will do her a great service when I reveal to her the secret of her life."

Storms entered the room.

"Supper is ready," he said curtly.

"I'm glad of it," responded Dobrowski heartily. "I'm well-nigh starved."

The two men, watched by the woman who attended to their wants, ate in silence, without venturing a remark.

Storms eyed Dobrowski like a cat, wondering what his plans concerning Alice were and vowing that he would brook no interference.

On the other hand, Dobrowski was thinking of the best course to pursue so that he might secure from Alice, with the least possible trouble, the coveted renunciation of riches of the existence of which she had not the slightest knowledge.

"Storms," said he suddenly, leaning back in his chair.

"Well?"

"I must see your prisoner at once."

"What for?"

Dobrowski drew the packet of papers from his pocket. Extracting a sheet, he slowly penciled thereon several lines. Then he turned to Storms smilingly.

"Simply, my friend," he answered, "to secure her signature to this little document."

He thrust the paper toward Storms, whose face darkened as he read the following:

> I, the undersigned, for value received, do hereby transfer, devise and convey to Victor Dobrowski, one-half of the estate to which I am entitled by the death of my father, the late Dr. Albert Lauriston. I positively affirm that this division of my inheritance was proposed by myself in appreciation of the valuable services performed by Victor Dobrowski in my behalf.

Storms tossed the paper to Dobrowski scornfully.

"Do you think she is fool enough to sign that?"

"Yes, I think so," drawled Dobrowski coolly.

"Well, I don't."

He emphasized his disbelief with an angry oath and a resonant blow of his fist on the table which made the dishes rattle. The woman scowled, but remained silent.

"And why not?" asked Dobrowski. "Why should she not give up half of this estate when it is in our power to deprive her of the whole of it? That wouldn't be businesslike."

"See here, Dobrowski, I want you to go slow in this matter."

"Why?"

"I intend to make that girl my wife!" replied Storms with a fierce look in his bloodshot eyes.

Dobrowski laughed loudly.

"Has she already consented?"

"No, but she will." He drew a cigarette from his pocket. Lighting it, he puffed vigorously.

"I wish you luck," remarked Dobrowski coldly. "But what has that to do with the plans of the cause and this?"

He held up the renunciation and tapped it lightly with his fingers.

"The cause has no right to interfere with my love affairs or rob my future wife."

Dobrowski rose abruptly from the table.

"This is foolish talk!" he said. "You forget the oath you took when you joined us. Is that vow sacred to you or not? Let me tell you, once for all, that I will permit no interference with my plans. Remember, I represent the cause."

Dobrowski turned away in disgust. A noise behind him prompted him instinctively to spring to one side like a cat just in time to evade Storms's dagger. Dobrowski laughed nervously. The woman crouched breathless on a stool near the stove, her eyes gleaming like stars.

"So you tried to stab me in the back, did you? That was dangerous."

He placed his hand under his coat as he spoke.

Storms made a threatening movement. It was immediately arrested at the sight of a magazine pistol, whose cold muzzle almost touched his stomach.

"You dog!" cried Dobrowski with a sneer. "If you try that again I will be forced to riddle your skin with bullets." He paused reflectively for some seconds, then added: "Come; we have need of each other, Storms. Let us work together. Unless you agree to assist me, I am afraid I must report this incident to headquarters. Remember Hoffman's fate."

Storms turned pale. Laughing raucously, he threw his dagger on the table.

"You're a devil, Dobrowski!" he snarled with an oath.

"Thank you. Shall we talk with your prisoner now?"

Storms took up a candle and silently led Dobrowski to the stairway. They ascended the creaking structure. A moment later Storms opened the door.

Dobrowski entered the room in which Alice was detained, with his confederate close by his heels.

CHAPTER IX.

Dobrowski's Plan Fails.

THE appearance of the two men did not surprise Alice. Indeed, she expected that her captors, whoever they might be, would soon acquaint her with whatever object they had in view.

She suspected that Storms had a hand

in her abduction. Now that he stood quailing before her, she felt that the truth was beginning to unfold.

She was amazed to recognize in Dobrowski the man who, two years previously, had assisted her to her home after her accident near the park. What could he be doing in this place? Was he, too, one of her enemies? She stood with uplifted face and folded arms and silently watched him as, with an obsequious bow, he advanced.

"I am pleased to see you again, Miss Forbes," he said. "Pray be seated." He pointed to a chair.

"Thank you," she replied coldly. "I prefer to stand."

"Very well," said Dobrowski blandly. "We shall not long detain you, I hope, Miss Forbes."

The girl glanced at him curiously. Dobrowski motioned to Storms to place the candle upon the table. This done, he took a position so that while the light fell full on Alice's face, his was obscured in the shadow.

Storms seated himself near the table and watched her. He sought to catch her glance; but she seemed to have eyes for Dobrowski alone.

"I have called to see you on very important business, Miss Forbes," said Dobrowski. "May I state it to you?"

"Proceed," she replied, curious to learn what he had to say.

"I thank you." He paused an instant, thinking deeply. "In the first place," he proceeded, "I desire that you pardon me for the temporary inconvenience to which I, or, rather, my friend, may have subjected you."

"You allude to my abduction?" she asked coldly.

"It is a harsh term," replied Dobrowski, shrugging his shoulders

"A true one, nevertheless. Are you responsible for the plight in which I find myself?"

"No!"

She cast a scornful glance at Storms.

"It was you, then. Tell me, why have you done me this cruel wrong?"

Dobrowski smiled conciliatingly. "Say, rather, we have done you a great service, Miss Forbes," he remarked.

"Service?"

"Is it not so, Storms?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"Enough!" rejoined Alice scornfully. "You will favor me by coming to the point without delay. Tell me, why have you taken me from my parents? What do you purpose to do with me?"

Dobrowski coughed once or twice with the evident object of gaining time. The matter was narrowing down to fine limits, and all his ingenuity was required to bring his business with this proud, fearless and resolute woman to a successful issue.

"I wish to ask you a question, Miss Forbes," he said respectfully. "Have I your permission to do so?"

"Yes"

"Are you aware that Chester Forbes is not your father?"

"Not my father?"

"Precisely."

"What do you mean?"

"I speak English pretty plainly, I believe; but that is excusable, seeing that I am a Russian and not a countryman of yours."

"Explain yourself."

"The truth is, Forbes is not your father."

Alice leaned toward him in stupefaction. "And Mrs. Forbes?" she inquired.

"Is not your mother."

"You lie!"

Dobrowski shrugged his shoulders, then clasped his hands resignedly before him

"It is always thus with a woman," he said calmly. "Whenever she is confronted with facts that she cannot understand, she declares they have no material existence. I tell you the truth, and you unable to comprehend—say bluntly that I lie. A leopard cannot change his spots. You are a woman after my own heart."

His earnestness impressed Alice so forcibly that she became a prey to depressing doubts and fears. Was he speaking the truth? Had she been deceived by those she believed to be her parents all these years?

It seemed an utter impossibility — a monstrous assumption against which her nature rebelled with all its strength. She was trying to convince herself that this was the first of a tissue of falsehoods advanced by Dobrowski in furtherance of some ulterior design, and she was

resolved that he should not entrap her if she could prevent him.

"If Forbes is not my father," she asked guardedly, "whose child am I?"

"That you will learn in due course," replied Dobrowski. "First, you are interested in the welfare of Chester Forbes, are you not?"

"What a question!"

"Of course you know he is in prison?"

"Yes."

"The charge against him is a serious one. He may be sent to Sing Sing for many years."

She shuddered, a movement which did not escape Dobrowski's eagle glance. He resumed in a low tone:

"It is in your power to save him."

"In my power?" repeated Madeline eagerly. "How can I save him?"

"Simply by signing this document," resumed Dobrowski, producing the renunciation he had prepared.

"Let me see it."

Dobrowski looked at her reproachfully. "You apparently doubt me," he said. "All that you are required to do is to sign this document. Within twenty-four hours you and your father will be free."

She felt that the man was lying. She was, nevertheless, curious to know the contents of this valuable document, the signing of which meant freedom to Forbes and herself, but which Dobrowski was evidently anxious she should not have the opportunity of inspecting.

"I refuse to sign!" she declared after a moment's thought.

"You refuse?"

"Absolutely, unless I know its character."

Dobrowski stared at her coldly. "It is quite evident," he said, "that you have no confidence in me."

"You are not deceived; I have not."

He nodded approvingly. He began to like the girl. Her candor and fearlessness won his heart. Such a woman would prove to be a prize to any man. He was reminded of the presence of Storms, who, for the want of something better to do, was trimming the candle, which flickered feebly. Imagine him the husband of this disdainful, fearless girl! What an absurdity!

"I am sorry," he said regretfully, "that you have no faith in me. I am a gruff old man, it is true, and my dealings with your sex never have been signally successful. Perhaps what I am now about to say will be more agreeable to you."

Storms cocked his ears. He felt that the crisis was at hand. He cast appealing glances at Alice, who persistently refused to honor him with a glance.

"It is in my power to place you in possession of a princely inheritance—" began Dobrowski.

He paused and watched the girl.

"Explain yourself," said Alice eagerly.

"Sign this document, and I will put in your hands absolute proof establishing your birthright and placing you in possession of more than a million dollars."

"You are dreaming!"

Dobrowski whispered a word to Storms, who reluctantly left the room. Dobrowski then turned to Alice, who eyed him with an astonishment she found it difficult to conceal.

"I do not dream, Miss Forbes," he said with a smile. "You are an heiress of social position, and I alone am in a position to place you in possession of your own. Of course, you must admit that I am entitled to something for my trouble in your behalf."

"I see it all now," said Alice suddenly. "You are seeking to employ me as a tool in some secret design of yours."

He chuckled. "What a wonderful girl you are!" he said rapturously. "We begin to understand each other."

He rubbed his dry hands eagerly together.

Storms's footsteps were heard on the stairs. He reentered the room with a bottle of ink and a pen, which he placed on the table. Dobrowski trimmed the candle. With trembling fingers he spread out the document.

He dipped the pen in the ink and offered it to Alice with the grace of a courtier.

"Sign."

She took the pen and approached the table. Picking up the renunciation, she read it slowly over and over again. Dobrowski's pale face grew still paler under the strain. Storms stood with folded arms, like a statue, secretly hoping she would refuse to sign.

The scoundrel had convinced himself that Dobrowski was seeking to rob him of what, as Alice's future husband, he had the sole right to share. The possibility that he might never win Alice for his wife did not enter into his calculations at all.

"Sign!"

She turned to Dobrowski defiantly and cast the pen into a corner. Before Dobrowski could divine her purpose she tore the document into fragments and threw them at his feet.

"You have my answer," she said.

Dobrowski shuddered. His cherished dream had crumbled like a house of cards. Anger surged in his breast and prompted him to beat this defiant girl to earth. He bit his lips viciously. When he next addressed her a tiny rivulet of blood was trickling down his beard.

"You refuse to sign."

"Absolutely!"

"Are you aware of the consequences to you?"

"I do not care!" cried Alice passionately. "I refuse to submit to your dictation. My father has told me of you more than once. How can I believe a man so degraded as you?

"Do you think," she resumed, unmindful of his wrath, "I would give a single dollar to aid you in spreading your fiendish gospel? No; I would rather die first! Were the fortune to which you say I am entitled twenty millions, instead of one, and could I secure it by paying you only one penny, I would sacrifice it all rather than that you should profit! You have brought my father to ruin—now you seek to make a wretched tool of me! I shall never be guilty of an alliance, expressed or implied, with such as you!"

Dobrowski watched her with an evil glitter in his eyes. He could not believe the girl capable of such tremendous energy, such inexcusable obstinacy. Here was a woman who sacrificed the prospect of vast wealth for the sake of a childish sentiment. How ridiculous; how absolutely incomprehensible!

This unlooked for opposition, however, was merely a temporary but annoying obstacle. He had other resources at his command, and resolved to employ them should he be driven to extremities by reason of her senseless rebellion.

"I regret very much," he said after a pause, "that you will force me to employ methods which your ready compliance with my wishes would have rendered unnecessary."

"I have no fear," she responded bravely.

"What?" he went on with increasing irritation. "Am I to be balked by a chit of a girl? You do not know Victor Dobrowski. I have offered you a fortune and an exalted position in society for a consideration. You, in return, insult me. I assure your father and yourself liberty as soon as you sign the document necessary to the purposes I have in view. You, in reply, tear that document into fragments!"

He tore his hair in a sudden burst of rage; his eyes flashed fire, and he snarled like a wolf in a trap. Alice wondered if he were mad. She began to fear that he might do her violence.

For the first time she cast an appealing glance at Storms, who made a gesture indicating that he would protect her.

"Very well," resumed Dobrowski when his passion had partly expended itself. "Instead of giving your father liberty, I will bring him to—" He hesitated.

"What?" asked Alice nervously.

"Death!"

She turned from him and went to the window. He followed her, his lips close to her ears. She felt his hot breath on her cheek, and a horrid sickness crept over her. She grew giddy. To prevent herself from falling, she clutched the window curtains.

"As for you," he whispered threateningly, "your fate shall be worse than death—unless you speedily come to my terms."

She faced him indignantly and pointed to the door.

"If you would not have me die at your feet—go!" she cried. "Leave me! Leave me!"

She placed her hands against his breast and pushed him from her with all her strength. Dobrowski staggered back with a curse.

Storms crept forward as if to spring, but the recollection of the magazine gun in Dobrowski's pocket restrained him.

Alice sank into a chair and gave up to her feelings.

"I'll tame her yet!" muttered Dobrowski. Then, turning to Storms, he said: "She has enjoyed the first victory; the second will be ours. Come!"

Storms took up the candle and followed in silence. When Alice lifted her tear-stained face she found herself in darkness that terrified her.

She knelt by her bedside and fervently prayed for protection against the formidable foe that threatened her and those she loved.

CHAPTER X.

Dobrowski Is Defied.

TWO weeks passed. At the end of that period Dobrowski's project was no nearer the success he had anticipated than on the occasion of his first interview with Alice. He visited her every day, pleading with and threatening her. The result was invariably the same from day to day; Alice persisted in her refusal to yield

"You must and shall yield!" he would say.

"I am resigned to whatever fate may have in store for me," was her reply over and over again. "You may do your worst. You have it in your power to kill me if you like; but no money of mine shall you and yours ever be permitted to enjoy."

While he wondered how he could crush the girl's rebellious spirit, he was disturbed by certain disquieting facts, not the least of which was the knowledge that the members of his organization were being constantly shadowed by the police.

He suspected that a police spy had followed him to his lair, but he was not interrupted; and as the days passed he began to believe that he was mistaken concerning the man who had followed him across the hills. If Inspector Jones knew where to find him, why did he not make a decisive move?

From his agents Dobrowski ascertained that the detectives were alert. This unusual vigilance on their part annoyed him, especially because one big "stunt" that he had devised was to be carried into effect in a few days.

The twenty spirits belonging to the organization had all but concluded their arrangements for destroying valuable railroad property on the outskirts of New York City. It was only necessary to press a button and—*pouf!*

Dobrowski gloated over the prospect with ever-increasing delight. Now he was to prove to the world that a mere handful of men had it in their power to take the law into their own hands.

It was a glorious thing—battling single-handed against the world. In his madness Dobrowski fancied himself a martyr to whose memory statues of stone ultimately would be raised when the purity of his motives and his worth as a man came to be recognized.

He wondered what had become of Forbes. The latter had disappeared immediately after his release. Was he searching for his daughter? If so, in what direction?

The Russian instinctively feared Forbes. Dobrowski was conscious, from his knowledge of the man, that his life would not be worth a pinch of snuff were Forbes to learn of his participation in the detention of Alice.

He hoped that he might meet Forbes and entice him into a trap. With this man in his power he would force Alice to do as he wished, even if he were obliged to murder him before her very eyes. He was full of resources. To him assassination was merely a means to an end. In consequence, he gave little heed to what might go against him—a fatal oversight which has ruined many.

The anarchists were to meet at the rendezvous that night to complete the arrangements for the demolishment of the railroad plant.

It was not Dobrowski's quarrel particularly, but here was an opportunity to show the world that the cause was a living issue.

Dobrowski had spent the greater part of the day lurking about the railroad yards, gathering ideas for future use. Late in the afternoon he went to the house where Alice was kept a prisoner. At the door he stumbled on Bill Manning, who was snooping about with the unmistakable air of a sneak-thief.

When Manning beheld Dobrowski's eyes fixed on him he blanched, and a nervous whistle escaped him.

"What are you doing here?" Dobrowski inquired suspiciously.

"Nawthin'!"

"See here, you rat!" cried Dobrowski, holding up a long index finger and shaking it warningly. "You have acted strangely of late. If you intend to do the cause an injury, beware!"

"I ain't a goin' to hurt the cause," he sniveled, rubbing a greasy sleeve across his eyes. "I'm on de square, I be; and that's more'n I kin say of some chaps."

"What do you mean?"

Manning asked himself if it would be wise to make a confidant of Dobrowski. He glared at the Russian; but the result evidently was unsatisfactory.

"Naw," he said to himself. "He'd cut my throat quicker 'n Storms would! He's a mean guy—an' a anarchist what ain't fit to be trusted."

Dobrowski scowled, left Manning abruptly, and walked to the rear of the house. Manning darted a quick glance here and there, and, satisfied that he was unobserved, surveyed the front of the house intently as if measuring the distance from the ground to the window of Alice's room.

He detected a movement of the curtains above, and his heart beat wildly at the sight of the girl who stood with her face pressed to the glass, gazing at him in wonderment. She made a sign of recognition and smiled as if his presence afforded her pleasure.

He tipped his well-worn cap with awkward grace. She responded with a wave of her hand and vanished. He stared upward intently, hoping that she might return; but he was disappointed.

"My, if I only had an air-ship! If I t'ought she'd t'ink of me a little, darn me if I wouldn't swim t'rough Hell Gate fur her!"

His ratlike eyes gleamed viciously as a figure on the brow of the hill beyond flashed into view suddenly, causing him to crouch down in terror.

He recognized Storms. His first impulse was to dart into concealment like a rabbit; but, after a moment's thought, he decided to remain and bravely face the music.

He felt that it was imperative that he should conciliate the man who knew him to be the assassin of Wilkinson and who might, for reasons of his own, be induced to share that perilous knowledge with the police.

Manning's blood grew stagnant at the thought; his flesh quivered in horror at the scenes of the subsequent trial, his conviction, the death-house in Sing Sing—and the electric chair. All the horrible details of electrocution came into his mind like a vivid realism that made him giddy and ill.

The instinct of self-protection demanded that he should act cautiously; for he had a plan in pickle, and he desired that it should be successfully executed. A little cunning on his part might not only save his neck, but enable him to square accounts with Storms, who, next to Dobrowski, he hated most.

The prospect of revenge was as bread to a starving man. It filled his little soul with ferocious exultation. Could Storms or Dobrowski have read his mind, he knew they would have destroyed him mercilessly.

He gloried in the thought that they lacked this power. The knowledge endowed him with a giant's strength in his unequal struggle with the superior forces at their command.

CHAPTER XI.

In the Lion's Den.

STORMS approached the house in blissful ignorance of the thoughts that stirred Manning's breast. Immersed in his own troubles—not the least of which was the unsatisfactory progress of his love-making he failed to see Manning until he was almost upon him.

He manifested no surprise at seeing him; but it was as a matter of course that he demanded to know why Manning was skulking about the rendezvous.

"I've got some business as will interest you, Storms," answered Manning knowingly.

"You want money, I suppose?" growled Storms angrily.

"No."

He instantly regretted this precipitancy and hastened to qualify his blunt denial in the hope that Storms's generosity might be aroused.

"Sure thing, Storms!" he stammered. "I always want money; but that ain't what I'm here for to-day." He whistled softly to himself, then added: "It's more important than that."

Storms edged closer to Manning, who cautiously retreated a step or two. He had had more than one taste of Storms's pugilistic qualities, and they commanded his respect.

Storms ordered him to stand, and assured him that he would not lift a finger against him. At that instant Dobrowski, attracted by the clamor, appeared and silently assumed a listening attitude behind them.

"What's it about, son?" asked Storms conciliatingly.

"Forbes."

Storms showed surprise. Dobrowski pricked up his ears so as not to lose a syllable.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yep."

Storms glared at him with growing impatience.

"Go on!" he growled. "Say what you have to say—and be done with it!"

"I seed him near the railroad shops last night," responded Manning promptly. "He was a watchin' the men as they left their work. He didn't look like hisself; he was togged out like an artist on the two-a-day circuit. I knowed him—and I went to him and I says, says I, 'Hello, Mr. Forbes!' He turns on me quick as lightning, and I says, says I, 'Don't you know me? I'm Manning?' He laughs to hisself, kinder sick like, and he don't say nawthin' fer a long time."

"Well, what happened?"

"He asks me what I'm doin' now. I says, says I, 'Nawthin.' He laughs agin, and asks me if I know where Dobrowski and Storms kin be found. I says, says I, 'Mebbe,' and he takes my hand. Then he asks me, 'Where?' an' I up an' told him."

"You dog!"

Enraged, Storms grasped Manning's throat and shook him fiercely. "You told him, did you? I ought to kill you for that!"

Dobrowski thought it prudent to interfere at this declaration. Manning's eyes were bulging, and his tongue protruded from his teeth. He was strangling when Dobrowski seized Storms by the arm and, with a vigorous push, threw him to one side. Manning fell to the earth like a rag, gasping for breath and moaning feebly.

"Do not kill the lad," said Dobrowski calmly. "He may be of service to the cause. Who knows?"

"He deserves killing. He has placed Forbes on our trail."

"Yes, I heard him say so."

"Then you and I had better make tracks. You don't know Forbes as well as I do."

"Possibly not."

Dobrowski smiled softly.

"It'll be a gloomy day for us if he gets the upper hand," said Storms in a surly tone.

"We shall see, my friend; we shall see."

Manning rose to his feet with convulsive movements of his head. Dobrowski addressed him kindly.

"You say you told Forbes where we were to be found?"

Manning nodded and made a movement as if to take French leave, but Dobrowski restrained him with a gentle pressure upon the shoulder.

"What did he say?"

"He said he wanted to join the gang," replied Manning tremulously.

"You are sure he said that?" whispered Dobrowski, darting a significant glance at Storms.

"Sure as death!" replied Manning earnestly. "It was only then that I up an' told him where youse was. He said he would come an' see youse to-night."

"Did he really say that?" inquired Dobrowski with bated breath.

"Yes."

Dobrowski patted Manning softly on the head. The latter ducked instinctively, fearing a blow. The Russian drew a piece of silver from his pocket and offered it to Manning, who gazed at him with open mouth and bulbous eyes.

"There's a half-dollar for you," he said. "Take it; you have earned it fairly."

Manning took the coin and tested its quality between his teeth. He could not fathom this Russian, who seemed to hold him in a spell. Storms, unable to divine the cause of this unwonted generosity in Dobrowski, was not sure that it did not mean danger to himself and his project.

"You may go into the house now, my son," said Dobrowski after a pause. "If you wish, you may dine with me. Are you hungry?"

Manning shook his head in the affirmative. Really, he said to himself, this Russian was not so vicious after all. He began to yield to the hypnotic attraction of Dobrowski's eyes beaming on him like twin beacons in the night. Their expression fascinated and held him speechless. At a sign from Dobrowski he went to the door, opened it, and shot like a flash out of sight.

"You are a fool, Dobrowski!" said Storms. "You should have allowed me to kill him!"

Dobrowski scowled. "Not so," he answered thoughtfully. "He has done the cause a great service."

"In what way? By setting a bloodhound on our tracks?"

"No; by placing a bloodhound in our power."

"Ah!"

"Forbes will come to-night. Be his purpose what it may, I will see that he does not escape me once he is in my clutches. Events could not have shaped themselves better. Without any effort on our part he comes to us—he comes to us! It is providential."

He shook his clenched fist in the direction of Alice's window. "Ah, my obstinate girl, when he is in my hands I will know how to bring you to terms! You shall defy me no more!"

The two men entered the house, each immersed in thought. Ten minutes later the members began to gather. Soon twenty of Dobrowski's followers were consulting in whispers in the chamber allotted to them.

Dobrowski walked back and forth restlessly. At every sound that came from without he paused with bent head and listened.

Suddenly he raised his hand with a commanding gesture and instant silence followed. It was broken only by the faint pit-pat of steps approaching the house.

Dobrowski sprang to the door with flushed face and excitedly threw it open. A man entered. Taking off his hat, he looked anxiously into the dark faces that confronted him.

"Who are you?" inquired Dobrowski.

"Chester Forbes!"

"Welcome."

Dobrowski glanced from one to the other. Closing the door and locking it stealthily, he thrust the key into his pocket. Could Forbes have seen the look of malignant triumph in Dobrowski's eyes, it might have given him cause to rue the fatal day on which the pathways of their lives had crossed—a day of evil, the fulness of which was yet to come.

CHAPTER XII.

The Genesis of a Hoodlum.

WHEN Manning found himself in the house beyond reach of Dobrowski's eyes, which attracted him and held him captive against his will, he breathed more easily.

His temples throbbed, and cold perspiration dotted his low, wolfish brow. His bones ached, and there was a stiffness about his neck, caused by Storms's gentle ministrations, which rendered him exceedingly irritable and awakened all the profanity of which he was capable.

Universally recognized as a genius in his lowly way, he became an autocrat in his coterie of acquaintances. He had achieved this distinction honestly, and the knowledge filled him with a desire to branch out in new and wider fields, wherein his peculiar talents might be displayed to greater advantage.

Forced from his infancy to provide for his own wants, for some years he earned a precarious livelihood by selling newspapers at the entrance to Brooklyn Bridge. He found himself out of business one day; but, nothing daunted, he engaged as man-of-all-work in a cheap saloon for the sole privilege of partaking of the indigestibles displayed on the lunch counter. Whether or not he ate too much, he was one day discharged. Then he worked as a janitor's assistant in an up-town apartment-house; but, the disappearance at intervals of sundry articles being traced to him, he was unceremoniously kicked into the street.

It was during this period that his predatory instincts developed to a high degree, the result being the inauguration of a questionable system of economics by the practise of which he not only satisfied all his wants, but enjoyed luxurious opulence.

He could pick a pocket with marvel-

ous skill. As a sneak-thief in lodging-houses and hotels he had few peers.

The police began to suspect him. To avert arrest he resolved to work honestly for a time, and became apprentice to a plumber named Wilkinson.

His treatment was not sufficiently humane to promote the development in his debased nature of honorable instincts. Instead of respecting Wilkinson, he came to regard him as a cruel taskmaster who might with advantage to society be assisted in taking up his permanent abode in the shadowy land beyond the Styx.

The opportunity for executing this sanguinary project presented itself on the night of the meeting of the Amalgamated Railroad Workers, and Manning seized it with avidity. By the aid of four inches of steel he simultaneously evened up scores with his old boss.

But as the days passed he began to rue his hurried action. He had committed the crime in the belief that the deed was unobserved; but he was wofully mistaken.

He had burrowed into the crowd like a mole, an object so insignificant and contemptible as to escape the notice of all save one man, who had maliciously imparted his knowledge of Manning's guilt to Storms.

This was a severe blow to the youthful assassin, who, aware that his secret was shared by another, became a prey to vivid and depressing illusions.

He beheld the trappings of the electric chair swaying continually before him, imparting a keener edge to his gnawing remorse. Finally, at night, he began to see the frightful specter of his ghastly victim. He stormed, fumed, spat, swore, and closed his eyes; but, do what he might, this hideous apparition would not down.

He was haunted by an evil presence, and terror oppressed his soul almost to the degree of madness. He had never known a mother's love; yet, in his paroxysms of fear, he called on her piteously to save him.

He often sought to dispel his fright by repeating a simple prayer he had once heard at a Salvation Army meeting; but his memory failed him, and the words stuck in his throat.

Happily for him, these fits of mental depression that followed the commission of his crime were infrequent enough to permit the harboring in his brain of other aspirations, chief among which were his yearning for revenge on Storms and the suddenly conceived desire to balk that individual's love madness for Alice Forbes.

She exerted a strange influence over him—a subtle power to the sway of which he submitted with a joy his heart had never hitherto experienced. He came to regard her as a goddess whom he was permitted to worship in secret, but whose companionship was never to be vouchsafed to such scum as himself.

The fact that she was in trouble by his connivance did not worry him; his only thought now was to assist her in escaping the clutches of Storms. This he resolved to accomplish if mortal man could perform the task, and the quicker he got the job off his hands, he said to himself, the better for all concerned.

Manning was permitted to dine with Dobrowski -a privilege the importance of which he fully recognized. Dobrowski paid little attention to him, however; nor did Storms favor him with so much as a glance.

With the arrival of the members of the cause, one by one, Manning began to piece together the details of a plan which he had cunningly devised. In a general way, he was aware that the meeting would be sufficiently protracted and absorbing to afford him ample time in which to execute his scheme without fear of molestation

The only danger, he thought, lay in the possible refusal of Alice to cooperate with him in his scheme, even though its main object was her deliverance from the hands of her enemies. Might she not decline to entrust herself to his guidance and care?

He winced at the thought of refusal and, if need be, resolved to beg her on his knees to fly from the dangers that menaced her so long as she lived under the same roof that sheltered Dobrowski. He swore that he would drag her to safety and employ force, if need be, to assure her deliverance in spite of all resistance to his demands.

Alice's jaileress was nodding in a corner when Manning arose and skulked into the hallway, from which access to the upper story was had.

He knew the plan of the dwelling thoroughly. There were two rooms above; the one in front occupied by Alice and the apartment in the rear—the bedroom of Alice's jaileress.

The window of this chamber was only ten feet from the ground, while that of the room in which Alice was imprisoned, owing to the rapid sloping of the hillside, was twice that distance.

Once Alice was released from the room, he reflected, he might let her down to earth by means of the rear window without as much as ruffling a hair of her head.

There was serious danger of detection. At the thought of this contingency Manning clutched at a knife in his pocket. It was the same weapon he had used on Wilkinson so effectively.

He realized that his enterprise was extremely perilous, and that if he were surprised by either Dobrowski or Storms the consequences would be serious.

He encircled his throat with his dirty fingers, and his brain whirled. Presently he felt the edge of his knife-blade and, smiling grimly, entered cautiously to perform his self-imposed task.

The cause was well represented in the front room as he passed the door, which, fortunately for his purpose, was only slightly ajar. He glanced hastily at the assemblange, and beheld Dobrowski and Storms consulting together in a corner. They were engaged in serious conversation, apparently, and the former gesticulated at times almost fiercely.

He was awaiting the arrival of Forbes, as Manning knew, and he drew a long breath as he watched the Russian

"Wow!" he ejaculated softly. "It'll go hard with Forbes if he ain't up to snuff. Dat Roosian means murder, or I don't know nawthin'! Wait, ye furreigner, till Bill Manning plays his trump card!"

Manning ascended the stairs on all fours like a cat; first, because he desired to make as little noise as possible; second, so as to render himself diminutive and, therefore, less liable to discovery should one of the anarchists have cause to open the hall door suddenly.

He gained the landing with celerity and scarcely without sound.

An adept in the art of picking locks, he invariably carried some skeleton keys so as not to be at a disadvantage should an occasion arise for bettering his condition. He had one of these keys with him now, and he relied on it as a leading factor of the dangerous game in which he was engaged.

His greatest fear was that Alice might scream should he appear suddenly and ruin his plans. He decided to first acquaint her with the details of his proposion and beg her to assist him by a ready compliance with his wishes.

CHAPTER XIII.

Manning Plays Trumps.

MANNING approached the door and scratched the panel softly. He paused for an instant; but, hearing no sound save the rapid thumping of his own heart, he scratched again. This time he heard Alice approach. He peeked through the keyhole, but saw nothing. He sank upon his knees and glued his lips to the tiny opening.

"Miss Forbes!"

"Who is it?"

"It's Bill Manning."

"What do you want?"

"I want to git you out o' this," he answered. "Do you care to leave this 'ere house — and Storms and Dobrowski?"

"Yes. Can you aid me?"

"Sure!"

"And will you do so? You will not play me false?"

"So help me, no!" he whispered earnestly. "I'll cross my heart!"

He heard a sudden commotion below; a newcomer had appeared and was being warmly welcomed. Manning paused a moment with a knowing smile.

"Forbes has come," he muttered. "Good; I'll have time enough to work now." He then addressed Alice through the keyhole.

"Git ready now, and I'll hev you out o' here in a jiffy. Is it a go?"

"Yes."

"I'll be back in two minutes, so git ready."

"You will find me ready."

It remained for Manning to see that the rear window was opened so that their progress might not be impeded in that quarter. He went to the door of

the rear room and, opening it, halted on the threshold to listen.

There floated to his ears the low mumble of voices. Creeping catlike to the window, he raised the sash, admitting a chilling gust of wind and a few drops of rain. He looked out into the gloom; it was beginning to storm wildly.

"Bully! Dey won't be able to catch us if we onct git across de hill an' headed fur de Hudson River. I'll give 'em de slip, all right!"

He crossed the room and was about to step into the hallway when a faint light on the staircase attracted his attention. He darted behind the door, and through the crack beheld the jaileress as, candle in hand, she stepped upon the landing.

Her appearance was most inopportune; it threatened disaster to his project. She approached the door behind which he was secreted, a proceeding that startled him, for it seemed to him that discovery was inevitable.

Breathing excitedly, he drew out his knife and quickly swung out the blade. He was resolved that nothing—not even murder—should balk him at this stage of the game.

The woman entered the room and placed the candle upon the table. She started at the sight of the open window, and with a muttered exclamation closed it noisily. Then she went to the bed and beat the pillows preparatory to retiring for the night.

In his place of concealment Manning was wondering what was best for him to do. He said to himself that, as her back was turned, it would be easy for him to spring upon her and end it all with a single knife-thrust.

He shuddered at this idea. He wanted no more blood on his soul. If he could only overpower and bind her! She was a large, muscular woman; he a slightly built youth with flabby biceps. He could not hope to successfully measure his puny strength with hers.

The only plan open to him was to work upon her fears and, with the aid of his knife, force her into silent submission. Resolved on this course, he crept toward her and, to attract her attention, coughed.

"What's that?" cried the woman, turning quickly upon him.

"It's me—Bill Manning," he said smilingly, his hands behind his back.

"What are you doing in my room?" she inquired suspiciously. "You want to steal something, eh?"

"Naw. I jest wanted to see—"

"Ah," interrupted the woman, a light breaking in on her mind, "you're mousing about to git a look at the gal. I'll tell Storms of this."

She resolutely advanced a step as if to leave the room; but at a bound Manning closed the door and confronted her with his upraised knife and a dangerous glitter in his shifty eyes.

"No, you don't," he said. "Youse is goin' to stop right here."

She looked at him in astonishment and fear. "What do you mean?" she asked angrily.

"Only this, my lady," he rejoined gaily, "that I'll slit yer wizen ef youse as much as open yer jaw. Sit down on that ere bed, quick!"

The woman hesitated for an instant—then obeyed. Manning took out a soiled bandanna handkerchief and twisted it dexterously into a long strand as he approached her.

"Hold out yer hands!" he commanded.

She did so without protest. In a moment he had tied them firmly together.

"Dat'll do," he said after testing the knots. "I'm sorry, my queen; but I'm goin' to gag ye! It's safest fur me."

"You ain't goin' to choke me?" inquired the woman anxiously.

"Dat depends on youse, my huckleberry."

She opened her mouth as if to scream. Instantly Manning's knife was at her throat. She shrank from him with a moan of terror.

"Don't try that agin!" he whispered, scowling viciously.

He swore at her under his breath and brandished his blade before her eyes, completely subduing her. He yanked off a pillow-slip and gagged her. Then he dragged a sheet from the bed and wrapped it so tightly about her that she was helpless. He surveyed his work with hearty satisfaction.

The woman glared at him. He smiled, opened the door cautiously, and glided into the hall, his open knife in one hand and a skeleton key in the other.

All was quiet save for a mumble of voices rising up from the room beneath. On reaching Alice's door he rapped on the panel lightly. She indicated that she was ready.

Manning inserted his key and dexterously threw back the bolt. The next instant she stood by his side in the hallway, unable to see him. She felt his hand and grasped it warmly.

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," she whispered. "You are a friend indeed."

Manning could not find an answer. His fingers lingered in hers in a delicious contact that sent the blood coursing through his veins, absorbing him wholly.

He sighed, then drew her onward through the hall into the adjoining chamber. The candle smoked on the table, casting a sickly light on the surroundings. Alice beheld the recumbent form of the woman on the bed and shrank away with an exclamation of terror.

"What is this?" she inquired tremulously. "Is she dead? Have you—"

Manning laughed hoarsely.

"Naw," he answered. "I didn't kill her. She's only gagged. Don't worry about her, Miss Forbes."

He threw up the sash and signaled to her to come to his side. The wind blew in fierce gusts and the rain was pouring in torrents. The girl shivered.

At that instant the candle was extinguished by a sudden gust, leaving them in utter darkness.

"Youse go first," said Manning. "I'll let ye down so that it'll be only a jump of three or four feet. I'll follow ye in the wink of a eye, and den we'll be off."

"What a dreadful night," murmured the girl despairingly.

"It couldn't have been better for us," responded Manning cheerfully. "Come along, now; out wid youse."

He assisted her through the window and held her suspended by the hands.

"All set?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes."

"Let 'er go."

He released his hold of her fingers and she dropped like a shot out of his sight. The sound of footsteps on the stairs reached his ears. He cast a hasty glance in that direction and beheld Storms, who carried a candle and was protecting its flickering flame in the hollow of his hand.

His sallow face was strangely illuminated, and Manning fancied he saw a murderous look in his bloodshot eyes. Manning crawled out of the window. Holding himself by one hand, he clenched the other and shook it savagely at his enemy.

"Damn youse!" he half shouted in exultation. "I've played and won de first trick! Don't youse cross my path agin, ye hound!"

He sprang out into the darkness and landed safely on the sodden, streaming earth. It was intensely dark, and the storm was momentarily increasing in violence. He dashed the rain out of his eyes and was about to call when Alice confronted him.

The wind howled a demons' chorus so that he was forced to shout in order that she might hear.

"Are ye all snug?" he yelled anxiously.

She nodded without venturing a reply. He fancied that she trembled from the cold and wet. He drew off his coat and threw it across her shoulders. She resisted this, but his only answer was to take her by the hand and lead her away.

Ere they had gone a hundred paces he was drenched, but the fires that raged within him rendered him impervious to this hardship.

Even as they ran side by side against the whistling gale, which sought to beat them down, angry cries reached their ears. They knew their escape was discovered and that the relentless pursuit had begun.

CHAPTER XIV.

Dobrowski Wins and Loses a Trick.

THE unexpected appearance of Chester Forbes created a commotion at the meeting of the cause, and for several minutes he was the recipient of hearty greetings from the majority, who believed that he was at heart in sympathy with their plans and that his cooperation was assured by reason of his presence among them.

Some of the more suspicious anarchists, however, stood aloof and unreservedly expressed their doubts as to

the sincerity of his motives. Every eye was centered on Dobrowski, and all were curious to know what action he would take regarding Forbes, whom the Russian hated most cordially.

Forbes was, in fact, acting a dual part. He had determined on this visit—first, in search of some clue to Alice's whereabouts; second, to ascertain what villainous project these human tigers were meditating under Dobrowski's leadership.

He abhorred not only Dobrowski's principles, but the man himself; and the thought that he might be able to put a sudden period to the Russian's operations filled him with zeal. He realized that he was in a dangerous position. Were the real purpose of his visit to be suspected, he knew he could expect no mercy from Dobrowski or his crew. He decided, therefore, to act with the greatest caution, and trust to his ingenuity to get him out of a bad place should he by some misadventure be seriously compromised.

Dobrowski went to the table and rapped the meeting to order. A deep silence instantly prevailed. There was something about him that commanded obedience even from the most recalcitrant that hailed him as leader.

"I wish to announce," said Dobrowski, "the presence here of Chester Forbes, president of the Amalgamated Railroad Workers."

There followed some applause, which was silenced by Dobrowski, who raised his hand. He resumed impressively:

"It is, of course, understood that Mr. Forbes is not one of us; therefore, he must answer a few questions before he is permitted to take an active part in the deliberations of our body."

Dobrowski beckoned to Forbes, who approached the table. All eyes were on him, many of them in hostility; but he faced the crowd calmly.

"Why are you here?" inquired Dobrowski.

"In search of my daughter."

Dobrowski's eyes fell. Storms, who was behind Forbes, raised his devoutly to the ceiling. The anarchists who were not in Dobrowski's confidence stared at the speaker in astonishment.

Dobrowski turned to Forbes and asked craftily:

"Did you expect to find her here?"

"No; but I have reason to suspect that at least one of your number can give me information of her whereabouts."

"His name?"

"Luke Storms."

Storms advanced with arms upraised, his face twitching with fear.

"It's a lie!" he shouted. "I know nothing about her!"

Forbes turned upon him fiercely, a frightful anger rising in his breast at the sight of this man, who, he was convinced, knew the secret of the girl's disappearance.

"I demand the privilege of questioning this man," he said.

"I refuse to be questioned!" cried Storms indignantly.

"Let him answer if he knows anything about the girl," came from several.

"I don't know anything about her," replied Storms, seeking to gain time in which to prepare a suitable defense should he be forced.

"You saw my daughter on the night of her disappearance, did you not?" inquired Forbes amid a deep silence.

"I don't remember."

"That is strange. Your memory is not usually so defective"

"I don't remember," repeated Storms doggedly.

"On the night in question you saw me place her on a car," went on Forbes. "Didn't you follow her?"

"No."

"Was it not you who sent her a fictitious message, forged by yourself, asking her to come to me at police headquarters?"

"I know nothing about it," replied Storms uneasily.

"I have reason to know that you are lying! When I learn the whole truth, beware that you do not fall into my hands!"

He advanced menacingly toward Storms, who shrank from him in alarm. Dobrowski, laughing lightly, placed himself between them.

"No threats, Forbes," he said deprecatingly. "It should be enough for you to know that your daughter is not here."

Forbes resumed his place at the table and folded his arms on his breast. He felt that he had acted imprudently, thereby injuring rather than aiding his cause.

He was a man of strong natural impulses, which he found difficult to control.

"Since this matter is disposed of," said Dobrowski, "permit me to ask you if that was the only motive that prompted you to visit us to-night?"

Forbes started. Did Dobrowski suspect him? If so, there was only one course to pursue—becoming a spy and allying himself with these men. He would submit to their oath of membership should that course be necessary.

Strangely enough, he felt no repugnance at this, for he began to look upon these outlaws as mere brutes, unworthy of honorable consideration, whose annihilation it was his solemn duty to encompass by all the means at his command.

Who would dare criticise his course when dealing with such men?

"Your answer?" answered Dobrowski.

"I had another motive?"

"And that is?"

"To ask permission to join your brotherhood."

"Good!" shouted several.

"Let him take the oath!" demanded others.

"It is unnecessary!" cried one man. "I know Forbes well enough to say that his word is sufficient."

Forbes bowed. "The man is right," he said quietly. "My word should be sufficient."

"There is no doubt of that," remarked Dobrowski softly; "but since the others have taken the oath, why should not you?"

"Yes, yes!" came from a dozen throats in a hoarse chorus.

"Order!"

"I desire to say," remarked Forbes when order was restored, "that there is at least one here who does not evidently respect his oath as a binding obligation."

The effect of this declaration was electrical. The anarchists sprang to their feet with imprecations.

"Name the traitor!"

"Kill him!"

"Who is it?"

"Dobrowski!" shouted Forbes, pointing at him.

Silence followed, and all faces were directed alternately on Forbes, whose arm was leveled straight at Dobrowski, and the Russian glaring at his accuser with pale face and glittering eyes.

"Tell us the truth!" said one man, bolder than his fellows.

"There is not much to tell. Dobrowski asked me to join the brotherhood, and, taking it for granted that I acquiesced in his proposal, he informed me of the plot in which you are involved."

"What plot?"

"The destruction of the Grand Central Terminal."

The anarchists stared at one another, aghast. Was it possible that Dobrowski was a traitor? None dared ask the question in the presence of the accused, who towered in their midst like a giant among pygmies.

Dobrowski stood with smiling face, apparently defying the dangerous storm that Forbes's charge had awakened in the breasts of those who scowled vindictively at him.

"Listen," he said imperiously. "It is true; I did acquaint Forbes with our secret."

He paused; not a sound broke the stillness.

"But my purpose was pure," he went on. "I believed he could be of assistance to us. When he refused I recognized the necessity of repairing my error."

Forbes wondered what was coming. The anarchists listened to Dobrowski with bated breath as he resumed:

"Of the circumstances attending his arrest you are all aware. When he was released I worked assiduously to secure information concerning him in order that—"

He hesitated as if in want of a proper phrase to express his meaning.

"Go on!"

"I might get him in my power."

"Bravo!"

"I have accomplished my design. Forbes is here! It is for you to say what shall be done with him."

Dobrowski had extricated himself from a bad predicament with wondrous skill. His adherents, who both feared and admired him, felt that they had misjudged him. Their resentment was now centered on Forbes as if he were an avowed enemy.

Blinded by their fanaticism, they were unable to recognize the dissimulation of their chief, and they accepted as true his unsupported statements without subjecting them to the slightest analysis.

Dobrowski pointed menacingly at Forbes. In another moment the brotherhood fell upon him like a pack of wolves.

CHAPTER XV.

In the Toils.

THE Russian shouted to the men to secure Forbes only, and to refrain from inflicting unnecessary punishment. Forbes recognized the futility of resistance, and offered little.

He was, nevertheless, roughly used. When he was securely bound and cast like a sack into a corner there was blood on his face. He bit his lips fiercely to repress the rage that possessed him. The anarchists resumed their seats.

"Now to business," said Dobrowski, as if nothing had occurred to disturb the serenity of the gathering. "We will attend to Forbes's case later. What have you to report, Feldmann?"

The man addressed rose to his feet and stated that the arrangements were completed for destroying the terminal and other railroad structures. Over twelve hundred pounds of dynamite were buried in various parts of the railroad yards, and all connected by wires centered in a ramshackle building used as a storeroom for railroad supplies.

The mines had been laid at night by the aid of certain dissatisfied employees, and, as far as Feldmann knew, their presence was not suspected by any one.

"Excellent!" said Dobrowski, showing his fangs in a satisfied smile.

"Blow 'em to eternity!" shouted one man, who was known as a train-wrecker.

"Ah, shut up!"

"Order!"

A Pole, Ivan Markowitz, began a rambling discourse on politics and the probable effects of the use of dynamite.

"Cut it out!" yelled several, eager to get down to facts.

"I'm for exploding the mines!" cried Callahan, whom Forbes now saw for the first time. "A liberal dose of dynamite will bring the bosses to terms."

"Order!" said Dobrowski, rapping the table with his knuckles. "Remember we are no children, but men battling for a sacred cause!"

Silence fell. This was broken by one who asked when the "dynamiting was to be pulled off."

"Saturday night," replied Dobrowski.

"Then let it come off according to program!" yelled Feldmann with a hoarse laugh.

"Aye, aye!"

The matter, being put to a vote, was carried overwhelmingly. "What shall be done with Forbes?" demanded Feldmann.

"He shall be kept captive until Saturday night," announced Dobrowski gloomily, "and after that —"

"Yes, yes!"

"After that," resumed Dobrowski with a strange laugh, "he will trouble us no more!"

Forbes shuddered. There was something sinister about the remark. If he could only find Alice and press her to his heart once he would willingly die. He fell into a reverie, from which he was rudely aroused by the voice of Storms at his ear.

"I don't mind admitting now," he whispered gleefully, "that I know where your daughter is."

"You coward!"

"We've got her safe and fast upstairs. Would you like to see her?"

Forbes strained at his bonds with a mighty though futile effort. Storms laughed derisively. Enraged beyond control, Forbes spat into his face.

"You hound!" screamed Storms, striking him with his fist. "I'll have your life for that some day!"

Dobrowski grasped Storms's arm and whispered a few words in his ear. The man left the room at a bound. When he had vanished the Russian turned to Forbes, his eyes filled with malevolence and hatred.

The anarchists stood in groups here and there discussing the grand *coup*, and they paid little heed to their leader as he bent smilingly over Forbes.

"I have your daughter, so called, safe here within these walls," Dobrowski said exultingly.

Forbes groaned in agony, but returned no answer.

"You are not surprised?" asked the Russian smilingly. "Has Storms told you?"

Forbes turned from him in despair.

"There is a Divine Providence, after all," exclaimed Dobrowski piously, "and He is working for the cause! When this daughter of yours turns over one-half of her inheritance to me—"

A muffled cry from above interrupted him. In the next instant Storms dashed into the room.

"She's gone!" he shouted hoarsely. "She's gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Dobrowski in amazement.

The anarchists crowded about Storms, wondering if he had gone mad. He tore his hair and trembled with rage.

"It's Manning's work!" he screamed.

"Impossible!"

"He got her out of the rear window—the devil knows how long ago! We must catch them!"

"Sure we must catch them," responded Dobrowski, stroking his beard reflectively.

Forbes could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. She had escaped by the aid of Manning, the last man in the world he thought capable of such an act. The knowledge that she was at liberty filled him with joy, and he laughed aloud.

"Stop your chuckling!" commanded Dobrowski threateningly. "I'll teach you to weep bitter tears ere long, my friend."

The anarchist gave an order to Storms, who disappeared. He then called four members and ordered them to carry Forbes up-stairs. They picked him up and carried him to the room lately occupied by Alice. The men then left him, and he heard the grating sound of the key as the door was locked.

"She is free!" he exclaimed joyously, unmindful of the pains that racked him. "May she elude this scoundrel and his rascally crew!"

The indistinct sounds that reached him from below told him that the search for the girl and her rescuer had begun. Presently the noises died away, and he heard naught save the mournful whistling of the wind and the pitiless swirl of the rain beating against the window.

Overcome by a sudden syncope, Forbes felt the world slipping from beneath him—and he knew no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Flight.

WITH the raucous shouts of their pursuers ringing in their ears, the refugees ran hand in hand against the driving gale. The elements seemed to combine to check their progress, and they advanced with extreme difficulty.

The wind blew with the force of a hurricane, so that in the more exposed places they could only make headway by inclining their bodies forward and cut through the veritable wall of wind that opposed them.

Their difficulties were immeasurably increased by the rain, which, driven by the blast at a sharp angle, pelted them like so many bullets. They slipped and went down repeatedly; but the thought of those who followed spurred them on to renewed effort.

It was at best a heart-breaking task; but the hope of ultimately evading their pursuers sustained their courage, and imparted new strength and endurance to their lagging limbs.

With bent head and panting heavily Alice ran on, totally unconscious of her whereabouts or of the locality toward which she was being guided. Neither had she a thought of what she would do after she arrived at her destination.

The girl was possessed of only one idea, that of escaping forever from Storms and the madman with the scowling brow and terrible eyes whose very presence filled her with a nameless terror. She said to herself shudderingly that she would rather die than to be in the power of either again, if only for an instant.

As she held Manning's hand and stumbled along by his side through the morass, she became sensible of the unalterable fact that her safety now was centered in him. She realized that he was not ordinarily a being to whom any refined woman might with safety pin her faith; yet she was forced to confess that his manner toward her had been uniformly respectful and considerate. It was precisely this that inspired confidence in him, and she yielded herself to his protection unreservedly.

Alice did not, she could not know that this uncouth being really loved her, even though he must have known his affection was hopeless. She did not divine that this passion, pure as the sunlight, had completely transfigured him and vested his soul with a glory it never had known.

Nor was the girl aware that Manning was an assassin fleeing from justice, or that his leading motive in rescuing her was prompted by the hatred he bore for Storms and his absorbing desire to cause that individual all the trouble possible.

Had she known all this, she would not have shrunk from him in her hour of trial. They were companions in adversity; and, until safety for both was assured, she was resolved that they should bear their bitter hardships and die, if need be, together.

On the other hand, Manning was reflecting gravely how he could reach the Hudson River. It was his purpose to strike the river, if possible, somewhere in the vicinity of Grant's Tomb, where they might hide in some boat-house until all danger of capture had passed.

Even if they were pursued to that point, he was convinced that they could escape the anarchists by taking to a boat and making for the Jersey shore. Fear of capture, however, did not worry him as much as the thought that Alice's strength might be expended before they reached their goal, in which event he would be forced to carry her.

He hoped that it would not come to this, for, he said to himself, their chance of escape would be greatly diminished thereby.

Gripping her hand more firmly, Manning aided her with titanic energy. A sense of great relief came to him when he observed that she kept pace with him with apparent ease.

"Gittin' tired, Miss Forbes?" he inquired solicitously.

"Not at all."

He observed that her respiration was labored. He was about to comment on this when a noise in front of them startled him. Manning halted suddenly, bringing Alice to a stop with a jerk. She clung to his hand confidingly, her eyes looking into his face in a mute plea for protection against the danger that threatened.

"What noise is that?" asked Alice, alarmed.

"Dunno yet, Miss Forbes."

The sound, which grew louder every instant, was as if many frightened animals were champing and pawing the earth. Presently a band of stampeding cattle — unloaded from a train and destined for a neighboring abattoir — scurried by, a few feet in front of them, followed by several cowmen, whose shrill shouts rose clear above the noise of the gale like the sudden popping of rifle-shots. Alice shrunk back in fear, but Manning laughed as he assured her they were in no danger.

"It's all right, Miss Forbes," he said reassuringly. "Only a bunch of cattle going to the slaughter-house."

"I was terribly frightened," she responded, laughing feebly.

"It wus a close shave. If we had been a few feet furder ahead we'd got in bad, all right. Dem cattle is orful when dey gits started in a stampede."

"Let us go on."

The cattle having vanished in the gloom, they proceeded on their way. They were now approaching the more thickly populated section of the city. Observing that the girl lagged, Manning awoke to the realization that the rapid gait he maintained was taxing her strength painfully, and he felt the necessity of finding some temporary shelter where the poor girl might recuperate her failing strength.

A little distance beyond they came to the home of a truck gardener. Near by stood a barn. Manning conducted Alice to this structure. In another minute they had opened the door and entered.

"Here we are, Miss Forbes, he said encouragingly. "Youse had better rest a while, I reckon."

"I am very tired," she said, falling on some hay in a corner of the ill-smelling structure.

"You rest while I keeps watch."

He went to the door and looked out, as if fearful that their pursuers might be at their heels. Alice closed her eyes, reflecting that this youth, struggling bravely in her behalf, was extremely solicitous of her welfare and comfort. She was grateful to him for his kindness, and the loathing she had previously felt when he addressed her had vanished.

"How far have we come?" she asked after a pause.

"'Bout two miles, I reckon," he replied. "It's been a hard strain on youse, ain't it?"

"I'll be all right in a few minutes."

A drop of rain, leaking through the roof above, struck her face, and she wiped off the moisture mechanically, forgetting that she already was drenched to the skin.

"Do you think they are after us now?"

"I guess so, Miss Forbes," he replied, laughing lightly. "Youse kin bet yer boots Dobrowski and Storms ain't a goin' to give up de chase until dey knows it is lost. Soon as we gets to Westchester Avenue and boards a street-car, den we will be safe."

"I should like to go home quickly," she responded, rising. "Let us be off."

"Right youse are, Miss Forbes. Are youse rested well?"

"Yes."

He went to the door, and she followed him impatiently. He opened it — then closed it with a muttered oath, thrusting her back with his disengaged hand.

"Hide!" he whispered excitedly. "Get into de hay and trust to me every time!"

"What's the matter?" she inquired, alarmed.

"I heerd Feldmann's voice just now."

"Who's Feldmann?"

"One of the worst anarchists of the Dobrowski gang!" he answered savagely. "He's got a bunch wid him, and dey're right at our heels."

"Heaven save us!"

"I'll save youse, Miss Forbes, if I have to cut all their t'roats!"

He assisted her into a corner, and scraping up the hay, he covered her completely. Drawing his knife, he snapped open the blade and crouched down by her side just as the door was thrown backward and three men entered.

Manning's eyes shone brilliantly in the gloom as he watched the intruders.

"This is rough sledding, Feldmann," said one of the men angrily. "It's an outrage to put us on a job like this"

"You're right, Sam," replied Feldmann shiveringly. "I'll catch my death from cold as a result of this ducking."

"Same here," said the third man.

Feldmann remarked that there was little chance of capturing their quarry now that the fugitives had so good a start. He suggested that they turn back and report their poor success to Dobrowski.

"But he and Storms and the rest are ahead of us by now," interjected the third man. "They can't make their getaway if they keep anywhere near Westchester Avenue."

Manning pricked up his ears at this important intelligence, even though he wondered how they could have accomplished this without making a long détour. Alice listened with quickening pulse, then closed her eyes and held her breath almost to the point of suffocation.

"If they are headed for the Harlem River," said the man addressed as Sam laughingly, "they'll fall into Dobrowski's hands. He and Storms are in an automobile, and for all we may know they may have bagged the gal by this time."

"I hope so," muttered Feldmann, waving his arms to revive his lagging circulation.

"It's stopped raining, so we'd better be off. We can't do any good in this foul-smelling place."

"Before we go," said Feldmann, "let us search this cow-house."

"What's the use?" exclaimed Sam indignantly. "I'm for getting on our way."

"A search will do no harm," said Feldmann commandingly.

He began the quest while Sam and the other man stood at the door, eager to be off. Alice, believing capture certain, pressed her hands to her temple to still their painful throbbing. She was about to shriek in terror when Manning placed his hand on her lips.

Manning, knife in hand, crouched by her side, ready to slay the first man who approached them. The movements of the intruders indicated that the search had begun in earnest.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Fugitives' Triumph.

ONE of the men had obtained a stick, and Manning could hear it swishing about under his vigorous manipulation. The others, ceasing their efforts

almost as soon as they had begun, returned to the door and shouted to the other to follow.

The man continued, however, to probe the darkness; then he swung the stick to and fro at arm's length. He came so close to Manning that, as he twirled his clumsy weapon, the latter felt its impact against his face. Believing discovery inevitable, Manning was about to jump up, when the anarchist, in response to the command of Feldmann, desisted and rejoined them at the door.

"They're not here," he said with an oath. "Let us be off."

They disappeared through the doorway. Manning rose to his feet and went to the door with extreme caution. He could see the figures of the men as they moved toward the highway. When they had vanished he pocketed his knife with an exclamation and whispered to Alice that they were safe.

"Whew!" he muttered, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "That's a close shave, all right!"

"Have they gone?" asked Alice, rising to her feet staggeringly.

"Yes."

"Then let us go."

"Sure thing," he responded with satisfaction. "We can't afford to lose any more time here."

He paused suddenly at the threshold. It had come to him suddenly that since Dobrowski and his men, by making a détour, had gained a position in front of them, it was imperative that he relinquish his design of heading for Grant's Tomb.

It might be better, he thought, to cut westward across the city, through the Bronx, and take a subway train somewhere near Simpson Street. It was reasonably certain, he argued, that Dobrowski and his crew had not gone in that direction.

Manning was resolved to move southward so as to skirt the Harlem River and then trust to luck to befriend them. Having made up his mind to this, he whistled softly and then turned to Alice, who was watching him with ever-increasing anxiety.

"Why do you wait?" she asked impatiently.

"I was thinking," he replied laughingly. "Come along now."

She ran and took his hands.

"I'm thoroughly rested now," she said cheerily. "I'll be able to walk for miles."

"Youse is a brave un," he replied admiringly.

He led the way out of the hovel; she walked steadily by his side. The wind had lost some of its force, and the rain had settled down to a drizzle. Under foot the ground was soggy, so that at every step they stumbled. Manning supported his frail companion with a vigor he had not dreamed he possessed.

The companionship of this girl, an association enforced by a combination of circumstances so strange as to be almost unbelievable, filled him with keen and exquisite satisfaction.

It seemed to Manning that he was dreaming. He said to himself again and again that this was an experience worth dying for. Suddenly the trend of his thoughts changed, giving way to the horrible phantasmagoria that oppressed him so frightfully whenever he was alone.

But he could not help reflecting on the personal danger of falling into the hands of the police, who, he was convinced, knew he was Wilkinson's murderer and were on the watch for him.

He began to regard his peril on this account as being infinitely greater than the danger he incurred if he fell into the hands of Dobrowski or Storms. He made up his mind to steer clear of the police at any cost, and he hoped to secrete himself in some safe place of refuge until a favorable opportunity of escape by boarding an outbound steamship presented itself.

They had traveled a mile or more, and Manning, ever alert on the watch, was now assured they were safe, as far as capture by Dobrowski was concerned. In their travels, under conditions which might have appalled the strongest heart, they had met with no adventure worthy of the name.

Clinging desperately and confidingly to Manning's arm, Alice struggled onward, wondering vaguely how their dismal adventure was to end. She shivered with the cold, and her sodden garments clung to her trembling limbs, weighing her down and impeding her steps so that at times she was tempted to give up her struggle in sheer despair.

In these moments of mental depression, rendered more acute by physical suffering, Manning came to her rescue, diverting her thoughts by the relation of quaint adventures he had experienced when he was a "butcher boy" on the Erie Railroad. Some were real experiences; others he manufactured with facility of invention and fertility of imagination which surprised even himself.

"I wus in a man hunt once, Miss Forbes," he said grimly. "A poor chap as had stole a rube's wallet jumped No. 6 just as we wus pullin' out o' Hackensack, and I hid him under a seat until de conductor had gone by. He jumped off just before we made de next stop, and it wus lucky fur him he did, 'cause a sheriff's posse was waitin' fur him at de station."

"What became of him finally?"

"Dunno. I didn't keep tabs on him; but, like most of his kind, I guess he is wearing a striped uniform now."

Manning's chatter; his peculiar figures of speech; his vivacity, wit, and unbounded confidence in himself had the effect of changing the gloomy trend of her thoughts, and for the time being she was oblivious to physical suffering.

"Have we much farther to go?" she inquired pantingly.

"Only a few steps more," he replied. "Pretty soon youse'll be in clover, like a grasshopper in a bird's nest."

Alice lacked strength to reply; but Manning fancied he could detect a smile of happiness on her wan face. Presently they reached a high bluff. There were lights beyond—twinkling like stars and disseminating myriad rays through the flying mist.

"Dose lights," explained Manning through the cruel, beating wind, "are on de Harlem viaduct. My, how it does blow! We'll git under cover quick now."

"I pray Heaven we may!" exclaimed Alice fervently. "What time is it, I wonder?"

"Guess it must be midnight. I ain't got no ticker since it wus took from me at a waiters' ball in de Bowery last fall."

He assisted her carefully down the sloping bluff, both sliding rather than walking. Presently they reached level ground and crossed the car-tracks to the sidewalk beyond. Not a soul was in sight. At one corner was a saloon, the lights of which reflected grotesquely on the mist-stained windows the shadows of several roisterers.

"I've got a friend—Jimmy McCann—who lives down here a step or two," said Manning reassuringly. "Guess we'd better get him out and ask him to help us out of this hole."

They were passing the saloon when the door opened suddenly and several men stepped to the sidewalk. Manning glanced at them and bounded suddenly into the street. He looked at Alice with terror-stricken face.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"Dobrowski"

"No, no!"

"There he is!" said Manning, pointing to a figure that was approaching them leisurely.

"Save me!"

She clung to him despairingly. Her limbs seemed numb; she felt as if she were about to swoon. Manning put his arm about her waist and drew her farther into the street. He wondered if Dobrowski had seen them. He grew sick at the thought; yet his courage did not desert him.

"I'll save youse, betcher life!" he exclaimed. "Storms is wid Dobrowski."

"Then we are lost!"

Manning ground his teeth in rage. Turning down the street, he half dragged, half carried Alice with him. He looked back as they ran, and the movements of the men indicated that they were following them.

"Dey seed us all right," he muttered moodily; "but it won't do 'em any good dis time."

He plunged his right hand into his pocket and brought out his knife. He opened the blade with his teeth and staggered on with his fragile burden, though he was ready to drop from fatigue.

"Are they following us?" inquired Alice anxiously.

"Dey sure is," he replied savagely. "But dey won't git youse while I've got a finger to lift and a knife to use."

They were approaching a broad avenue where stood a cross-town electric car. A shout behind them caused both to turn, and they beheld Dobrowski and Storms following them on the run, not fifty yards in their rear.

They sprang on the car just as the conductor gave the signal to start. Alice took a seat inside; Manning took up his station at the rear platform.

"Git a move on, conductor," said Manning.

The fare collector gazed at both curiously. The car started.

"What's up? An elopement?" laughingly inquired the conductor.

"Youse hit de nail on de head," replied Manning hoarsely. "Dey'd like to stop us; but we won't let 'em."

He paid the conductor, who went forward and consulted with the motorman. Manning seated himself beside Alice and told her exultingly that the danger had passed.

"We're leaving dem in de stretch!" he exclaimed with a sigh of relief. "Dey won't bother us no more!"

The car sped across the city with only a stop or two, and within a few minutes it was brought to a halt at Broadway. Manning assisted Alice to alight. They had just reached the sidewalk when the lights of a racing automobile a block or two to the eastward attracted their attention.

"I wonder if dey is chasing us in a motor-car?" said Manning anxiously. "Guess we'd better git down to de river and hide."

They ran down the incline, and had traversed half the distance to the river when the car reached the incline toward the Hudson River, and two men sprang out of the machine. They paused an instant and then started down the hill after them.

"It's Dobrowski and Storms!" shouted Manning in alarm. "We must git a boat, or it's all up wid us!"

Manning was well acquainted with the locality. In a few moments they stood at a small wharf, where several skiffs were moored. He unfastened the painter of one just as the men appeared at the approach to the pier.

"Git into de skiff!" shouted Manning. "Dey're at our heels!"

Alice crawled into the craft on her hands and knees, a prey to the keenest terror. Her brain reeled; she believed herself dying. She fell inertly into a seat, her aching head resting on her arm.

Manning sprang into the boat. With the strength of a demon he pushed the boat from the pier. He almost lost his balance as the light craft veered away.

Just as it did, Dobrowski and Storms reached the edge of the pier.

"Stop!" shouted Storms in a rage. "Stop—or I shoot!"

"Too busy now, Storms!" shouted Manning hoarsely. "We've got an important engagement."

A shot rang out. Manning felt a pang in his right arm. He gave the matter little thought, absorbed as he was in directing the skiff into the middle of the river beyond range. A second shot—then a third, and the skiff bore them out of view of the enraged men on the pier.

"Good-by, boys!" shouted Manning exultingly. "See you to-morrow at police headquarters!"

Manning observed for the first time that there was considerable water in the bottom of the craft. To make matters worse, he was obliged to bail with his hands.

Alice sat where she had fallen, inert and motionless. Her heart was heavy, and a premonition of evil possessed her to a degree she never before had experienced

CHAPTER XVIII.

In Mad Waters.

MANNING found the bailing exceedingly arduous. The water was as cold as ice and chilled his fingers to the bone, so that he was frequently compelled to stop and revive his flagging circulation by blowing his breath on them.

This duty performed, he resumed, bailing with eagerness. In order to screw up his courage, he whistled with creditable vim some popular song of the day.

"Dis old tub ain't no better dan a sieve," he grunted dolefully, when he observed the little reward which met his efforts. "Hully gee! How de water pours in! Jest like a cataract!"

The sound of water behind him trickling into the boat suddenly attracted his attention. His heart went cold when he made the terrifying discovery that the seams in the bow had sprung. Under the circumstances, it was impossible to repair them.

Nevertheless, the instinct of self-

preservation prompted him to tear a few tatters from his frayed coat, and he hastily thrust them into the yawning seams with the point of his knife. The attempt was futile, however, for the water still continued to trickle into the boat, although in a diminished quantity.

As Manning worked, Alice lay in the stern, wet and shivering.

Presently he ceased his efforts and crawled to her, anxious to learn how she fared. He then observed that their combined weight elevated the bow sufficiently to prevent the water from leaking through.

"It's 'pull for de shore, sailor,' as quick as we can," he said to himself as he grasped the oars and adjusted them in the row-locks.

Manning was amazed at the progress the boat had made in the swift current. They were now almost abreast of the Twenty-Third Street ferries. The wind bowled up out of the southeast with such vicious force that they were drenched with spray.

Manning could not understand how the waterlogged boat had drifted so fast. The truth dawned on him as they approached the Battery. They had been caught in the ebb tide and were drifting rapidly out to sea—and the tides of the Hudson River run like a flood.

The sudden realization of this peril almost paralyzed him; but the idea of giving in, after all they had passed through, was quickly discarded.

Manning began to row—unmindful of the wound in his arm, which pained him considerably—in the hope of making Liberty Island, in the upper part of New York Harbor.

He was burdened with anxiety because of the protection he had assumed over the silent figure in the stern. He watched Alice with a pang as, more dead than alive, she huddled a few feet from him. The knowledge that she was suffering—perhaps dying—shocked him as if a knife had been thrust into his heart. He felt that she must soon find shelter or die.

"How is it wid youse, Miss Forbes?" he asked kindly, ceasing his rowing.

She made no reply. Manning fancied he heard a moan. He did not think of his own sufferings. He was so engrossed with the desire to save the girl that he forgot that his hands were cut and bleeding, that every bone in his body ached cruelly, and that he was exhausted almost to the point of collapse.

To add to his torture, the wound in his arm, which he had been too excited to pay attention to before, now pained him almost beyond endurance. The arm became numb, and he could use it only with extreme difficulty. He nevertheless rowed on, although every movement racked him with agony so that he felt inclined to scream in protest.

"It's all off," he groaned, as he drew in the oars and ceased all effort to control the boat. "I ain't worth anyt'ing now!"

During all this time Alice had made no movement or manifested life except by an occasional moan. She was wet and chilled, and her saturated garments weighed her down like so much lead.

She watched Manning as he labored at the oars, and fancied that she could detect despair in his homely face. The disturbed river, which she now noticed for the first time, alarmed her greatly. She raised herself on her elbow and gazed about in sheer terror.

Far away—in the direction they were drifting—she beheld myriad lights twinkling like fireflies in the cloud-besprinkled sky. They were the lights of anchored shipping. Mechanically, Alice began to count the lights as they flashed by. Behind them she beheld the ghostlike outlines of a tramp steamship, looking for all the world like a monster just risen out of the sea.

The rain fell lightly, but the wind seemed to have lost much of its force. She began to pray that their lives might be saved. The night filled her with sensations of undefined terror, prompting her to scream out in agony. She repressed this ebullition with difficulty. She realized that this might prove the forerunner of insanity. She covered her face with her hands and shuddered as she wondered if that terrible misfortune were in store for her.

Manning again tugged at his oars as vigorously as his spent condition would permit. His strokes lagged increasingly, and it seemed to him that never in all his life had he felt so fatigued. He turned after every dozen strokes to see what progress he was making and then

resumed his labor like an exhausted animal.

He realized with growing concern that his progress was frightfully slow, and he said to himself more than once that he might as well try to fly to the moon as to make Liberty Island against the powerful tide. He would pull for Ellis Island instead, and seek to escape the damnable current that was sweeping them unresistingly to the Narrows.

He pulled at the oars again with all his strength. Suddenly one of them swerved from his grip and floated out of range of being regained.

Manning settled back on his seat, inert and depressed.

"We are lost!" shrieked Alice when the full import of the mishap dawned on her. "What shall we do now?"

"Never give up, Miss Forbes," he replied with a forced laugh. "I still has one oar left. Many a fisherman has been saved by one oar."

Nevertheless, dazed by the loss of the oar, Manning gazed at her fixedly like a being carved in stone. It was only when the boat, free from any restraining influence, careened in an eddy that threatened to swamp the craft that Manning came to a full realization of the critical situation in which they were placed.

His only hope now lay in sculling the boat toward land, though this offered little success. He made up his mind, however, to make a try. Seating himself in the stern beside Alice, he began what his better judgment told him was futile.

"Youse ain't afeared, Miss Forbes, be youse?" he asked kindly.

She bent her head without replying. He leaned toward her and saw that she was crying bitterly. Her grief rendered him miserable. When he addressed her again there was a sob in his voice.

"Don't cry, Miss Forbes," he said tremulously. "Youse is goin' to be saved, all right."

But he felt that he was deceiving her. He was aware that they were floating in the current from the East River, which was carrying them down the bay with frightful velocity.

Their only hope now lay in being picked up by some passing craft; but this was a possibility that Manning did not entertain for a moment

"Guess I'll sing out," he said, uttering a shout. The attempt was feeble, and he laughed. "Me pipes ain't working just right," he added with a laugh.

He tried again with more success. He shouted shrilly several times in the hope that the lookout or some one might hear.

He shouted until his voice failed him utterly. Then despair seized him and gnawed at his heart. Finally he settled back, speechless. He had made a good fight, but was doomed to lose.

"Kin youse pray, Miss Forbes?" he asked solemnly, after a pause. Receiving no reply, he went on almost gaily: "I went to de Salvation Army Sunday-school onct, and a gal there said as how, if youse calls on de Lord when youse's in trouble, He will help youse out."

"He will," replied Alice firmly. "Let us pray."

She clasped her hands devoutly and said the Lord's prayer in a voice broken by sobs. Manning listened. Sentiments that were new to him filled him with the strange, indefinable sensation of peace.

"Fine," he said when she had finished. Then, after a pause, he asked: "Does youse believe de Lord will forgive a man as has killed another?"

"Assuredly," she responded, wondering why he asked such a question. "Has He not said, 'Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, I will give you rest'? He forgives all who truly repent."

Manning knew little about these things. He never had been religious. He could not, therefore, appreciate to the full the significance of her remark; but the words impressed him deeply. He wondered if he could trust her with the secret that filled his ineffectual soul with infinite remorse.

"I wants to make a confession to youse, Miss Forbes," he said, idly fingering the oar which he still held.

"A confession?"

"Sure," he responded. "I hope as I won't scare youse. I've done all any man could do fur youse, and youse can't ask for more; kin youse?"

A wave broke over them, drenching both and preventing Alice from replying. He brushed the water out of his eyes and turned to her penitently.

"I killed a man onct," he said regretfully.

Alice covered her face with her hands and shrank from him as something unclean. He smiled sadly, then lapsed into silence.

CHAPTER XIX.

Manning Sees a Way.

NOTWITHSTANDING all she owed to this youth who had befriended her in her hour of trial, Alice wondered if she was safe in the companionship of a self-confessed murderer. She averted her head so that he might not observe the emotion that stirred her and sighed heavily.

Manning regarded her change of manner as absolutely natural. How could he expect such a girl to snuggle up to him after the frightful statement he had made? It was his just punishment, he reasoned; but he said to himself it was hard to bear just as their lives were about to be extinguished.

"I don't think dat will count ag'in' me in the final roll-call," he resumed conciliatingly. "Wilkinson treated me like a dog! He got just what was comin' to him! Justice is justice; but it ain't no crime to kill a mad dog, is it?"

"You must repent, Mr. Manning," she responded tearfully. "Repent—or it will soon be too late!"

They were abreast of the first of the buoys that mark Ambrose Channel, dashing madly with the foam-crested waves that rose and fell like the jaws of a million hideous monsters.

Manning mechanically steered the boat, but he lapsed into a fit of gloom that absorbed him wholly. He remembered that somewhere in this vicinity a steamship had sunk in a collision, bearing thirty-five souls to the depths.

He recalled the circumstances of that dismal disaster as if it had occurred only the day before. He saw the bodies of the victims at the morgue. The fear and horror on their faces had filled him with so peculiar a repugnance that he thought of the gruesome spectacle for days.

All the frightful details of the disaster now rehearsed before him.

He cried aloud in horror, and vainly closed his eyes to shut out the awful vision. A bitter grief suddenly convulsed him.

"What is the matter?" inquired Alice, amazed at his emotion. She grasped his arm and he winced.

"Easy there, Miss Forbes," he said. "I got a bullet in that arm."

"A bullet!"

"Yes; it came from Storms's revolver just as we left de pier."

"And you have been working all the time to save me without telling me," she answered interrogatively. "Come; let me bind it up for you."

He bared his arm and revealed the bullet wound in the fleshy part. Alice tore a strip from her skirt and wrapped it around the wound. Somehow she felt that the repugnance his confession of murder had roused within her had been dispelled by this evidence of uncomplaining devotion for her welfare.

"You should have told me," she said regretfully. "I might have been of help, you know."

He turned from her and looked into the gloom beyond. He muttered strange incoherencies to himself, then sat rigid—his gaze fixed on something in the distance that he seemed to see.

"What is it?" inquired Alice, vainly seeking to penetrate the gloom. "Why do you look so intently?"

He made no reply. She leaned over and glanced into his face, then shrunk from him in horror.

Manning sat statuelike, glaring straight across the expanse of bubbling, boiling water, apparently unconscious of her presence. His jaw had fallen, and an expression of mingled horror, surprise, and rage distorted his face. He trembled violently, then leaned forward suddenly and uttered a cry that chilled her with horror.

"Don't youse see 'em?" he shouted, shaking his fist at something ahead that he fancied he saw. "Dere dey be, floating like chips and smilin' at me! No, youse don't nab Bill Manning yet! I ain't been born to be drowned, and it don't go—see!"

"Please listen to me—" Alice broke in gently, hoping to curb his madness.

"Don't youse look at me like dat!" he interrupted savagely, though it was apparent he had neither observed nor heard her. "Damn yer bloated faces, anyhow! Ha, ha! Youse can't skeer me!"

His mood changing, he shrank back and drew his knife with so violent a motion that the boat shipped a quantity of water.

Alice paid little attention to this; her sole thought was for this madman by her side.

She was hoping, even in the face of death, to repay him by some act of kindness for the courageous effort he was making in her behalf.

"Mr. Manning," she said, tugging at his sleeve, "look at me! Don't you know me?"

He turned toward her dully, then laughed. His hallucination was leaving him, and he recovered himself with a start. Her presence seemed to surprise him greatly. He rubbed his eyes and sighed heavily.

"Have I been doin' some foolish stunt?" he asked. "Was I bawling at somethin' like a calf? 'Scuse me, Miss Forbes; but I thought I had 'em that time, sure."

"You are ill," she responded sympathetically. "What can I do for you?"

"I ain't feelin' as chipper as I would if I was on Broadway just now," he said, laughing feebly. "But I'll be all right soon, believe me."

"You have done much for me," she answered gratefully. "I only hope I may be able to repay you as you deserve."

"Don't speak of it, Miss Forbes. Youse is a brave un, all right."

She watched the waters swirling about them as if fascinated by the phosphorescent glow that illumined their depths. A deep sense of utter, helpless loneliness began to oppress her, yet she refused to yield to despair.

"Perhaps we may yet be saved," she said finally. "There have been wonderful rescues at sea, you know."

"Surest thing youse know," he responded heartily. "I knew a kid who peddled peanuts wid me on de Erie onct that wus t'ree days in an open boat off Cape Hatteras, and all he lost wus a collar button. We'll git out o' this all right."

There crept over her a strange desire for rest. Looking over the side into the racing flood, she wondered if it was very cold down in those mysterious depths. She shuddered at the thought. Moaning dismally, she covered her hot eyes with her chilled hands.

"Did youse ever love any man, Miss Forbes?" inquired Manning after a pause, during which he had struggled sorely with himself.

"Yes."

"Who wus de lucky guy?"

"My father."

"Hully gee!" he exclaimed with obvious relief at the reply. "I didn't mean dat kind of love! It's what a gal feels fur a fellow she's soft on what I mean. Did youse ever love any fellow?"

She ventured no reply, nor did the question surprise her. She was too despondent now to wonder at anything Manning might say or do.

"It's a queer feelin', dat love, eh?" he went on as if communing with himself. "Would youse mind if I told youse somethin' real important to me?"

"No. What is it?"

"I'm in love, good and hard."

"You in love?" she responded nonchalantly. "With whom?"

"You!" he gulped chokingly.

"Me?"

She shrunk from him at this unexpected avowal with a gesture of contempt and impatience which he sorrowfully misinterpreted as a sign of repugnance. He muttered an apology in a cracked voice, then averted his face to blindly search the darkness.

It was hard to die with an unrequited love flaming in his breast. He had known all along that the winning of this high-minded young woman was impossible for him, yet he yearned to hear her say that she thought kindly of him for what he had done and had purposed to do in her behalf.

"I see what de trouble is," he said to himself sorrowfully. "She can't tie up wid a man who just confessed he had killed his boss. Well, it's all off; so I won't think of it any more."

They were now in the Narrows, drifting swiftly. Now and then they caught the mournful sound of the bell-buoys tinkling their warning to incoming and outcoming mariners. He fell to whistling and shouting again, but to no avail.

The foam-capped waves beat their water-logged craft with increased violence; they seemed to Manning to be mighty talons thrusting themselves out

of the gloomy depths in a frantic endeavor to drag them down to their doom.

Manning shuddered and secretly voiced a prayer that the girl at least might be spared the fate he felt soon would be his.

Suddenly he started in surprise. Alice was leaning against him, her head resting on his shoulder confidingly. This contact, which to him was sacred, thrilled him and gave him exquisite joy.

"She wouldn't do it if she hated me," he said to himself. Indeed, it was worth dying for!

Actuated by an impulse he could not restrain, he clutched a strand of her hair with extreme caution and pressed it to his lips. His eyes filled with tears, and his body shook with the force of his weeping.

His grief was momentary, however; it was an outburst that amazed him because he could not define it, and he wondered why he felt so serenely ethereal. He could not comprehend this spiritual exaltation in the very jaws of approaching death, this superb indifference to what the future might have in store for him.

As gold is purified by fire, so was Manning's soul transformed by a holy passion for a woman that reached its apex amid the frightful exigencies of their hour of travail. His only thought was of her. He prayed with all the eloquence at his command that she might be spared, even though he went down to death.

The boat, which now was filling rapidly, seemed to groan in misery beneath them. He saw that the struggle could not last much longer; yet the prospect was a matter of supreme indifference to him. He had made his avowal of love. The one woman in all the world for him had not repelled him. Instead, she rested confidingly against him.

Aroused from her lethargy, Alice sat upright suddenly and began to sing the only hymn that Manning knew, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Unconsciously he joined his voice with hers, and they sang the plaintive appeal in harmony. When they had finished Alice repeated the Lord's prayer, and Manning followed her as solemnly and devoutly as if he had been seated beneath the groined arches of a cathedral.

The boat gave a sickening plunge. But for Manning's ready hand, Alice would have fallen into the water. They were in an eddy which whirled the sodden craft as if it were a spinning top. Manning realized that their time was short. The water was now within a hand's breadth of the gunwales.

"We have one comfort, Miss Forbes," said Manning exultingly. "Storms and Dobrowski can't catch us now."

Alice made no response to this seemingly irrelevant observation. She felt her strength deserting her, and her sole desire was to pray in silence.

She had resigned to the inevitable, and her thoughts, instead of centering themselves on the deplorable situation in which she was placed, were of her father and mother.

Would they ever learn the secret of her disappearance or recover her body? The reflection made her ill. She closed her eyes and calmly awaited the summons which might come at any instant. In the next instant she began to sing again.

The rush of some great fabric in front of them attracted her attention. She seemed to hear men's voices — a sharp command—then, looking upward, she beheld a dark mass rushing by them with hurricane speed.

She heard, too, as in a dream, the hoarse shout of Manning and the whiz of escaping steam.

In the next instant she was in the water. Then her senses left her.

Thrown into the water with her, Manning sought in vain to clutch the girl; but a cascading wave thrust them apart. He went down, struggling manfully. It seemed an hour before he again rose to the surface. Half strangled, he began to swim about in the hope of finding something to which he might cling.

What had become of the girl, he wondered. His only desire had been that they might die together — their hands clasped, their souls united in a last embrace.

He went down in search of her, then rose again—his brain almost bursting under the strain. A numbness suddenly seized him. His wounded arm was useless.

This calamity seemed to dissipate his energy and the desire to save himself.

The incidents of his misspent life passed before him with marvelous rapidity, only to bewilder and horrify him. He fancied he saw a menacing figure in white standing on the crest of a wave that was about to engulf him.

Looking again, he was certain that he beheld the spirit of Wilkinson!

"You don't get me, Wilkinson!" he screamed chokingly.

The specter reached out its arms. To escape them, Manning dived beneath the surface. A cramp seized him, and he heard a roaring thunder in his ears.

CHAPTER XX.

A Yachting Party.

ON the evening of the day on which the events just recorded occurred a leading afternoon newspaper of New York published the following:

> The palatial yacht Nimrod, the property of Mr. Charles Westcott, railroad president and millionaire, left this port for Newport at ten o'clock this morning. Some thirty of the best known of New York's social set were Mr. Westcott's guests.
>
> Among them are the Misses Burnette, Cole, Davenant, and Perine, whose *débuts* this spring were notable events. There are also on board Mr. Henry Arthur Macomber, the well-known Wall Street operator, who made fifteen millions in copper a few months ago; Mrs. Thorndyke Browne, widow of the late multimillionaire mine owner; Mrs. Clarice Egmont, whose achievements in pottery painting have won her the praise of the French salon, and Lord Fitzwald Fitzpatrick, heir to the Duke of Whithercomb, of Kent.
>
> It is understood that the yacht will return to New York about midnight. A stringed orchestra has been engaged for the occasion, and the cuisine of the chef of the Nimrod is notable enough to assure a thoroughly enjoyable voyage. Mr. Westcott, who recently inherited vast railroad holdings as well as the presidency of the N. Y., W. and C. R. R. from his father, who died a year ago, is a princely entertainer.

Under thrilling head-lines, the following—of which Charles Westcott is the hero—appeared in a New York newspaper on the following morning:

> Mr. Charles Westcott, railroad president and multimillionaire, was the hero of a thrilling rescue of a drowning woman in the Narrows at an early hour this morning. At the risk of his own life, Mr. Westcott sprang overboard from his yacht, the Nimrod, after she had run down a skiff in which the young woman was drifting out to sea, and succeeded in sustaining her until he could be drawn aboard.
>
> The Nimrod was entering the Narrows during the storm which prevailed last night, several hours behind time. Captain Banks was on the bridge with Mr. Westcott, who was fearful of collision with some craft in the darkness.
>
> Suddenly shouts directly ahead attracted the attention of Mr. Westcott, who ordered Captain Banks to reduce speed to one-third. The order had scarcely been given when they heard two voices singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."
>
> Ordering Captain Banks to stop the yacht, Mr. Westcott ran to the bow, tied a rope around his waist, and before his purpose could be divined, sprang overboard.
>
> Thinking Mr. Westcott mad, Henry A. Macomber caught hold of the line, but by this time Mr. Westcott had floated a distance of seventy-five feet in the swift current. He shouted for them to drag him aboard, and, a few minutes later, with the aid of several members of the crew, Mr. Westcott was drawn over the side to the safety of the deck. In his arms he held a young woman who apparently was lifeless.
>
> Mr. Westcott ordered that the young woman be taken in charge by the matron. A physician who was on board, after examining her, pronounced her condition not critical. She was resuscitated, but she was unable to give her name.
>
> Mr. Westcott caused the young woman to be taken to his home, where she is now being cared for.

Mr. Charles Barton, city editor of the *Graphic*, was congratulating himself on having published an exclusive account of the departure of the Nimrod for Newport when the article describing the rescue by Mr. Westcott met his vigilant glance.

He read it with avidity, then rushed into the local room, where the reporters were engaged in their early morning duties. His manner indicated that he

was greatly excited, and the members of the staff at once understood that something unusual was about to take place.

"Where's Fred Sampson?" he shouted, looking at the clock. "It's nine o'clock and he isn't here yet!"

"I think," said Bill Hartley, the veteran telegraph editor, winking at the staff—"I think Mr. Sampson has an attack of the gout this morning—"

"Gout be hanged!" growled Mr. Barton angrily. "When he comes, tell him I want to see him."

He disappeared into his sanctum like a flash just as Mr. Sampson entered the room. Sampson carried a cane and limped with efforts that bespoke excruciating suffering. After squinting at the clock, which, he was convinced, was far ahead of time, he went to his desk with a yawn.

Frederick Sampson was the star reporter of the staff. His specialty was railroad news, and it must be admitted that his acquaintance among railroad executives was most extensive.

Tall and massively built, with a rotundity of person dangerously approaching obesity, he nevertheless carried himself with a lordly pomposity that profoundly impressed all persons he met.

On these occasions Mr. Barton, whom Sampson affectionately called "my city editor," treated him with marked consideration, even though he had abundant reason to suspect the genuineness of his attacks of gout.

"Mr. Sampson!" roared Barton from the depths of his sanctum.

Sampson was in the act of yawning for the twentieth time when this stentorian hail greeted him. He closed his jaws with a snap and, forgetting his gout, walked into the presence of his chief.

"Did you call, sir?" he inquired deferentially.

"Late again, Mr. Sampson!" snapped Barton, frowning darkly.

"My gout troubled me severely last night, sir," he responded, gingerly stroking his knee. "It is impossible—"

"I have here," interrupted Barton, "a story of a woman rescued from drowning in the Narrows by Charles Westcott, president of the New York, Wellington and Central Railroad, early this morning. The story lacks essential details and I look to you to supply them."

"But who will look after the railroads if I'm to dig up this story?" inquired Sampson, who foresaw a day of hard toil before him at this task.

"I'll have Jones look after that job," said Barton with cutting finality. "See Westcott or Lord Fitzpatrick and pump 'em dry. But be sure you don't fall down."

"I rather guess I won't," replied Sampson with an injured air as he left the room.

An hour later Sampson rang the bell at the door of Mr. Charles Westcott on Riverside Drive. A butler opened the door and glanced inquiringly at the caller.

"How may I serve you, sir?" he asked politely.

"I wish to see Mr. Westcott."

"Your business?"

"I'm a reporter."

"Your name?" frowningly.

"Mr. Sampson," he replied with growing irritation. He added in a lordly manner: "Mr. Westcott knows me well. Just tell him I'm here and that will be sufficient."

The butler looked dubious. "Very well, sir," he replied loftily. "I will see if he is in."

The butler closed the door in Sampson's face. In a few minutes the servitor reappeared.

"Mr. Westcott is not in, sir," he said bluntly. Then, with a curt "Good day, sir," he closed the door, leaving Sampson to chew the cud of his own disgruntled thoughts.

Considerably disconcerted by this repulse, Sampson concluded to try Lord Fitzpatrick, who, now that it was nearly noon, doubtless was to be found in his apartments at the Astor Hotel. He went down-town in the subway, and within fifteen minutes had sent up his card.

"Lord Fitzpatrick consents to see you, sir," said the clerk when the answer had been returned.

Sampson presently found himself in the presence of his lordship, who was breakfasting on milk toast and coffee, like the meanest plebeian dyspeptic. His greeting, nevertheless, was cordial.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated, after Sampson had acquainted him with the object of his visit. "I know little or nothing about this affair."

"Are these facts correctly stated?" Sampson asked, handing him the story clipped from the morning newspaper.

Lord Fitzpatrick took the clipping gingerly, adjusted his monocle, and read the account laboriously. He then returned it to Sampson, with the remark that the story was substantially correct, though it had been garbled evidently for sensational purposes.

"Did you see the lady rescued by Mr. Westcott?" inquired Sampson.

"Bless my soul—to be sure!" responded his lordship, lifting his eyes reminiscently to the ceiling. "She was deucedly handsome."

"You did not hear her name?"

"I cawn't say I did," replied his lordship with a drawl.

"You saw no mark by which she might be identified?"

Fitzpatrick tickled the end of his nose reflectively.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed suddenly. "I believe one of the ladies of the party—I don't remember which, 'pon my life—told me she had seen a birthmark in the form of a cross on the young woman's shoulder."

"Which shoulder?" asked Sampson with an air of the deepest concern as he scrawled his notes.

"I regret I cawn't give you that information, Mr. Sampson," replied his lordship frigidly. "I wasn't informed to that extent."

Sampson bade his lordship farewell and soon was at his desk. He told of the rescue of the young woman by Mr. Westcott; his modesty when approached regarding his heroism, of the part taken by Lord Fitzpatrick in the affair; and added the following:

> The young woman was revived with difficulty; but up to the hour of going to press she was still in a semidelirious state and unable to give her name.
>
> The only clue by which her identity may be ultimately established is a red birthmark in the form of a cross on her shoulder. She is in the hands of trained nurses and physicians and her early recovery is expected.

In the rear room of a Bowery groggery near Grand Street, the same evening, two men sat reading Sampson's account of Westcott's gallant act.

They were Dobrowski and Storms.

When Storms, who was reading the story aloud to Dobrowski, came to the paragraph quoted above, he exhibited the liveliest interest.

"It is Alice Forbes!" he exclaimed. "This accounts for their disappearance."

"That is true," replied Dobrowski thoughtfully. "You are sure it says nothing about Manning?"

"Quite sure."

"Maybe he was drowned!" remarked Dobrowski, shrugging his shoulders.

"Perhaps."

"I hope so. He knew too much about us to remain alive!"

They consulted together in whispers for several minutes, then left the saloon and disappeared like shadows in the purlieus of New York's East Side.

CHAPTER XXI.

Charles Westcott, Railroad President.

CHARLES WESTCOTT sat musing in his drawing-room. He leaned back in his chair, his eyes closed, a half-consumed cigar between his neatly manicured fingers.

A voice at his elbow roused him suddenly. Glancing upward, he beheld Williams, his valet, standing in a respectful attitude by his side.

"What is it, Williams?" he inquired lazily.

"Dr. Wilcox asks if you desire to see him," replied the valet.

Mr. Westcott looked at his watch and said: "Send him in at once."

"Just the man I wanted to see!" said Mr. Westcott as the valet disappeared. "I am anxious to learn the precise condition of the young woman whose life I had the honor to save last night."

Dr. Wilcox, middle-aged and nattily attired, entered the room at this juncture. Mr. Westcott turned to him with a warm greeting.

"Be seated, doctor," he remarked cordially. "How is our little patient progressing?"

"Remarkably well, Mr. Westcott," replied the physician smilingly. "I feared a fever due to submersion and exposure; but, happily, this has not developed."

"Then, I fancy, she is in no danger?"

"Absolutely none," was the response. "In fact, I might add that after to-day she will no longer require my services."

"You fill me with joy, doctor," responded Mr. Westcott laughingly. "Will you have a cigar?"

"I don't mind, for your cigars are notoriously good, Mr. Westcott. Rather a doubtful compliment your remark implied, Mr. Westcott," said the physician dubiously. "You're joyful because my job here is finished, I presume."

"Excuse me, doctor," replied Westcott. "I meant that I'm glad the young woman is doing so famously under your skilful ministrations."

"Poof!"

"Am I to understand that your patient is in a physical condition that will permit her to see visitors without danger to herself?"

"Quite so, Mr. Westcott."

"Then I may be permitted to see and talk with her?"

"Assuredly."

Westcott smoked more furiously than ever. The physician watched him with an amused expression. Dr. Wilcox was a man of the world, well along in his forties, a widower of considerable means.

"That was a romantic adventure of yours, Mr. Westcott," he remarked admiringly. "You haven't yet acquainted me with the details of this affair."

Westcott shrugged his shoulders.

"I did what any man in a similar position would do, I assure you," he replied earnestly. "There's nothing particular to say, so forget it."

"My dear fellow," returned Dr. Wilcox, "you're too modest by half. The whole town is discussing you to-day. You are a hero."

"Nonsense!"

"Not so. To spring overboard in such a sea and on such a night was a brave act. You'll get a Carnegie medal."

"Medal be hanged!" exclaimed Westcott in disgust. "I did what any other man would have done in a like situation. Had you been in my place, doctor, I'm sure you would have jumped overboard just as I did."

"Ahem!" coughed the physician dubiously. "I'm not so sure of that, my boy. I think too much of my remaining years, I fear, to take the chances you did—"

"But I took no chance," interrupted Westcott hotly. "I had a rope about my waist, the other end of which was fastened to a stanchion. How, therefore, can you glorify such an act?"

He then told of the part he took in the rescue of Alice. His attention had been attracted by the sound of voices coming to him through the storm as the Nimrod was nosing her way up the channel

"I thought I was mistaken at first," he resumed reminiscently; "but when I heard voices singing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' I felt certain that somebody was in trouble.

"Naturally."

"While I was trying to solve the enigma I saw, or thought I saw, two figures on a raft, a few feet off our port bow. The impulse to jump overboard and save the unfortunates seized me suddenly, and I acted on the suggestion instantly."

Dr. Wilcox nodded approvingly.

"I then caught up a coil of rope and sang out to one of the sailors to make it fast to a stanchion and haul in the slack when I gave the signal. I jumped overboard. When I rose to the surface, half blinded and chilled to the marrow, I got my bearings and struck out with the tide in search of the persons we had all but run down."

"You acted wisely," nodded the physician.

"My only fear was that the unfortunates might have drifted too far to enable me to reach them," continued Westcott; "but, greatly to my relief, when I had made a dozen strokes I swam plump into the young woman who was floating on the surface and about to sink. I searched for her companion in vain and then tugged at the rope. Three minutes later we were dragged on board. That is the story, Dr. Wilcox."

"A noble story indeed, Mr. Westcott," remarked the physician admiringly. "I wouldn't have done what you did if you offered me the presidency of the N. Y., W. and C. Railroad and half of its stock."

"Bosh!"

"By the way," smiled Dr. Wilcox, a gleam of humor in his clear eyes, "have

you observed that this young stranger who owes her life to you is remarkably pretty?"

"Really," sighed Westcott, "I had not observed it."

"But you will ere many days have passed, I assure you."

"Perhaps."

"You may talk with her at your convenience," said Dr. Wilcox, preparing to take his departure.

"By the way," said Westcott, "did you learn her name?"

"Surely."

"It is—"

"Alice Forbes."

"Alice Forbes," repeated Westcott. "A pretty name."

"But not so pretty as its fair possessor," laughed Dr. Wilcox, glancing at his watch. "I must go now, Mr. Westcott." He paused, then resumed: "I must caution you not to excite my patient unduly on the occasion of your first interview. She is still quite weak, you know."

"I shall not disobey you, doctor."

The physician left the apartment. A moment later Westcott pressed a button in the wall near the fireplace. Williams entered almost immediately.

"Did you ring, sir?"

"Is Mrs. Arbuckle with the young woman patient up-stairs?" he inquired, ignoring the man's superfluous question.

"I believe so, sir."

"Please go to her and ask if the young woman will consent to see me, and when."

"Yes, sir."

The valet departing, Westcott went to a window and looked out on the famous drive and across the Hudson River to the Jersey shore.

He could not help thinking of the white face that rested on his breast as he struggled against the tide. He recalled that he had said to himself even then that this face was a lovely one and that its possessor could be of no common clay. He felt for the first time a secret longing to see her again; but why, he could not tell.

"Yes, I do know," he said to himself. "I want to see her to express my pleasure at her recovery. That's it! I have my excuse ready, and it will serve my purpose."

Williams entered the room hastily.

Westcott turned and asked if all was well in the sick-room.

"Quite so, sir," was the reply. "Mrs. Arbuckle desires me to inform you that Miss Forbes will be pleased to see you at your convenience."

"Very good," returned Westcott in a tone of intense satisfaction. "Tell Mrs. Arbuckle to expect me within ten minutes."

"Yes, sir."

The young railroad president turned to a mirror and surveyed himself with interest. Scarcely thirty-six years old, he was tall, of athletic build, wore faultless clothing, had blue eyes, and his dark hair crowned an expressive face.

Although a bachelor, he maintained in excellent style the home in which his father and mother had died, and where his aunt, Mrs. Arbuckle, spent most of her time "chaperoning," as she said, "her orphan boy."

Westcott gave a twist to the ends of his neat mustache and saw that his four-in-hand, in which a small blue white diamond gleamed, was in its proper position.

Evidently satisfied with himself, he went up stairs and knocked at the door of Miss Forbes's room. In the next instant he stood in the presence of the woman he had rescued.

CHAPTER XXII.

Dobrowski Shows His Claws.

WHEN Alice regained her senses to find herself in a handsomely appointed stateroom of the yacht Nimrod, surrounded by a bevy of women, she believed herself to be in a dream from which she was soon to be rudely awakened.

She could hear the sympathetic voices of the women, but was unable to distinguish what they said. She closed her eyes wearily, conscious only of a delicious warmth and a delightful sensation that lulled her to sleep even against her will.

When she again opened her eyes it was daylight. She looked about in amazement, for she was lying abed in a richly furnished apartment. Her eyes rested on the various objects with which it was filled, and, unable to solve the

riddle, she began to study the beauties of the frescoed Pompeiian ceiling.

Where was she? She soon found it a painful task even to think; and when Mrs. Arbuckle came to her bedside she said to herself that this woman, still young and beautiful, must be a figment of her overwrought imagination. Mrs. Arbuckle soon undeceived her on this point; but she maintained a discreet silence regarding Alice's perilous adventure, and it was only when she appealed to Dr. Wilcox that she learned the truth.

"Oh, let me thank Mr. Westcott!" she exclaimed tearfully, when the physician had finished. "Please send him to me, doctor."

"With pleasure, Miss- "

"Miss Alice Forbes," she hastened to say in response to his implied inquiry.

"I shall be delighted to act as your ambassador, Miss Forbes."

After Dr. Wilcox had quitted the apartment Mrs. Arbuckle supplied Alice's womanlike request for a hand mirror. Looking at her own face, Alice sighed It was haggard and drawn, and her eyes were deep-sunken from the suffering she had undergone during that awful night of the storm.

"I hope I may be able to repay you for your kindness to me, Mrs. Arbuckle," she said.

What Mrs. Arbuckle might have said was prevented by a knock at the door. It was Williams, with Westcott's message. Mrs. Arbuckle replied in the affirmative and turned to Alice.

"Charlie is such a nice boy, Miss Forbes," she said enthusiastically. "He's coming up to see you, dear."

"He must be, I'm sure," sighed Alice dreamily.

When Westcott entered the room and advanced toward her, Alice sought to lift herself upon her elbow, but was prevented by Mrs. Arbuckle, who gently placed her hand upon the girl's shoulder. She was instantly attracted by the magnetism of his manner.

"Miss Forbes?" Westcott inquired deferentially. "I am delighted to learn from Dr. Wilcox that you are convalescent."

"I owe you a great debt of gratitude, Mr. Westcott," she murmured softly. "Greater, I believe, than I shall ever be able to repay."

"Please don't speak of gratitude," he replied, seating himself near her bed. "I assure you that the little I have done for you is unworthy of anything more substantial than simple thanks."

"I do thank you from my heart!" she responded fervently. "But for you I might now—"

She paused shudderingly. Westcott observed her with growing interest. When her glance met his he turned away with a guilty air as if he had been detected in a misdemeanor.

"Mrs. Arbuckle and Dr. Wilcox have told me much," said Alice after a pause; "but they have not informed me how you came to be my preserver."

Westcott held up his hands in horror.

"Please don't!" he exclaimed. "I have not come to glorify myself, Miss Forbes. In coming here, I sought merely to hear your story."

"My story?"

"Yes, Miss Forbes. How did you get into the predicament in which I found you?"

She sighed and closed her eyes wearily.

"Pardon me," observed Westcott solicitously. "If it be too severe a task, Miss Forbes, we will talk of something else."

"I shall tell you the story of my troubles, Mr. Westcott."

"You have troubles, then?"

She nodded, then related all that had happened since the night when she followed Forbes. She told of her father's arrest, her abduction and escape, of Dobrowski's attempt to force her to sign a document renouncing one-half of a mythical fortune, and of her experience in the boat with Manning.

"Was Manning saved?" she inquired eagerly.

"You alone were saved, Miss Forbes."

"Poor boy," she responded sadly.

"Let us change the subject," said Westcott. "What are your plans for the future?"

"I have not thought of the future; but now that you mention it—"

"May I help you in some way?" he interrupted eagerly.

She glanced at him with a wistful expression. "Oh, above all things do I require the help of a strong man like you, Mr. Westcott, at this time," she

answered. "I must begin the search for my parents at once."

"I shall personally call the attention of the police to the matter, Miss Forbes," he said. "We must also search for Dobrowski, who, I fear, meditates trouble. Meanwhile—"

He paused. With a glance he notified Mrs. Arbuckle of his desire to be alone with Miss Forbes. She left on the instant, and he turned to Alice

"I trust you will not deem me presumptuous," he said haltingly; "but, while this investigation is in progress, you will perhaps need a temporary home. If you will honor me by accepting my hospitality, I shall be delighted to provide for your wants."

"I thank you heartily, Mr. Westcott, but —"

"Let me be your friend, Miss Forbes," he interrupted longingly.

She extended her hand, and he took it in his warm clasp.

"I owe my life to you," she responded, "and will likewise owe my happiness to your generosity."

He was about to reply when there was a knock at the door and Williams entered. Westcott turned to him impatiently.

"What is it, Williams?" he asked sharply.

"A letter for Miss Forbes," replied the servitor, holding out the missive.

Westcott took the letter and handed it to Alice. She gazed at it curiously and fancied that the handwriting was not unknown to her. She opened the envelope and extracted a small scrap of soiled paper. She read a few lines, then fell back with a cry.

"What is the matter, Miss Forbes?" asked Westcott in alarm. "Are you ill?"

"No," she replied tremulously. "Please read this letter and advise me."

Westcott took the letter and read the following, written in a bold hand:

> Think not that the eye of the brotherhood has lost sight of you, Miss Forbes. You are the instrument by which the cause is to be advanced along lines of the highest importance to society at large. You once defied me; but you shall do so again at your peril.
>
> I enclose herewith a document similar to that which you destroyed, which I command you to sign. Should you refuse to do so before next Saturday night at six o'clock, your reputed father, Chester Forbes, who is in my power, will die a death—the horrors of which you cannot even imagine.
>
> Sign the enclosed document and return it to me by my agent, according to direction, and his life will be spared. Remember, you hold your father's life in your hands. Refuse to sign, and you not only doom him to death, but deprive yourself of your fortune.
>
> Sign! Sign!
>
> V. D.

On the reverse side were directions for the return of the document to the writer through the medium of an agent who, wearing a red rose, was to meet the bearer of the document at Grant's Tomb.

"A bloodthirsty wretch, indeed!" remarked Westcott. "What do the initials 'V. D.' signify?"

"Victor Dobrowski."

"The scheming anarchist you mentioned a while ago?"

"Yes."

"How did he learn of your presence here, I wonder?" said Westcott, mystified. Then he added: "I have it! He read the account of your rescue in the newspapers, and must have decided that you were the young woman mentioned."

"Probably, Mr. Westcott. Can you — will you save my father as you saved me?"

"Leave this wretch to me, Miss Forbes," he replied firmly. "If your father can be found, I assure you he will be set at liberty."

"Oh, I thank you so much!" she exclaimed joyously.

"You are now under my orders, Miss Forbes," he said laughingly. "We shall work together, and your father not only shall be saved, but Dobrowski and his band will be brought to justice."

He took her hand and held it lingeringly. She trembled, and he was quick to perceive it. He then left her to Mrs. Arbuckle's care and returned to his study, whistling softly.

"I'll win her!" he said to himself. "I love her, and she shall become my wife—or I'll know the reason why!"

He then ordered Williams to send for his motor-car.

Within ten minutes the railroad presi-

dent, now turned detective, was on his way to police headquarters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Westcott Begins His Quest.

WITHIN fifteen minutes after leaving Alice, Westcott entered police headquarters. He carried in his pocket Dobrowski's threatening letter to Alice, and he was resolved to show it to Inspector Jones and consult with him regarding the best means to bring Dobrowski to justice and rescue Forbes.

Westcott was sure that Jones's extensive experience as a police officer would prompt him to suggest some effective plan by which the terrible projects of Dobrowski and his crew would be frustrated.

Inspector Jones was at his desk when Westcott's card reached him. He had just finished reading the newspaper accounts of Westcott's gallantry in saving Alice Forbes, and he shrewdly suspected that this visit might have something to do with that event.

"Show Mr. Westcott in," he said to his police orderly. Then he said to himself, as he leaned back in his chair: "I wonder what brings him here? Has he any information regarding this anarchistic plot to blow up the terminal? We shall see."

Westcott entered, and Inspector Jones greeted him warmly. He usually did this when his callers were of the wealth and social standing of his visitor.

"Be seated, Mr. Westcott," he said, pointing to a chair.

"Thank you, inspector," replied Westcott. "Are you very busy this morning?"

"I'm always busy," was the reply. "What can I do for you?"

Westcott drew Dobrowski's letter from his pocket and handed it to the inspector.

"I have a matter of more than ordinary importance to bring to your attention, inspector," he replied. "Are you prepared to listen to me?"

"Certainly, sir," responded Jones eagerly. "I shall be delighted to be of service to you."

"Before reading the document I have placed in your hands, let me ask if you are aware that I had the honor to rescue a young woman from drowning in the Narrows last night?"

He averted his face modestly, as if the confession was to his discredit.

"I am aware of the circumstance," replied Inspector Jones, "and I want to congratulate you."

"That is unnecessary, inspector. This young woman "

"Is Alice Forbes," interrupted the police official smilingly.

Westcott sprang to his feet.

"How did you learn her name?" he inquired in blank astonishment. "I only learned her name this morning, and the newspapers did not disclose it. Then how did you discover it?"

"That is a professional secret, Mr. Westcott," replied the inspector with a laugh. "It may interest you to learn that I know all about the antecedents of this young woman."

"Nothing to her discredit, I hope?" asked Westcott coldly.

"Not at all. Her father, you know, is Chester Forbes, one of your employees and president of the Amalgamated Railroad Workers. Do you know him?"

"I never heard of him until to-day."

"He was arrested several weeks ago on a charge of being accessory after the fact to the murder of a man named Wilkinson at a meeting of the organization. There was no evidence against him," said the inspector, "and I ordered his release."

"Is Forbes a man of integrity and honorable?" inquired Westcott eagerly.

"As far as I know, he is," replied Jones meditatively.

"You are not certain?"

"Well," coughed Jones, "he is a visionary in the cause of labor, a sociological student, and all that sort of thing That is the worst I know about him."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Westcott with intense relief. "I know many of the same sort."

"You do?"

"Yes; I belong to the same class," replied Westcott.

"You are joking."

"No, Inspector Jones," returned the railroad president earnestly. "Although I employ thousands of men, I am as much interested in their social and material welfare as they are. I want no

man in my employ to be dissatisfied. If he has a grievance, he can be assured of a personal hearing at any time."

The inspector shrugged his shoulders carelessly.

"Where is Forbes to be found?" inquired Westcott after a pause.

"I should like to know that," was the reply. "Has your visit here anything to do with him?"

"Everything. When did you see him last?"

"About four or five days ago."

"Where?"

"Here in this office. In fact, he sat in the same chair you now occupy."

"You do not know where he is to be found?"

"I do not."

"Do you know a man named Victor Dobrowski?"

The inspector sat up suddenly. "Quite well," he replied. "May I ask how you came to hear of this man?"

"The letter you are holding in your hand was written by Dobrowski."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the inspector, glancing at the document. "Have I your permission to read it?"

"Certainly. I brought it to you for that purpose."

The inspector read the letter twice without looking at Westcott, who regarded him with an eagle glance as he pored over the document. When he had finished he turned to Westcott with a crafty smile.

"Have you shown this letter to any one, Mr. Westcott?" he asked, his index finger digging into the paper.

"I have not."

"Pardon me, but how did it come into your hands?"

"A man brought it to my house for delivery to Miss Forbes."

"Did you see this man?"

"I did not."

"In what circumstances was it delivered at your house?"

"I was informed by my servant that he heard the bell ring, and that when he answered the summons there was no one at the door. He saw a man walking rapidly away, however. On the floor lay this letter, which was at once delivered to Miss Forbes in my presence."

"This man Dobrowski evidently is taking no chances," mused the inspector.

"What do you suggest in the premises, inspector?"

"I will prepare a trap into which this fox must fall," answered the police official. "We will deliver a forged document to Dobrowski's agent and shadow him thereafter. He will lead us to the anarchists' lair."

"You know this man to be an anarchist?"

"He is one of the wildest, Mr. Westcott," replied the inspector. "He has openly avowed his intention to blow up your big railroad station, as you doubtless are aware."

"I have heard of some talk of that kind," answered Westcott, "but I paid no attention to it. Such men seldom accomplish anything worth while."

"They sometimes blow themselves up by accident," laughed the inspector. "Shall I take charge of this letter and run this man down?"

"That is precisely why I brought it to you."

"Good!" snapped the inspector. "This letter will enable me to put Dobrowski in Sing Sing on a charge of extortion."

"The letter is documentary proof of that. But where is Dobrowski to be found?"

"Leave that to me, Mr. Westcott."

The inspector pressed a button and an orderly responded.

"Send for Kahlendorf," said the inspector.

"Yes, inspector."

The orderly saluted and disappeared on his mission.

"This man Kahlendorf," explained the inspector to Westcott, "is a member of Dobrowski's band of anarchists. I have him under arrest on a technical charge of disturbing the peace; but when I get the goods on him I shall enter a more serious charge against him."

"You intend to question him?"

"Yes, sir."

"May I remain?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

"Thank you."

Escorted by two policemen, Kahlendorf was brought into the room. Westcott leaned back in his chair, wondering if what he was to hear might have any bearing on the career of the only woman in the wide world who ever had won a

second look from him and whom he loved with ever-increasing devotion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Writing on the Wall.

KAHLENDORF was about fifty years of age. He was clad in cheap garments very much the worse for the wear, and his appearance, after a night spent in a prison cell, was none too attractive.

The anarchist was bearded, and his eyes shone like beacons in the night. There was a wolfish expression on his sallow face, and his manner impressed Westcott as that of an artful rogue who cunningly simulated insanity whenever he found it convenient to adopt such a course to gain his ends.

When ordered by the inspector to halt before his desk, Kahlendorf hung his head with a half-moody, half-penitent expression. He watched the inspector out of the corner of his eye, however, but he did not deign to look in Westcott's direction.

"I want to have a talk with you, Kahlendorf," said the inspector gruffly. "I want you to answer me truthfully. You will do so if you know what is best for you."

"What you want to know?" he inquired with a shrug.

"Where is Dobrowski?"

The prisoner started visibly at this question and again sunk his head sullenly.

"How should I know?" he exclaimed scowlingly.

"See here, Kahlendorf," snapped Jones sharply, "you'll find it to your interest not to practise evasion with me."

"Evasion? What you talking about?"

"Come, tell me where Dobrowski and his gang hang out. You should know, since you belong to the organization."

Kahlendorf eyed the inspector craftily. "What is in it for me if I tells you, inspector?" he asked after a pause.

"That depends on the assistance you give me in tracing Dobrowski."

"Will you let me off if I tells you where the house is?"

"I'll guarantee you your liberty if you help me in this matter," responded the inspector, idly prodding a blotter with the point of his pencil.

"But how about Dobrowski?" went on Kahlendorf, casting a look of fear at the policemen in the room. "If he finds out I have given him away—he kills me dead, sure."

"Have no fear of that, Kahlendorf."

"Oh, you don't know what a bloodthirsty man he is!"

"If we nab him, you will be in no danger from him," responded the inspector reassuringly. "Take my word for that, my friend."

After a silence of some seconds the prisoner said: "The house where the brotherhood meets is Storms's place, near Spike's piano works in the Bronx."

"I thought so!" exclaimed the inspector with intense satisfaction. "I've had my eye on that place for some time, and I'll raid it now without delay. Do you know if Forbes is in that house?"

"He was there yesterday," replied Kahlendorf. "Dobrowski had him locked up in a room up-stairs."

Under pressure, Kahlendorf told of the appearance of Forbes at the rendezvous and of the events that followed, including an account of the attack made on Forbes.

"Was Forbes injured?" inquired the inspector.

"What you mean?" returned Kahlendorf, mystified.

"Was he hurt?" interjected Westcott, taking part for the first time in the examination.

"Oh, no; he was not hurt much. Dobrowski kicked him a few times, and Storms say he cut Forbes's liver out with a knife. That is all I know."

"Is there anything more you would like to know under that head, Mr. Westcott?" asked the inspector, turning to the railroad president.

"No, I think not," was the reply.

"Very good, sir." Turning to Kahlendorf, the inspector asked: "I want to learn more about Dobrowski and his plans. What is he up to now?"

"I can't tell you," replied the anarchist.

"Oh, yes, you can! Isn't it true that he intends to blow up several railroad buildings?"

"I don't know," was the sullen response.

"See here, Kahlendorf," retorted the inspector sharply, "If you don't tell, I'll

put you on a bread-and-water diet for ten days."

Kahlendorf shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "Well, I can't help what you do," he said innocently. "I don't know."

"Take him below," said the inspector to the policemen. "Keep him locked up until further orders."

Casting a glance of deadly hatred toward the inspector, Kahlendorf was led away. The inspector pressed another button and a clerk answered the summons.

"Send for Captain Wittrow," he said curtly.

The clerk saluted and disappeared with alacrity.

Westcott was wondering what the inspector had in mind when Captain Wittrow, of magnificent proportions and unusual intelligence, entered the room.

"Captain," said the inspector, after consulting his notes, "take six men with you and go to the old house near Spike's piano works in the Bronx. You know the place?"

"Yes, inspector; we talked of it yesterday," responded the captain. "And when I reach the house—"

"Arrest everybody you find about the place."

"Yes, sir," replied Wittrow.

"Lose no time, captain," urged the inspector, looking at his watch. "It is noon, and you may be just in time to nab somebody of importance to us."

"I shall go instantly, inspector," replied the captain.

"One moment."

It was Westcott who addressed Captain Wittrow. The officer turned and glanced at the inspector in surprise.

"Pardon me, inspector," said Westcott. "Would I be asking too much if I begged permission to accompany Captain Wittrow?"

"Why, no!" answered the inspector in surprise. "It is unusual, however, for civilians to attend the police on missions such as this."

"But it is highly important to me and a certain young lady of my acquaintance that I accompany your men to this house in the Bronx," urged the railroad president earnestly.

"Any objection, captain?" asked the inspector laughingly.

"None in the least, so far as I am concerned."

"Thank you, captain," said Westcott gratefully.

"You'd better go in civilian's clothes," warned the inspector. "These anarchists don't like uniforms, you know."

Accompanied by Westcott, Captain Wittrow departed on his mission. The inspector sat at his desk and consulted his notes. He talked to himself the while, a habit to which he was addicted and which, he felt, might one day get him into serious trouble should he be overheard.

"If my information is correct," he said, "I have some hot work cut out for me next Saturday night. If I succeed in nabbing Dobrowski to-day, I'll get to the bottom of the plot by to-morrow."

He rose, looked out of the window meditatively, and resumed:

"If he succeeds in blowing up anything but himself he will be cleverer than I take him to be. I've got your measure, Dobrowski, and I'll bag you and your bunch of ruffians within the next forty-eight hours."

Meanwhile Captain Wittrow, accompanied by six men, proceeded to the Bronx in Westcott's touring-car. The captain was well acquainted with the locality, and, moreover, one of the detectives who had shadowed Dobrowski to the place was in the party.

Inspector Jones might have caused Dobrowski to be arrested at that time; but he had forbidden this, as his plans regarding the Russian had not reached maturity. The disappearance of Forbes forced him to take summary steps. Captain Wittrow had orders to arrest Dobrowski on sight.

"Here we are," said Captain Wittrow as the machine reached the top of the hill at the base of which stood Storms's forbidding house. "Let every man have his revolver where he can use it instantly."

The men left the motor-car, Westcott walking by Captain Wittrow's side. The police officer looked troubled, then addressed the young railroad president.

"I hope you will not needlessly expose yourself, Mr. Westcott," he said warningly. "We may meet with some desperate characters—"

"Don't mind me, captain," laughed

Westcott. "I haven't the slightest fear of danger to myself."

"But you can't tell what armed desperadoes like Dobrowski may do when they're in a corner," pleaded the captain.

"I've gone too far to recede now, captain," responded Westcott firmly. "I'll see this thing through, even though there be a dozen armed Dobrowskis in that place."

"Very well, sir."

They walked to the door, the squad of detectives, each with his hand on his revolver, following at their heels. Captain Wittrow ordered two of the men to guard the rear entrance, and when they had gone on their mission he knocked on the door several times; but there was no answer.

"Here, Brown, put your shoulders to this door and force it off its hinges if necessary," ordered Captain Wittrow, after his repeated summons had failed to bring a response.

"Aye, sir."

Brown threw himself against the door. After one or two assaults it gave with a resonant crash. Holding their revolvers in front of them, the detectives advanced into the hallway. Not a sign of any inmate of the place was discernible.

"Search the house!" commanded the captain.

The four men separated, and every room was thoroughly searched. They turned to the hallway crestfallen.

The house was tenantless.

"This beats me," said one of the detectives. "Looks as if the birds have flown."

"No doubt of that," said the captain thoughtfully.

Westcott, who was searching the room in which Forbes had been attacked by Dobrowski, suddenly called Captain Wittrow's attention to an object over the mantelpiece.

It was a piece of soiled paper pinned to the wall by a stiletto

"It's a note!" exclaimed Westcott excitedly.

Westcott removed the document and read the following:

> Beware! The eye of the cause is never closed; it sees all things! The day of vengeance cometh—it is about to dawn! Beware, then, you do not enter the path of the storm, which, when it breaks, will bring with it devastation and death! Once again! beware!
>
> Seek not to fathom the secrets of the cause, which will endure forever! Let capitalist hounds tremble, for their doom is at hand!
>
> Death to millionaires and the police! Long live anarchy!

A roughly scrawled drawing of a skull and cross-bones adorned the document; but there was no signature. Westcott seemed to recognize the chirography; then his suspicions became a certainty.

"It is Dobrowski's handwriting," he said to Captain Wittrow. "I saw a specimen of his penmanship this morning."

"Let me have it for evidence, Mr. Westcott," replied the captain, taking the document from the young man.

Westcott drew a note-book from his pocket, extracted a leaf, and rapidly wrote the following:

> Death to the cause and anarchy! Look to yourself, Dobrowski. The avenging law is on your trail!

He pinned this to the wall with the stiletto.

"We'll hunt this wolf down together, captain," he said as they left the house.

"Say, rather, fox," laughed the captain.

Westcott walked with a light step. He realized that he had a thrilling task before him, the accomplishment of which promised adventures such as he often dreamed of but had not been privileged to enjoy.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Storm Threatens.

IN a dilapidated structure near the railroad yards of the New York, Wellington and Central Railroad a dozen members of the cause were gathered. It was Saturday evening. The hour set by Dobrowski for the accomplishment of the grand *coup* was almost at hand.

Chief among those in the place were Dobrowski, Storms, and Feldmann. They were apparently guarding a prisoner with a despondent glare in his eyes,

who sat with his arms tied behind him on a keg directly in front of a roughly boarded window, through the interstices of which the night wind howled mournfully.

The prisoner was Forbes.

On a barrel in the center of the group rested a lantern. Its feeble rays threw a ghastly radiance upon the surroundings. The members were excitedly discussing some vital topic, and it was apparent that Dobrowski was more on the defensive than had usually been the case in his dominance of the shifty spirits under his control.

Dobrowski scowled vengefully at Storms, who, he was aware, was opposing him and seeking to incite the others to rebellion against their chief. Nevertheless, Dobrowski remained cool, and he talked calmly, pausing now and then to listen to the sounds that wafted to them from the outside.

"If I do not soon hear from Wilderhaus," said Dobrowski, "you may proceed according to the original plans."

"And be surrounded by the police!" snarled Storms angrily.

"It was a clumsy thing for you to do, Dobrowski," said Feldmann coldly. "Suppose the girl placed your letter into the hands of the police? That would mean disaster for our cause."

"She wouldn't dare do it!" Dobrowski responded savagely. "She must know that such a course would bring disaster to"—he glanced at Forbes menacingly—"to him."

"All the same, writing letters containing threats is a risky business at best—"

A low whistle outside interrupted Feldmann. Dobrowski jumped to his feet with an exclamation of satisfaction.

"It is Wilderhaus at last!" he muttered as he opened the door cautiously and whispered: "Who's there?"

"Wilderhaus," came the answer.

He entered the hovel as he spoke. Dobrowski closed and barred the door carefully, then turned on the newcomer, who watched him with a sly, furtive glance.

"Well, Wilderhaus," inquired Dobrowski, rubbing his skinny hands together, "have you got the paper?"

"No!"

"As I thought," remarked Storms, laughing derisively.

Dobrowski advanced toward Wilderhaus threateningly. The young man retreated from him in terror.

"It wasn't my fault," he said, his back against the wall.

"Tell us what happened," thundered Dobrowski wrathfully. "And if you speak falsely, beware!"

"I'll tell the truth, all right," scowled Wilderhaus. "I stood for two days in Union Square at the place you designated, and I was getting pretty tired when, at six o'clock this evening, a young fellow who looked like ready money approached me.

"I paid no attention to him until he said to me, 'Is all prepared?' I responded according to instructions, 'It lacks but one thing.' Naturally, I expected he would give me the paper I was looking for; but, instead of that, he put his face against mine and said, 'Tell Dobrowski that we are going to give him the surprise of his life!'"

Wilderhaus paused nervously. All eyes gazed at him in astonishment.

"Go on, my friend," said Dobrowski purringly. "What else did this man who looked like ready money say to you?"

"He said that the jig was up and that the electric chair awaited every one of us."

The anarchists glared at each other in terror. Forbes opened his eyes and glanced about him like a man awakened from a sound sleep. Dobrowski stared ferociously at Forbes, then turned furiously to Wilderhaus.

"You have not yet told us all!" he exclaimed savagely. "Why do you keep us waiting?"

"There's not much to say," growled Wilderhaus. "Just as this man was turning away I asked him who he was"

"Yes, yes! A police spy?"

"No. He said his name was Westcott—Charles Westcott."

"The president of the N. Y., W. and C.!" exclaimed Storms.

"How did he come to be mixed up in the affair?" asked Feldmann.

"He saved Alice Forbes from drowning."

"May God bless him for that!" said Forbes to himself.

He had been kept in ignorance of Alice's fate, and this news lightened the

load of misery that had burdened him since he fell into Dobrowski's hands and was kept a prisoner — why, he did not know.

Dobrowski raised his hands supplicatingly. The others regarded him sullenly, and all shrunk from him as instinctively as they would have retreated from a serpent in their path.

"What did Westcott do then?" inquired Dobrowski, glaring fiercely at Wilderhaus.

"Nothing," was the reply. "He walked away, and I came here as fast as I could to report."

A deep silence followed. The anarchists looked first at Storms, then at Forbes, and finally at Dobrowski, who sat, elbows on knees, with his face hidden in his hands. Storms was the first to speak.

"It is plain somebody has bungled," he said, glancing at Dobrowski significantly.

Dobrowski, chewing the ends of his mustache, seemed not to have heard him.

"I say," resumed Storms with increasing anger, "somebody has made a sorry mess of this affair."

"We all agree," remarked some one hidden in the shadow near the window.

"I always have warned Dobrowski," said Storms, encouraged by this approval of his course, "that he would get us all into trouble if he persisted in annoying Alice Forbes or continued writing letters which might incriminate not only himself, but the rest of us as well."

Dobrowski lifted his head and scowled.

"There was wisdom in the warning," muttered Feldmann gloomily.

"He insisted on writing to the girl against my protest," went on Storms energetically. "And, just before we left the rendezvous, he had to write that warning which he pinned to the wall with a stiletto. What will be the result?"

There was no answer.

"I'll tell you," resumed Storms, chuckling. "The police are on our trail. Now it behooves all of us to scatter out of this, each for himself."

Several of the anarchists rose to their feet as if to make their escape while there was yet time. Dobrowski sprang to the door at a bound and waved them back with gestures of menace and entreaty.

"Back!" he shouted. "You shall not leave until I've had my say!"

The anarchists resumed their seats in silence; but it was apparent that Dobrowski's influence over them was waning.

"Fools!" exclaimed Dobrowski contemptuously. "Why do you listen to this mutineer whose loyalty to the cause I long have suspected."

He glared at Storms, who maintained a discreet silence at this implied charge.

"Let us settle the question of authority here and now!" went on Dobrowski. "Am I your chief—or is Storms? Speak!"

"Hail Dobrowski!" shouted several anarchists. "Lead on, and we'll follow you to the death!"

Dobrowski smiled grimly at this outburst. He ignored Storms, who shot a glance filled with deadly hatred. The Russian wore a gloomy expression; the fires of madness gleamed in his eyes.

"Have I ever given you cause to doubt my sincerity?" he inquired indignantly. "Have I not invariably consulted you in everything pertaining to the cause and its grand projects?"

"Yes, yes!"

"You honored me by electing me your chief, and I have always sought to prove to you that your confidence in me was not misplaced."

Storms feared the evil effect of Dobrowski's eloquence. He felt the need of defending himself as well as refuting by subtle argument the avowals of the Russian.

"Let me have my say, Dobrowski," he said amid an impressive silence. "What you have said is debatable—"

Dobrowski confronted him suddenly, his automatic revolver leveled in a grasp that was as firm as steel.

"Another word from you, wretch," hissed Dobrowski, "and I riddle you with bullets!"

Storms turned from him tremblingly, fearing that the leader might carry out his threat. He recognized the futility of arguing with this impetuous man whose authority seemed all powerful; but he secretly nourished the hope that the opportunity for revenging himself would soon present itself.

"This unexpected termination of my negotiations with Alice Forbes," said Dobrowski, pocketing his revolver, "is a temporary rebuff—nothing more. The cause may have lost the fortune I had hoped to secure for it; but the failure of any single project never can suspend its operations—as the events of to-night will amply prove."

"Excellent!"

"To-night the cause enters upon a new stage of its glorious career," resumed Dobrowski ecstatically. "To-night will mark the beginning of another glorious epoch in the warfare it is waging against the enemies of mankind!"

"Long live anarchy!" shouted several, carried away by their leader's enthusiasm.

"If there should be any who fear the consequences of this night's work, let him withdraw," said Dobrowski, opening the door as he spoke. "Let all who fear depart. See! The door is open! Let him who will leave us on the instant!"

Storms advanced tremblingly. He had a wholesome dread of Dobrowski's automatic; but he was resolved to make a dash for liberty rather than remain and risk capture or death at the hands of the police, who, he felt instinctively, were dangerously close on their trail.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Avenger.

DOBROWSKI laughed significantly as Storms advanced. He raised his hand and brought Storms to a halt suddenly.

"So you would leave us, Storms?" inquired the Russian quietly. "What have we done that we should deserve this desertion?"

"I've got all I want of this thing," replied Storms hoarsely. "The police are on our track, and I for one don't care to be nabbed."

"How do you know the police are on our track?" inquired Dobrowski in a soft tone which conveyed deep menace to Storms.

"They're bound to be, since Westcott is mixed up in the affair. Any man with a thimbleful of brains must recognize that."

Dobrowski chuckled. His hand crept softly into the pocket where his automatic lay concealed.

"Your deductions are not well based, my friend," he responded. "Maybe this man loves the girl who despises you, and he may have undertaken, single-handed, to right her wrongs."

"That's so, Storms," said Feldmann. "This is no time to show the white feather."

"Besides," went on Dobrowski calmly, "my invitation did not extend to you, Storms."

"What do you mean?" asked Storms tremulously.

"Traitors shall not pass through this door while I am on guard."

"Traitors!"

"See!" exclaimed Dobrowski, pointing to Storms. "He seeks to quit us at the eleventh hour, leaving us to meet peril while he goes unscathed! I always have known him to be a coward, but I did not suspect until now that he is a traitor to the cause!"

"Down with Storms!"

"Kill him!"

Storms glanced through the opening longingly. He could see the lights twinkling in the gloom beyond, where lay the liberty for which he thirsted as a parched man in an arid desert yearns for water.

The only bar to his egress was Dobrowski. Despite his fear of the devilish automatic which the Russian grasped, he made up his mind to rush by him and seek safety in flight.

He felt the necessity of establishing an alibi so that, when the inevitable official inquiry that would follow the night's work was begun, he might escape with a whole skin.

Property was to be destroyed; lives, perhaps, sacrificed. He said to himself that if he remained the electric chair might claim him. He became suddenly a prey to unreasoning fear.

"You have no right to stop me!" he shouted as, crouching, he launched forward on his dash for liberty.

Dobrowski's hand emerged from his pocket with surprising quickness. Storms was just gliding through the doorway when there was a flash, followed by a sharp, resonant report.

Storms felt as if a red-hot iron had

been thrust through his body. A choking sensation oppressed him. He fell in a huddle at the Russian's feet.

"He was a fool as well as traitor," said the Russian grimly. "I was forced to kill him!"

"Is he dead?" inquired Feldmann, glancing at Storms.

"If he isn't, he soon will be," responded Dobrowski coldly. "I never miss at short range."

Storms was carried to the rear of the hovel, where Feldmann made a hurried examination.

"He breathes!" he said in a tone of relief.

"He'll be all right in a day or two," said another. "Serves him right for attempting to give us the slip."

The bell of a steamer in the East River sounded mournfully. It seemed to the anarchists to be a summons to vespers, and they shuddered. Dobrowski held up a lantern and looked at his watch.

"It is eight o'clock and we have much to do," he said. "Come, let us be off."

"How about Forbes?" inquired Feldmann, turning to the prisoner.

"I was about to speak to him," replied the Russian. "He knows all our plans, yet he is not one of us. There is only one thing we can do in his case."

"And that is?"

"Kill him!"

Forbes, who had maintained silence heretofore, laughed bitterly. He strove to break the bonds that held his hands in a viselike grip.

"An excellent plan!" he exclaimed. "You have just killed one man; therefore you should not hesitate to slay another. Yes, kill me!"

"Your wish shall be gratified in due season, Forbes," responded Dobrowski vengefully. "Your daughter refused to save you, so you must pay the penalty."

Forbes turned to the anarchists pleadingly.

"If you are men," he shouted, "release me and give me a chance to defend myself. Would you murder a helpless man?"

Dobrowski laughed scornfully.

"You scoundrel!" cried Forbes wrathfully. "You dare not face me on equal terms!"

Dobrowski struck him with his open hand.

"If that won't stop your insulting tongue," he exclaimed, "then I'll try more effective means!"

Forbes groaned in impotent fury, and tears suffused his eyes. He would have given the world to be free for an instant, so that he might strangle this man who held him in his power and who, he felt, had reserved him for some terrible death.

Taking up a lantern, Dobrowski went to a spot in the wall near the door and examined a contrivance fastened thereto, which consisted of a plate, to which were fastened three white buttons and from which wires ran down the wall into the earth.

"Excellent!" he muttered, satisfied with his inspection. Turning, he called sharply: "Feldmann!"

"Here, sir!"

"When I give the signal arranged between us," said the Russian, "you must press the button to the right. That will destroy the machine shops."

"I understand."

"When I give you the second signal you will press the center button. Then the roundhouse and its locomotives will be laid in ruins. You comprehend?"

"Yes," answered Feldmann gloomily.

"The third button," resumed Dobrowski exultingly, "connects with the mine beneath the executive offices. When you hear my whistle you will press the button on the left and send that building up in smoke. If only Westcott were in that building, what a revenge I would enjoy!"

"Little chance of that!" laughed Feldmann, inspecting the buttons gingerly.

"You never can tell what may happen in this world," replied Dobrowski laconically. Turning to his followers, he added inquiringly: "You all know your duties, and I look to you to perform them at any cost."

"How about our getaway after the job is done?" asked Wilderhaus eagerly.

"We will make for the landing-place on East River opposite Hell Gate," replied Dobrowski. "Any further questions?"

"Suppose we're followed?" asked Feldmann.

"Fool, we won't be followed! None of us is suspected."

"That remains to be seen," muttered Wilderhaus.

"There is nothing to be feared," said Dobrowski with finality. "There will be excitement for some days; an official inquiry by those pigs, the police; and then the affair will be forgotten. We will remain in our hiding-place on Long Island until the storm blows over and laugh at the futile efforts of the police to run us down."

The Russian paused, chuckling. Suddenly he asked:

"Are the ladders in place?"

"They are," replied Feldmann.

"And the watchman?"

"Dead drunk by this time."

"Excellent!" exclaimed Dobrowski, glancing at Forbes. He motioned to Feldmann to approach and whispered:

"Place Forbes on the roof of the office building."

Feldmann nodded approval.

"Once you have him there," said Dobrowski, an evil glitter in his eyes, "tie him hand and foot and then—poof!"

Forbes was led away. Dobrowski was the last to leave the hovel. Pausing before the body of Storms, he glanced at the pale upturned face with mingled hate and pity.

"Fool that you were!" he said, touching the body with his foot. "You should have known better than to cross me!"

He went out, closing the door after him. Although badly wounded, Storms was conscious. He had simulated death with consummate skill, fearing that if a sign escaped him the Russian might put an end to his existence.

A bitter groan escaped him when he found himself alone. He felt his strength was ebbing fast; but suddenly an idea entered his mind, a suggestion so potent that for the moment he forgot the desperate situation in which he was placed.

"I'll have a rare revenge!" he muttered gloatingly. "Dobrowski will have cause to rue the day he crossed my path! Curse him!"

He lay in his blood, mentally measuring the distance of the office building from the hovel in which he lay, and estimating the length of time it would require for Dobrowski and Forbes to regain the roof of the former structure.

How delightful, he thought, to press the third button and blow them all to eternity. He owed Forbes a grudge, and the knowledge that Forbes had suffered through his own connivance as well as that of Dobrowski's did not appeal to his cold nature even in the hour of death.

"Revenge!" he muttered. "I'll have sweet revenge!"

He raised himself upon his elbow with an effort that sent shivers of pain through his body, and he fell back groaning and exhausted. He made the attempt several times, and finally succeeded in turning over. Then he was enabled to crawl like a serpent, a few inches at a time, toward the electric buttons.

"I won't die until I've had my revenge!" he exclaimed as he crawled. "One minute more and I'll have the button under my finger-tip!"

With infinite labor he succeeded in reaching the wall in which the buttons were fastened and lifted himself, half fainting, on a keg standing beneath the electrical contrivance. He rested his finger on one of the buttons with keen delight; but he refrained from pressing it because he was not convinced his victims had reached the fatal roof.

Suddenly a shot rang out; then followed a fusillade and the shouts of many men in deadly battle.

Storms leaned against the wall and gasped for breath.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Storm Breaks.

THE commotion which stayed the revengeful hand of Storms just as he was about to explode the mines beneath the executive offices marked the commencement of a death struggle against which Dobrowski and his coterie of conspirators had made little or no provision.

It was the beginning of a battle of law and order against banded lawlessness. That there could be only one end to such a struggle none but a madman like Dobrowski dared dispute.

It must be admitted that Inspector Jones had only a meager knowledge of the plans so carefully formulated by Dobrowski. In a general way, he was aware that some attempt would be made

on Saturday night to blow up the buildings in the yards of the N. Y., W. and C. R. R., but he could only conjecture at what length the preparation for this destruction had progressed.

He was totally unaware that many of the buildings in the yards had been secretly mined, and that these were connected by carefully concealed insulated wires which were gathered in a ramshackle, deserted building overlooking the East River.

Kahlendorf, who probably was aware of the laying of these mines, steadily persisted in revealing the full extent of his knowledge, so that the inspector walked, as it were, in darkness.

"Whatever these chaps are doing," he said to himself, "I'll foil them by nabbing them before they can carry their plans into execution."

After instructing Westcott what to say to the agent of Dobrowski—which instructions the young railroad president followed to the letter—Inspector Jones sent to the railroad yards thirty policemen armed with rifles. It was seven o'clock when they arrived at their destination. They were divided into squads of five men, and so distributed that every part of the yards was under surveillance.

"Seen anybody around, Wittrow?" he inquired uneasily.

"Not a soul," replied that officer.

Jones could not help wondering if he was the victim of a hoax, after all. He believed Dobrowski to be a harebrained fellow, whose most valiant fighting was done with his jaws; but, in this estimate of the qualities of the Russian, he overshot his mark.

Dobrowski was a fanatic, but not a coward. He was ready to sacrifice himself in the interests of the cause to which he was devoted. It was imperative that he be crushed if a comparatively easy victory was to be won by the police.

"Arrest every stranger you meet, captain," commanded the inspector in a low voice.

Attracted by the glare of a lantern within the deserted smithy, Policeman Mallon crept forward to investigate. He heard several voices in angry colloquy; and when he heard the name of Dobrowski spoken by one of the men, he hastily retreated to inform his superior officer.

The door opened at this moment, and he fancied he heard the sound of a shot. Mallon saw several men emerge from the shack, and he hastened to the spot where Inspector Jones and Captain Wittrow were in consultation.

"Who goes there?" asked the inspector sharply.

"Officer Mallon, with information," he replied

"What's up, Mallon?"

"They're coming, inspector!"

"Who?"

"Dobrowski and his crowd," answered Mallon, pointing. "I saw them leave that old building just now, and they're coming this way."

Inspector Jones became animated at this intelligence. "Call the men, captain," he said to his subordinate.

In the next instant every policeman in the yards had answered the summons and stood at attention.

"Your orders, inspector," said Captain Wittrow respectfully.

"Let ten men go with you to the point indicated by Mallon," he said curtly. "The others will remain here."

At that instant the sound of approaching footsteps caught the trained ear of the commanding officer.

"Halt!" he said in a low voice to his men. "There's some one advancing."

Two figures loomed up indistinctly in the gloom ahead.

"Who goes there?" he shouted threateningly. "Halt, or I fire!"

"We are friends," said one of the newcomers, advancing boldly toward the policemen.

"Who are you?"

"Charles Westcott."

"You here?" exclaimed Wittrow in amazement.

"Certainly; why should I not be here, captain?" replied Westcott. "My companion and myself seek Inspector Jones."

"You'll find him near the office building."

The captain ordered his men to follow him, and as they advanced the sound of voices beyond attracted their attention and brought them to a halt.

"Who goes there?" shouted the captain sternly.

There was no answer, and the question was repeated.

"I see 'em, captain!" exclaimed one of the policemen.

"How many are there, Brown?"

"A half dozen or so."

"Halt!" shouted Wittrow.

The figures of several men approaching them loomed up indistinctly in the darkness. At the stern command hurled at them they paused, and then turned as if to run away.

"Halt, or I fire!" commanded Wittrow.

Brown's rifle was discharged at that instant—whether by design or accident it was never made clear. The report was followed by another in front of them. The policeman beside Brown uttered a cry of pain and clapped his hand to his shoulder.

"I'm hit, captain!" he exclaimed with a nervous laugh

"Go to the rear, Meacham," said Captain Wittrow in a kindly voice.

The wounded officer staggered out of the ranks. The police were ordered to advance in pursuit of the anarchists, who had vanished in the gloom.

In the hope of stopping them, Wittrow ordered his men to fire a volley in the direction in which the anarchists had gone.

"Forward!" shouted Wittrow excitedly. "Give 'em Hail Columbia!"

The rifle policemen started forward on the run. Meanwhile, Westcott and his companion were approaching the office building when the sound of the rifle fire reached them. Westcott turned quickly, as if he feared he was about to be attacked; while his companion uttered a cry of terror.

"What firing is that?" inquired this person tremulously.

"The police have caught up with the anarchists, probably, Miss Forbes," replied Westcott reassuringly. "This is war with a vengeance. The battle has commenced; but pray don't be frightened."

"I am not afraid," she responded bravely; "but what will become of my father if he is in the hands of these wretches?"

"Have no fear on his account," responded Westcott. "We shall save him."

Several shots rang out, and Westcott's hat was sent flying. When he picked it up his fingers found two punctures in the crown.

"Are you hurt, Mr. Westcott?" inquired Alice.

"Not in the least. But let us get out of this exposed place as speedily as possible."

The fusillade beyond grew momentarily more furious. It was evident to Westcott that Captain Wittrow's men and the anarchists were at close quarters. A bullet sang its way dangerously near Westcott's ear. Taking Alice by the arm, he started to the rear on a run.

"Do you think we will be able to find them?" asked Alice, when they had darted behind the angle of a wall. "Do you think the police will capture Dobrowski?"

"If he isn't captured, he's bound to be killed," replied Westcott grimly. Then he added reflectively: "It is quite apparent that some one has blundered."

"What do you mean?"

"Inspector Jones had planned to bag his game without firing a shot. His judgment was at fault."

"Listen to that!" exclaimed Westcott. "One might fancy a regiment of troops to be at rifle practise there!"

Alice clung to him confidingly. He observed that she trembled violently. Unconsciously his arm went about her, and he drew her protectingly to him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Justice of the Gods.

CLINGING to Westcott, her face buried in his breast, Alice sought in vain to shut out the horrible sounds that arose. She wondered if her father was still alive.

She said that she would give all she hoped to possess to find him. If she knew where he was, no power on earth—not even a hail of bullets — would keep her from him. She had induced Westcott to permit her to accompany him to the railroad yards, and he had consented only on condition that she obey him implicitly.

Westcott had not anticipated anything more perilous than a visit to the yards, where they might arrive in time to see Dobrowski and his crew dragged away to prison. He naturally looked for some

resistance; but his wildest dreams could not magnify that to a battle with the officers of the law.

The railroad president hoped soon to meet the inspector and obtain from him information of the whereabouts of Forbes. He earnestly desired this for Alice's sake, who, he was aware, would be in agony throughout the disturbance that had just begun.

"Let us find Inspector Jones," said Alice during a lull in the firing. "Do you think it will be safe to go now?"

"I think so," he assented. He again took her arm, and they crossed a clearing, coming finally to a low fence, where three men stood on guard.

"Halt!" commanded the leader of the squad. "Who comes?"

"Mr. Westcott and friend," was the response.

"What do you want here at this time, sir?"

"I am seeking Inspector Jones."

"You'll find him with Lieutenant Spillman, a few feet behind us."

"Thank you, sergeant."

They found the inspector standing in the doorway of a building, busily engaged with Lieutenant Spillman in disposing of his force to the best possible advantage. The inspector was surprised when he beheld Westcott, and doubly so when he was informed of the identity of Miss Forbes.

"Both of you'd better get out of this," he remarked. "There's going to be some real shooting presently."

In response to Alice's questions, the inspector said that he had no knowledge of the whereabouts of Forbes. His curt replies indicated that he cared little for the welfare of Forbes, but was wholly concerned in the fate of Captain Wittrow and his men, who were fighting the anarchists.

"Where is Smith, I wonder?" he said impatiently to Lieutenant Spillman. "He should have returned before this time."

As if in answer to his query, an armed man came running toward the guard at the gate. Proving his identity to the satisfaction of the guard, he advanced toward Jones, panting heavily from his exertions.

"What news, Smith?" asked the inspector eagerly.

"Captain Wittrow reports, inspector," replied Smith, "that he encountered a dozen men, all armed with revolvers. They opened fire, and he returned it, killing several of the enemy and wounding several more."

"Good!"

"Some of the men, he says, ran this way. They must be somewhere in this vicinity."

"Have any of our men besides Meacham been wounded?"

"Four were wounded, inspector," replied Smith. "Lannigan, Holland, and Schwartz are down, and Donnigan has a bullet in his arm."

"Has the ambulance corps arrived?" inquired the inspector impatiently.

"Yes, inspector," answered Lieutenant Spillman.

"Then see that the wounded officers are cared for at once."

Spillman darted away on his mission, followed by Smith. At this instant spiteful firing was heard a few rods away. Westcott began to fear for Alice, and he turned to her in some anxiety.

"Come, Miss Forbes," he said solicitously. "You are in serious danger here. Let me escort you to a safer place."

"What will you do after?" she inquired sadly.

"Return to the fray," he answered.

The thought came to him suddenly that she cared for his safety. If she would only gladden his heart by voicing her fear that he might meet with some injury.

"Let us go, now there is a lull," he said, taking her arm.

She threw off his grasp and caught hold of his hands suddenly.

"Mr. Westcott," she said earnestly, "you have no right to send me to a place of safety while you remain to face untold dangers."

"No right!" he echoed wonderingly.

"Forgive me, but I choose to remain here with you," she responded calmly. "Where you go I will go; if you remain here, so will I remain by your side."

He drew her into the vestibule of the office building near by, where they were safe from flying missiles. He leaned over her, seeking to read the emotion mirrored in her eyes.

"Would it matter much to you—Alice—" He paused; then added apologetically: "Excuse me, Miss Forbes, for addressing you so familiarily, but—"

"You may call me Alice if you like," she interrupted softly.

"Thank you, Alice," he returned, pressing her hand warmly. "Would it matter much to you if—if I were wounded or killed in this riot?"

She uttered an agonized cry. "If you were to come to harm through me or mine," she exclaimed sobbingly, "I would die!"

He drew her to him quickly. "Do you think so much of me as all that?" he asked ecstatically.

She could not find tongue to answer him. Indeed, it was unnecessary for her to speak. Westcott had sounded the depths of her soul scarcely without effort. He found a reciprocal passion that responded to the love for her that dwelt in his own breast. He pressed her to his heart—and she wept softly.

"My darling!" he exclaimed, caressing her.

"Charles, my own!" she whispered with a catch in her voice.

The shouts of a score of men in the little street dividing the various railroad buildings in the yard awakened them rudely.

"What has happened?" asked Alice, alarmed.

"I don't know yet."

Westcott looked out and saw several policemen standing a few feet away. They were pointing to the roof of the building in the doorway of which he and Alice stood. After several shots one of the men nearest the door dropped his rifle with a scream and fell.

"My God!" exclaimed Westcott. "There's some one on the roof! They have shot a police officer lying there!"

Suddenly some one shouted that the men on the roof were about to hurl a bomb, and those below scattered. Westcott felt that it was time that he and Alice should seek some place of safety, now that their refuge was menaced.

"We've got to get away from this," he said. "We must head for that building yonder. Are you ready to make the dash, Alice?"

She answered in the affirmative.

"Hold my arm tightly," he said, leading her to the street-line of the building. "That's right! Don't let go! Now for it!"

The space before them was now practically deserted; but the hoarse shouts of the policemen, who were massed a few feet from the western side of the building, as well as their incessant rifle fire, almost deafened them.

As they ran across the cleared space Westcott glanced upward and beheld the figure of a man standing on the coping of the roof, seemingly inviting, rather than avoiding, the galling fire of his blue-coated assailants. He paused instinctively, half in admiration, half in pity, for this display of remarkable courage. Alice paused, glanced at the man, and covered her face with her hands.

"Dobrowski!" she exclaimed.

The Russian caught sight of them, and he seemed to divine the presence of the woman who had foiled him. He raised his revolver and, aiming at them, fired pointblank. The semidarkness rendered his aim defective, however, and the bullet sped wide of its mark.

"Scoundrel!" muttered Westcott angrily. "He wanted to murder one or both of us!"

Presently they were out of harm's way behind the angle of the wall of a low structure, from which they could view all that passed with comparative safety.

The man on the roof who defied his enemies so coolly was Dobrowski. When the firing began he was both amazed and terrified. Who could have betrayed him? In the excitement of the moment he forgot utterly the electric buttons by which he hoped to destroy the buildings in the yards.

The Russian did not lose sight of Forbes, however, and he forced the latter to advance with the anarchists under the hot fire of the police. He retreated for a time, then ordered his men to steer obliquely for the cluster of railroad buildings, so as to cut Captain Wittrow and his men from the main body of policemen, who, Dobrowski was now aware, had surrounded the yards.

Several of the anarchists fell, and Dobrowski suddenly felt his shoulder seared by a bullet. The anarchists became panic-stricken. Their only thought now was to escape as best they could. One

by one they deserted him like cravens, so that when Dobrowski, with Forbes, reached the ladder leading to the roof of the office building they were alone.

"Up the ladder with you, Forbes!" commanded Dobrowski, pressing the muzzle of his automatic between his prisoner's shoulders. "Make a move in any other direction and you die instantly."

"I cannot," responded Forbes. "My hands are tied."

Dobrowski grunted, then severed the cords with his knife. As if anticipating that Forbes would attempt to escape, the Russian pressed his revolver against Forbes's temple.

"Mount!" he repeated.

Forbes crawled up the ladder, the mad Russian close behind him. The perspiration clung in beads to his forehead. He momentarily expected that the Russian's mood might change and that he would murder him on the spot.

Reaching the roof, Forbes turned on the Russian, half resolved to end his tortures by risking death in an attempt to throw the anarchist from the roof. Dobrowski appeared to read his mind, and he snarlingly covered Forbes with his automatic.

"One move and you die!" he said coldly. "Pull up that ladder."

Forbes grasped the ladder and raised it with considerable difficulty to the roof. This task performed, Dobrowski examined his weapon and turned to Forbes exultingly.

"Forbes," he said with a hoarse laugh, "it seems that you and I are about to die."

Forbes shrugged his shoulders and affected an attitude he was far from feeling.

"It matters not," mused Dobrowski, fondling his automatic. "The cause will live forever, even though we die in the perpetuation of its sacred principles. One may kill men; but principles are imperishable!"

The ping of several bullets over their heads interrupted him. The Russian sat down, rested his back against the coping of the roof, and chuckled.

"Those bullets were close," he said. "They have discovered us at last."

"We are lost!" said Forbes, throwing himself flat upon the roof.

Quivering with rage, Dobrowski rose to his feet and sprang upon the coping, his revolver pointing down at the policemen grouped beneath him. He fired several times, returning shot for shot those of his opponents. Although his figure was clearly outlined against the sky, the bullets sent toward him left him unharmed

"Fools!" he shouted fiercely. "Spare your ammunition! Don't you see I bear a charmed life? I represent the glorious cause, and am imperishable!"

"Kill him!" shouted Captain Wittrow.

A half-dozen rifles cracked, but the anarchist remained untouched. He shook his fist at them in a burst of passion.

"I launch the curse of the cause on you!" he screamed. "May your hands be afflicted with palsy; your brains—"

The anarchist was not permitted to finish. An explosion that shook the earth to its foundations resounded and sent the crowd of policemen sprawling like chaff in a hurricane.

To Westcott and Alice, who had their eyes fastened on Dobrowski as he delivered his harangue, it seemed as if a volcano had spouted suddenly before them, rending the building on which he stood like so much paper.

The flaming débris was hurled, fan-shaped, high into the air. When they looked again only the rear part of the structure stood, and it was in flames.

"He has been blown up by a dynamite mine!" exclaimed Westcott.

The dying hand of Storms had found the proper button. Dobrowski had disappeared. The storm had broken, and in its passing desolation and death had scored.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Forbes Makes a Confession.

INTENSE excitement followed the appalling disaster. Attracted by the fusillade, crowds gathered near the yards, clamoring for information.

A detail of police and firemen was ordered to pick up the wounded and dead, and it was found that three policemen had been slain and four wounded. Feldmann and Wilderhaus were killed.

The rear of the destroyed office building stood intact. By a coincidence, the ladder which Dobrowski and Forbes had used to mount to the roof had been thrown by the force of the explosion so that one end rested firmly on the ground and the other against the shattered coping. One of the firemen ascended to make a survey.

Resting against the coping, he found the unconscious form of Forbes. After assuring himself that the man was still alive, he made a trumpet of his hands and bawled:

"Hello, below! There's a man up here?"

"Is he alive?" yelled Inspector Jones.

"He is, inspector!"

"I'll send help to you."

Two policemen ran up the ladder and joined the fireman on the roof, which now was blazing fiercely. They picked up Forbes, and one of the policemen held his ear to the injured man's breast.

"He's worth a dozen dead men," he said. "A case of internal injuries, perhaps; for I can't find a scratch."

"We'd better get him down, for the fire is getting too hot," said the fireman. "Bear a hand, there!"

Forbes was carried down the ladder and taken to the temporary hospital. A surgeon examined him critically, the others watching him with interest.

"Hum!" he said, shaking his head negatively. "A case of paralysis, due to shock."

"Will he recover?" asked a policeman

"No."

"Who is he?" inquired the surgeon, looking from one to the other. "Search him for something by which to identify him."

The policemen searched Forbes in vain—his pockets were empty.

"Nothing doing."

At that instant Westcott and Alice entered the hospital and approached the group surrounding the unconscious man. Westcott forced his way through the crowd to learn the cause of the commotion.

"What is this?" he inquired, glancing at Forbes.

"An unknown man found upon the roof of the building just blown up," replied a policeman.

"Have they discovered the body of the other?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Dobrowski."

"I'm told he was blown to pieces," said the surgeon in a matter-of-fact sort of way.

Impelled by a force she could not explain, Alice forced her way to Westcott's side, and presently her eyes caught a glimpse of Forbes. She uttered a cry of horror and sank upon her knees beside him.

"Father!" she moaned, wringing her hands in agony. "Father! Don't you know me?"

She bent over and kissed him. Touched by her grief, Westcott stared at her in silence.

"Father! Father!"

As if in response to the summons, Forbes opened his eyes and stared wonderingly at the faces of those that surrounded him. The surgeon gave him a stimulating draft. Presently he revived sufficiently to recognize Alice.

"Little sweetheart!" he murmured joyously. "How came you here?"

"I came to seek you, father," she responded, caressing him. "Thank God, I have found you at last!"

He shook his head sadly. "You have found, only to lose me soon, Alice," he murmured feebly. "My doom is sealed."

"You must not talk so, father. If you do, you will break my heart."

"The time has come," he whispered, "when I must reveal my secret to you."

"Your secret!"

She pressed her hand to her bosom to still its heaving. Had Dobrowski, then, spoken the truth after all when he said she was not the child of Forbes? What was about to be unfolded to her?

"Send them away," he said, pointing to the men surrounding them.

All except Westcott left their presence. Forbes glanced at the railroad president inquiringly.

"This is Mr. Westcott, father," Alice hastened to say in response to his implied inquiry. "He saved my life, and I owe him much. Will you permit him to remain?"

Forbes raised his eyes to Westcott's in wonderment.

"Are you President Westcott, of the N. Y., W. and C.?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Westcott; "but please don't think of that now."

"I desire to ask your forgiveness for the position I took regarding your treatment of the railroad men in your employ."

"My dear Mr. Forbes—"

"I realize now when it is too late," interrupted Forbes feebly, "that I did you a grievous wrong in seeking to put your men against you. And yet my motive was honorable, though my premises were not sound. Have I your forgiveness, Mr. Westcott?"

"There is nothing to forgive, I assure you."

"You saved the life of one I love most deeply," resumed Forbes, "and for that I thank you with all my heart!"

He turned to Alice, who knelt by his side, and told haltingly of all that had occurred to him from the time he fell into the hands of Dobrowski. When he spoke of the culminating event on the roof, his strength began to fail rapidly.

"You must not fatigue yourself, father," urged Alice.

"Water!" he whispered chokingly.

The surgeon looked grave when he heard the whistling sound that accompanied each respiration of the injured man. He turned to Alice and shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"He won't last long," he whispered, then left her.

She took the glass he offered her and pressed it to Forbes's lips. The draft seemed to infuse new life into his veins, and he spoke with comparative firmness.

"Listen to me, both of you," he said, "for I have an important confession to make."

They bent their heads, for his voice was failing rapidly.

"I am not your father, Alice!"

She covered her face with her hands and wept softly.

CHAPTER XXX.

All's Well That Ends Well.

FORBES paused, and there was a catch in his voice when he observed the grief of the girl to whom he was about to reveal the secret of her life. He wondered if she would revere his memory and forgive his deception.

"Don't weep, child," he whispered softly. "You tear at my heart-strings."

She turned her tear-suffused eyes to him and mutely implored him to proceed. She ran her fingers over his damp brow and shuddered at the realization that death had set its imprint on the haggard face of the man she had known and loved as her father.

"You are the daughter of Dr. Albert Lauriston, of Boston," resumed Forbes, sighing heavily. "He died years ago, leaving you, his only child, heir to an estate worth several millions."

Westcott thrilled at this revelation. He sensed a romantic disclosure, and he congratulated himself on the conclusion he had reached that night in the Narrows when he held the unconscious form of the girl in his arms.

"Rest yourself, father," persisted Alice entreatingly.

Forbes shook his heaad.

"I must proceed if I am to reveal all to you," he said wearily. "Your father and I were chums at college. We both loved your mother. Your mother and I were betrothed; but by a trick your father supplanted me in her affections, and he wedded the only woman I truly loved. Water, for the love of God!"

Westcott held a glass of water to Forbes's lips, and he drank with avidity. He then resumed with great effort:

"I swore to be revenged, and one day, when you were playing with your nurse in Central Park, I managed to carry you away with me in the temporary absence of the nurse. You were at that time three years old and a perfect image of your mother. I adored her through you. It was necessary that you should have a nurse, so I was married to the woman you learned to love as your own mother."

Alice pressed his hand warmly. Forbes closed his eyes with a moan.

"Forgive me, Alice," he whispered sadly.

"With all my heart!" she responded. Then she asked: "What became of my father and mother?"

"Your mother died eight years ago; your father followed her to the grave within a few months."

"Why did you keep this secret from me all these years?"

"Because I feared you would leave me," he responded. "I loved you as I

did your mother. The thought of losing you drove me frantic!"

"Poor man!" sobbed Alice.

"You will find among my effects the papers necessary to establish your claim as heir to your father's estate. They are in the custody of my wife, who has been instructed to turn them over to you in the event of my death."

He asked to be raised to a sitting posture, and Westcott gently complied with his wish. The dying man glanced at Westcott with a look of gratitude.

"I would die content now," he said, "were my wife by my side. She was a devoted mother to you, Alice."

She was about to reply when a woman entered the dimly lighted hospital and advanced rapidly toward them.

"Mother!" cried Alice chokingly.

Mrs. Forbes sprang forward with outstretched arms and a glad cry that changed to an agonized sob when she recognized her husband, for whom she had been searching for many days.

"Chester!" she cried, kneeling beside him. "You are injured!"

"It is nothing, dear," he murmured, his wan face lighting up with a holy joy at this unlooked for answer to his prayer.

Mrs. Forbes told him of the search she had made. When she was informed of the trouble at the railroad yards, she had gone there in the hope of hearing news of him. Without knowing why, she had convinced herself that where Dobrowski was to be found, he might be found also.

"They told me outside that Alice and her father were here; so I came," she went on. "Tell me what has happened."

Alice briefly related all that had occurred. Before she had finished Forbes mustered up sufficient strength to whisper to his wife:

"I have—told her—all!"

Mrs. Forbes glanced at Alice wonderingly.

"He has told you everything?" she asked tremulously.

"Yes."

"And you do not hate him?"

For answer Alice kissed Forbes—and the dying man smiled serenely.

"What is to become of me?" asked Mrs. Forbes longingly.

Alice extended her arms lovingly.

"You are my mother always," she said simply.

Forbes closed his eyes like a man succumbing to sleep. A smile of supreme joy flitted across his pallid features. He sought to raise his hand, but the effort was futile. Presently he lay white and still.

One day, three months later, Trinity Church was crowded with a fashionable assemblage to witness the nuptials of Charles Westcott and Alice Lauriston.

The ceremony over, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Westcott walked out of the church. Entering their automobile, they were hurried to the pier, where an ocean liner was awaiting them. Later, as the ocean greyhound was steaming down the Narrows, Westcott and Alice stood alone on the deck, talking as only sweethearts just wedded know how to do

"It was here we first met, Alice dear," he said, pointing to the water. "Shall we ever forget that stormy night?"

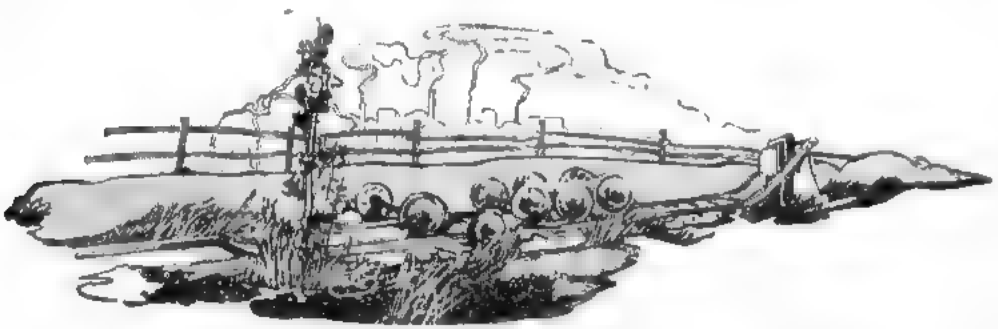
"Never!" she whispered.

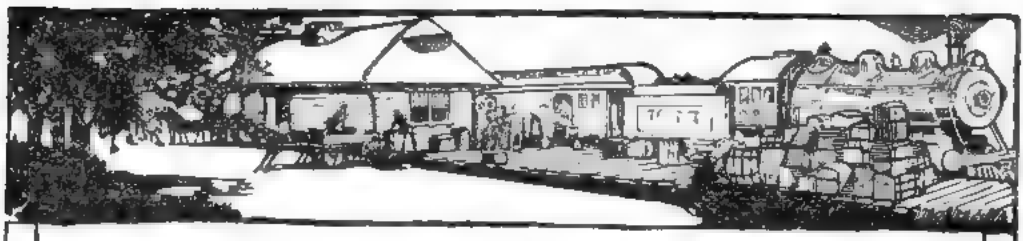
"I bless the storm that blew you across my path, dear."

She raised her face to his

"The storm has passed away," she murmured. "Let us now bask in the sunlight of love and peace."

(The end.)





THE LITTLE LOCAL TRAIN.

BY STRICKLAND GILLILAN,
Author of "On Agin, Off Agin; Gone Agin—Finnigin."

I THRILL and gape at limiteds, close-vestibuled clean through;
I marvel at their majesty, as other people do.
I goggle at the high-backed hog with smoke-stack like a wart;
That makes bystanders jump and dodge to hear her starting snort;
She's splendor from her tail-lights to the bo that's riding blind;
But, oh, the local train that serves the lowly of mankind!

A bunty thing she is, of course, with just two coaches on—
And one of them half baggage. But the poor folks know the "con,"
And chat with him and "braky," calling them by Christian name—
The limited's a hummer, but she's loser in the game!
Far better than her brass-railed perch for wealthy folks, behind,
I love the local train that serves the poorer of mankind!

Past everything but county-seats—e'en missing some of them—
The limited goes whirling by upon the big "main stem;"
She busts the village ordinance that says, "Ten miles an hour;"
Just hoots derisive at such burgs and puts on extra power.
The town the local hurries through would sure be hard to find—
The little local run that serves the humbler of mankind.

The trippers on the limited have tickets that have cost
A score or more of dollars—why, a State or so they've crossed!
The local carries shabby folks with fifteen cents to spend,
But theirs is just as big a trip—has starting, middle, end!
The limited's the classy string; but greater, in my mind,
The two-coach local train that serves the plainer of mankind.

On the Editorial Carpet

A Chat with the Men Who Sit in the Magazine Cab and Watch the Signals of Their Readers.

MEET ORDERS FOR APRIL.

IN looking for something particularly attractive for our April number—something that will breeze in with the breath of spring and all else so welcome about this time of the year—we could think of nothing more effectual than a novel by that never-failing mirth manufacturer, Horace H. Herr. Perhaps we told you before that Mr. Herr once dallied with the railroad game. Be that as it may, he is some writer, and belongs to the rarest class—humorists. That he should have drifted into literature is only natural. He now holds a coveted position in the field of American journalism—he is managing editor of the Indianapolis *Times*.

Just at present, however, Mr. Herr is in Europe studying war conditions first hand. We are inclined to believe that if he had not left his novel, "On the Trouble Special," for publication in our April number, but, instead, had taken it to Europe, and read it to the crowned heads who are responsible for the present upheaval, they would have laughed themselves into a state of peace.

IN the section containing the shorter fiction you will find another unusual story by J. R. Stafford, entitled "The Silent Gondola." It is a remarkable story of the flight of a wrecker, and deftly describes how a certain train was personally conducted to the scrap-heap.

Charles W. Tyler will be aboard with another Hiram yarn in which the Aroostook wonder drifts to Broadway in his efforts to secure a foothold for his wavering ambition

"Caxton's Fight for a Locomotive," by R. Gile, author of "Plain Plogger," is a particularly unique yarn which shows how the law can be utilized to make a railroad pay for something it did not contract

"Against Time," by Earle F. Dorsey, is a vivid picture of a mail-train's journey through the night

Buckley Olcott will contribute a new story; also Tex Houston and Barry Lamont

THERE is a big list of special articles of unusual importance, but it is absolutely impossible to find space to mention them in "The Carpet" this month. However, we know you will take our word for it that they are all new, up to date, and informing.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad is changing its road bed between Deer Lodge and Three Forks, Montana, a distance of 113 miles, at a cost of $15,000,000. When this big electrical engineering project is completed three years from now, the Rocky Mountains will be crowned by the first electric railroad. It is a wonderful story. Don't miss it in the April number.

We have just secured a splendid new series of special articles for "Help for Men Who Help Themselves." In April this department will be devoted to "Time." Every reader of this publication should be interested in time and its origin; how it became a factor in the world's progress and its importance to railroading

For some time we have thought seriously of extending the limits of "The Carpet." It has become one of the most popular departments of this magazine, especially the last few pages known as "The Poets' Corner" Hardly a month passes that we do not receive requests to publish dozens of old poetical treasures such as "Each in His

Own Tongue," on page 672 of this issue; and singular as it may seem, the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is, perhaps, the only publication in America which opens its pages to its readers in this respect; in fact, it is one of the few magazines that permits its readers to air their own opinions in its columns.

BUT to return to the April number, we think it is a long time since we have published a stronger group of short stories, a better novel, or a more interesting batch of special articles than those comprising the make up of that number.

All of them are worth reading; not one falls below the standard of excellence we have set.

While we are on the subject of the magazine, we want to thank our readers for the usual number of kindly and encouraging letters that have come to us this winter. So many of our readers ask us how it is possible to make the magazine better. Briefly speaking, that is what we are supposed to do. An editor who permits his publication to run below its schedule of excellence will soon find himself on a blind siding. The only way to keep on the main line of popularity is to make each number better than the one that went before.

However, since our invitation to all our readers to wield their mental ax at the contents of the magazine and let the chips fall where they may, not all have sent us letters of praise. There have been a few registering objections. We assure these critics that their letters are just as welcome.

Get your mileage for April! You will never regret the ride!

WESTINGHOUSE.

THE name, George Westinghouse, must ever stand as one of the foremost expressions of American inventive genius. His remarkable character; his wonderful strength of purpose and profound scientific knowledge are strikingly revealed in the article by Ernest Heinrichs, beginning on page 458 of this issue, entitled "How Westinghouse Fought to the Top."

Westinghouse was a rare combination of scientist and business man; a man fortunate in his precious ability to turn his scientific knowledge into money, a type of which there are comparatively few in history.

While his activities made him rich, the accumulation of wealth was not his ambition. His sole aim in life seemed to be to achieve new things, and his recreation was work; or, as he himself once put it:

"I think it is my mission to do these things so that others may have employment."

Although a physical as well as mental giant, with a robust constitution, which enabled him to maintain excellent health until he was past sixty years of age, his heart became suddenly affected and he died on March 12, 1914.

His fame has reached everywhere. His achievements have been recognized and appreciated by the monarchs of Europe, by scientific institutions, and professional societies the world over. The entire human race has been immensely benefited by his work, and as long as railroads exist the name of the inventor of the air-brake will ever be remembered.

A TRUE STORY BY A BOY.

THOUGH "Fred Warren" is nothing more than a pamphlet issued to impress on children and their parents the hazard of trespassing on railroads, it is particularly effective because its story is told by a victim of an accident brought about by his illegal presence on a railroad right-of-way. Fred Warren, the schoolboy who tells the story, lost his right leg above the knee while playing on a moving freight-train with a number of companions. He writes of his experience with youthful simplicity, and certainly all youngsters who read about his adventure should heed it and keep away from places where only experienced railroad men should be allowed.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

WHILE not a railroad man, I have been immeasurably interested in your magazine and appreciate the shrewdness of its originator. It is really superior to any other magazine, and I take fourteen regularly—think of it!—F. EARLE DEWEESE, Ironton, Missouri.

The RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE is a welcome visitor at our house each month.

Every member of our family enjoys it. It is helping us to keep our two sons on the farm. A cozy fire and the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE are pleasant entertainers these long evenings. "Barehanded McLaren," in the December number, was great. Give us more by the same author.—E. SWICK, Springfield, Illinois.

After a long wait I feel that it is my duty to send a few words concerning the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It is splendid, and I derive great pleasure and profit from reading it. "The Clues That Were Not There," by C. H. Claudy, was a corker.—A READER, Jacksonville, Florida.

In 1909 I first saw the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE in a drug-store in Brookline, Massachusetts. Being acquainted with the clerk of the store, I asked him if the magazine was made up of railroad stories. He replied that he thought it was only named the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE, and had nothing to do with railroads. As the clerk had to wait on a customer, I did not bother him further and left the store. However, curiosity got the better of me, especially as I always noticed the magazine in the store window. I purchased a copy, took it to my room and commenced reading it. In a short while I felt like giving myself a good kick because I had not secured a copy before. Later I went over to Aroostook County, Maine, in the potato belt, to work on the Bangor and Aroostook Railway. While there I never let a copy of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE get by me, even though I was on a branch line where the trains were without news-agent service.

I am off the road now. I left it in April, 1913, after eleven years' service. I got a "glass arm" and had to quit. Although I am now a farmer, with no intention of ever returning to the road, the "railroad bug" is still in me. During the twenty months I have been a farmer as many numbers of the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE have been issued. It may interest you to know that although our nearest news-stand is in Lewiston, eight miles away, I have not missed a copy in that time, because I consider it the only magazine worth reading.—E. L. P., Greene, Maine

I do not know when my subscription to the RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE expires, but am enclosing an order for a continuance for two years from date of expirement, whenever that is. I have a faint recollection that it falls due some time in February, but am not certain. For payment of this amount send as the order directs. Do not in any case figure for foreign postage later than the December number of 1917, as I will be returning to the States then, and will in plenty of time notify you of the change of address.

Your magazine continues to improve, not little by little, but by long strides. The wonder to me is how you do it and when you expect to reach the limit. I wish to specially mention the complete novels and novelettes which you have been running for some time. You can readily imagine our loss when reading a story to be continued to wait and wait only to find one or two numbers run astray, for at this distance a number occasionally is lost *en route*. For that reason the complete stories are more than appreciated.—E. M. SPILMAN, Bangkok, Siam.

A CORRECTION.

THROUGH an error that was not discovered until too late for correction, the Grant engine shown in Article XI of "Old Girls That Set the Style in Engines," in our February number, was described in the caption under the drawing as a Schenectady. We trust that our readers will forgive us this time and understand that we still know a Grant engine when we see one.

WANTS HIS EYES OPENED.

EDITOR, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

I AM not a railroad man, nor have I any aspirations to become one. I have traveled a great deal, however, and always without mishap. From this I have concluded that perhaps, after all, railroading is not the smashing, big adventurous game you picture so vividly in your magazine Compared with mileage, trains and passengers, accidents are really few and far between. Does it require so much courage to sit at the head end and take her over the road? Do engineers sometimes lose their nerve? If there are any actual instances of engineers losing their nerve I would be pleased to see some mention of them in your publication. I don't care about their names, but something anonymous about them from real railroad men might open my eyes.—S. G. WESTON, Brooklyn, New York City.

LONG-DISTANCE WAY-BILLS.

EDITOR, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

NOTICING J. W. Prebles's letter concerning way-bill, O. K., No. 23, in your January number, I have just been wondering about a hat which was started in Maine, headed for the Pacific coast some five or six months ago. Going through the

Windy City it weighed at least five pounds and had some two hundred tags attached. In my estimation this fad is not so unusual as in former years when one would be on the lookout for anything from a suit-case to a dog.

I particularly remember a party with one of the large express companies in the East starting a suit-case for California, which was loaded on a through car and having but two stamps: "New York—Los Angeles."

Here's hoping way-bill, O. K., No. 23, is found.—W. L. H., Chicago.

GOES FASTER AT NIGHT.

EDITOR, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

IN a recent number of your magazine you stated that the reason a water-wheel ran faster at night than during the day was one of the world's unsolved mysteries. This is a mistake.

A water-wheel runs faster at night and begins to do so after the sun has set and the air grows colder, thus making the water colder. Cold water contains less air than warm water, therefore, and is heavier than warm water. A greater weight is thus permitted to go through the gate, or vent, to the wheel. In the same volume of water the power of a water-wheel is gaged by the weight of passing water.

A ship will travel faster in warm water than it will in cold water for the reason stated above. Cold water is heavier than warm water and offers greater resistance to the progress of the ship.—Dr. A. N. THOMAS, Hutchinson, Kansas.

STOP THE HAT-CHECK LOOTERS!

EDITOR, RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE:

THERE are some people in this world so void of principle that even a check placed in a man's hat, which designates the destination of the passenger, is not safe from their clutches. If an unguarded moment presents itself the vile hand of such a character plucks it, committing a dual crime on the individual and railway company.

Recently while in charge of collections on the flier between Parsons and Denison, Kansas, I had on board as one of its passengers one of these unworthy characters who was caught in his attempt to steal and defraud. What a blessing it would be had we a way to brand such unprincipled characters and isolate them from the company of honest and upright citizens, so that we could travel with that degree of security which would impart joy and pleasure to a journey, thus compelling all to safeguard and respect the individual's rights and property.

Now, it occurs to the writer that if the public in general would lend such moral assistance as they can with propriety in their travels, and when any one is seen molesting things not his own, promptly notify those in charge of the train, by so doing, a public service will be performed. It goes without saying that the watchful eye of the trainman cannot always detect the acts of injustice and impropriety of such parties. If all will but assist, much good will result.—W. H. SCHLESS, Train Auditor, M., K. and T. Railway, Parsons, Kansas.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

INFORMATION is wanted concerning Joe Fredrick. He is about 43 years of age, and was heard from last about nine years ago when he visited his mother in Chicago. He had a return ticket to St. Paul at that time. Any information will be appreciated by his nephew, JAMES FREDRICK, R. F. D., No. 3, Naperville, Illinois.

THE POETS' CORNER.

I'M THE MAN WHO FIRED FOR CASEY JONES.

BY H. C. MURDOCK.

I'VE heard them sing of Casey Jones, the famous engineer,
Who was brave and always Johnny on the spot,
Now, I may not be so famous; but, perhaps, you'd like to hear
Of the guy he used to call his tallow-pot;
For the same old caller called me that bid Casey's wife good-by
When he left her standing at the station door,
And I always thought that caller was a little bit too fly
After calling Casey out at half past four.

Oh, I'm the man who fired for Casey Jones—K. C. Jones,
I kept his kettle hot and filled his tallow pot,
And I always read his orders on the side;
I shoveled in the coal while he watched the drivers roll,
Took a chew and pulled the throttle open wide.

And to me it used to seem that he used a lot of steam
As the engine climbed the hill with awful groans,
But I kept the water right—an inch or two in sight—
Oh, I'm the man who fired for Casey Jones.

That day when we pulled Reno hill we switched off on the side
Just in time for No. 4 to pull her freight;
Says Casey, "Boy, now keep her hot, and watch the old mill glide;
We're going to run her to the Golden Gate."
The con gave us the high-ball; I said, "Casey, let 'er go!"
Casey hooked his lever back and winked at me,
And the way I heaved black diamonds, I tell you, wasn't slow,
But the way that gage went up was good to see.—*The Santa Fe Magazine.*

THE TRACK WALKER.

WITH head bent low and shoulders stooped,
And slow, home-keeping eye
Fixed on the rails, a silent shape,
The track-walker goes by.

A six-mile strip of grimy stones
Edged with an iron band
Is all his world. June snows that drift
In daisies o'er the land

He heeds not, nor red autumn flakes
That rustle down the air
Rail, bolt, and bar to keep in place—
This is his only care.

He quits his task, three steps before
The rocking train shoots past.
And stoops, while yet the pebbles fly,
To make a loose bolt fast

The ruin hid in sudden flood
Slow rust and silent frost,
'Tis his to find; and men ride by
In cushioned ease, at cost

Of his long march and lonely watch
Nor give a backward thought
To the bent shape and plodding feet
Whose toil their safety bought.

Morn is to him a sentry beat
To tread through sun or rain;
His noon a place to turn and start
Back into night again.

A ceaseless traveler all his days,
New lands he ne'er may roam.
In yonder orchard is his house,
Here—'twixt the rails—his home!

The Youth's Companion.

THE FLIGHT OF THE FLIER

BY CY WARMAN.

NEAR where the hill-girt Hudson lay;
Up the steel track, the engineer
Reined his swift steed at close of day,
As, leaping like a frightened deer,
At each wild surge she seemed to say:
Away! Away! Away! Away!

The slow team toiling up the hill,
The light boat drifting with the breeze,
The swiftest trains seemed standing still;
Red vines were twining round the trees,
Whose leaves, made golden by the frost,
Gained more of luster than they lost

The trackman, tamping up the rail,
Felt the perfume of dying flowers;
The shadows lengthened in the vale,
And watchmen watched from out the towers
The little cloud of dust behind,
As we went whistling down the wind.

Night's curtain falls; and here and there
The housewife lights the evening lamp;
And where the fields are cold and bare,
His fire is kindled by the tramp.
Down through the midnight, dark and deep,
The world goes by us—fast asleep.

Up through the morning, on and on!
The red sun, rising from the sea
As we go quivering through the dawn,
Lights up the earth; reveals to me
In the first ruddy flush of morn,
The golden pumpkins in the corn.

From east to west, from shore to shore,
The black steed trembles through the night,
And with a mighty rush and roar
Breaks through the dawn; and in their flight,
Wild birds, bewildered by the train,
Dash dead against the window-pane.

"Be swift," I cried, "oh, matchless steed;
The world is watching; do your best!"
With quick and ever-quickening speed,
The hot fire burning in her breast,
With flowing mane and proud neck bent,
She laughed across the continent.

THE SHAPE SHE'S IN.

BY TYLER CHARLES.

SHE'S a grimy old battle-ship, and she's known as "The Goat,"
She is a fluky, leaky, wabbly old tub, with catarrh in 'er throat.
Drifting, she clatters like junk; when she works she wheezes an' moans;
A most harassing sound is the rattle of that old girl's bones.
Her drivers all are touched, and a front tire is loose,
Still they keep her rawhiding when she hadn't ought t' be in use.
Her cylinders sizzle and blow; then she chuckles deep in 'er chest
When the eagle-eye yells that he can't see by the dam' ol' pest
She limps and she hobbles because her valves are out of square,
A one-lung pump spasmodically clucks where there ought to be a pair.
Her reach-rod is kinked an' bent; while her link is sprung.
She hasn't seen the back shop since her boiler was hung.
Her jacket's half gone, making her appearance slatternly slack;
For now exposed is the most of her rusty, lap-seamed old back
Her inspirators of Hancock design will never sing the same—
Never will they hum as they did back in the days of her high-ball fame.

Her crown-sheet has been burned and patched and stayed;
It got touched when the water slopped back one day on a Fitchburg grade
Her flues are plugged and her flue sheet is kind o' weak,
A little cold air or a crack with the hook an' it 'll start to leak.
New tender-trucks made her foot-plate high, although her deck is low;
Together with about a yard of slack between it causes some comment, you know.
Her fittings are dirty and rusty and covered with oil an' slime,
By engine-crews, both new an' old, she has oft been condemned to a warmer clime.
When the smoke is black, it usually signifies that a 'gine is burning 'er coal;
Black smoke is *her* delight; but she couldn't heat water to save 'er soul.
Now about the time she should have been sent off for general repairs,
They marked her up for 259—a high-ball run with perishable wares.
On that four-hour trip she lost her rights and then got canned;
Next night again they tried her, and a traveling hog-head was on hand
He mounted to the seat, listened to her grunt, and observed her stack;
He looked at the gage and the glass, he watched the tallow shovel slack.
He looked at the scenery, mopped his face, and then climbed down;
Wrote out a brief report and caught a train back to town
This is what he said: "Put a new engine-crew on that job right quick;
Get another hogger, the way that guy worked her made me sick
She'd steam, too, only that tallow-pot can't keep 'er up against the pin;
The engine's all right, she is a pretty good goat for the shape she's in."

THE STEAM SHOVEL.

BY RALPH BACON.

I AM master of earth, and my glad heart sings
As backward and forward my bucket swings;
I lift up the tons of rock and sand
And pour them into the cars that stand
Patient and still with their mouths held wide;
When I fill them they go satisfied
Off to the dam or the levee or road,
Or to build up a swamp for a city's abode.
I never am weary; my arm of steel
Labors for joy, I am glad to feel
The great earth trying to hold the clay
That my Titan strength keeps tearing away.

Oh, I am king of the digging-crew!
Can a hundred men do the work I do?
Can they work all day, and then all night,
Without sleeping a wink or eating a bite?
Can they work a month on a drink of oil
In the arctic blast or the tropic broil?
No men can do the things I do,
For I am king of the digging-crew!

The railroads follow where I make way;
I join the rivers; I curb the bay;
I bring the waters from highlands down
To the barren valley and thirsting town;
I level the heights and gorge the fills;
I bring the power to the mighty mills,
When I come to a mountain, I cut it through,
For I am king of the digging-crew!

Down on the Isthmus of Panama
I was the will, I was the law!
I am the monster the mountains dread;
When the sun beat down and the men dropped dead,
I sunk my teeth in the hard red clay
And sung as I tore the earth away;
And I laughed as I let the ocean through,
For I am king of the digging-crew!

When man conquers the land, he lays it waste;
When I conquer the land, canals are traced
Across its deserts that straightaway fling
Over themselves the garments of spring.
If I boast, it is only of things I do,
Of the peace and plenty I bring to you,
For I am king of the digging-crew!

The Advance Advocate.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE.

Of poems published within the last twenty years, three or four have at once become popular—none of them more so than "Each in His Own Tongue" by William Hubert Carruth, Professor of Germanic Languages in the University of Kansas. About this poem Mr Carruth has received scores of letters from all parts of the world—some protesting, others lauding. With all its radicalism, the poem seems to have found special favor with many ministers of the Gospel. It was quoted entire in a sermon in Westminster Abbey, also at Yale by Dr. Ramsford of New York when addressing the undergraduates.

A FIRE mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell.
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And a cave where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
A face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution
And others call it God.

A haze on the fair horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the corn-fields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
The sign of the goldenrod—
Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Unto our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it Longing
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration
And others call it God.

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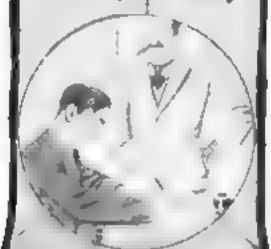

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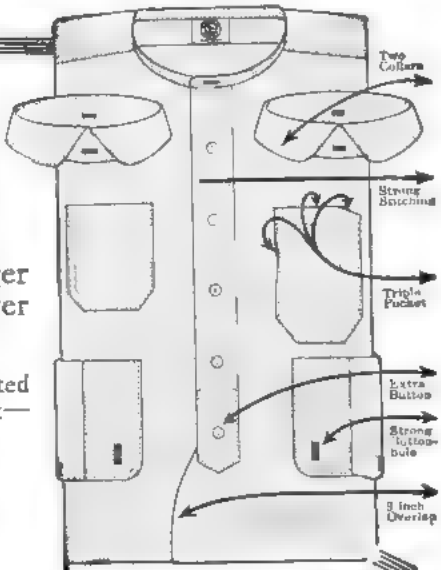

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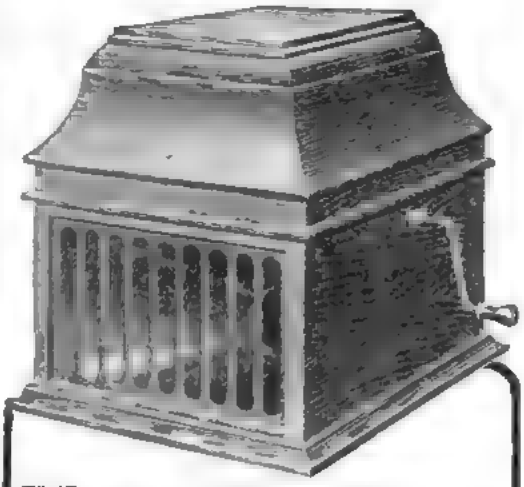

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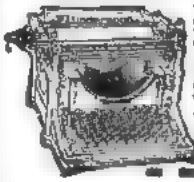

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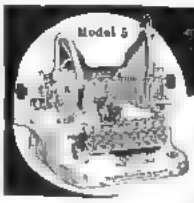

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Gentlemen: Please send me absolutely free and prepaid your big new Signal book containing full particulars about your free offer. It is understood that I assume no obligation of any kind.

Be a Signal Engineer

Be the man who gets $5,000 a year. Complete Signaling engineering is one of the most fascinating of professions. As a railroad man you travel from coast to coast with all expenses paid. You are the man who tells the other fellow what to do. You can be the man who holds the big job.

More Men Are Needed

Railroads are constantly looking for competent Signal Engineers. Thousands of miles of track are now being equipped with automatic signals. Hundreds of new positions will be open. Men are needed.

Two Big Outfits FREE We give each of our students a Complete Signal Engineer's Outfit and Instrument—both absolutely free.

Send the Coupon for Big New Book

Put your name and address on the coupon or a letter or a postcard and get the big new Signal book absolutely free. No obligations. The book is free. Write today—now.

DEPARTMENT OF SIGNALING, 1810 Wilson Ave., Room 9093, Ravenswood Station, CHICAGO, ILL.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."

"The Morley Phone for the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept 768, Perry Bldg., Phila.

Real Railroad Gloves

Gauntlets $1.50
Gloves $1.00
By Parcel Post

The glove that toughest wear has the toughest time wearing out is the glove you're looking for

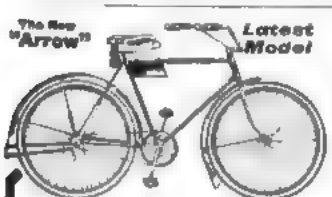
[illegible] Gloves are specially prepared horse skin, tanned with the hair on. The hair can be washed. Always remains naturally soft and pliable. Keeps hands warm in coldest weather. Dries out [illegible] Don't confuse with cheap imitations. Look for the name on the gauntlet. Beware of substitutes. Order direct from this ad to make sure of getting the genuine glove.

YOU CAN BE THE JUDGE
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

You know how a good pair of gloves ought to fit, feel and wear. Order a pair of these R.R. Specials. Try them on—[illegible] them—then throw them aside if not entirely satisfied. Send if you're not sure you want them. Money back at once if you say so. Order [illegible]

Chicago Glove and Mitten Co., Dept 15, 458 N. Halsted, Chicago

The New "Arrow" — Latest Model



New Motorcycle Type

Remarkable new improvements make the 1919 "Arrow" a positive wonder for speed, comfort and easy riding. Latest Eagle easy motorcycle saddle. New Departure coaster brake. special motorcycle pedals, [illegible] tubes, wide ribbed rubber grips, improved [illegible] frame, beautiful finish. All sizes for boys, men and women.

Wonderful Offer Write today for the low direct offer we are making on this splendid Arrow bicycle. Get our [illegible] catalog. A postal or letter will do. It brings you the Arrow—pay for it [illegible]

Write Today Don't wait. Write now. [illegible] able new catalog. [illegible]

Arrow Cycle Co. Dept. 1093 19th St. and California Ave. **Chicago, Ill.**

$1 DOWN
FREE TRIAL

YOU can own a Burrowes Table. Terms are very easy—$1 or more down (depending upon size and style selected), and a small amount each month. Prices from $15.00. Cues, Balls etc., free.

BURROWES
Home Billiard Table

[illegible] need a [illegible] room. [illegible] or library table [illegible] Burrowes Home Billiard Table. [illegible] Sizes range to [illegible] Burrowes Tables are scored by most critical players in every [illegible] The [illegible] are not shown for about [illegible] enough [illegible] can be set with the [illegible] Scores [illegible] leading professionals use Burrowes Tables for home [illegible]

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first [illegible] we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and it will cost us [illegible] we will refund your money [illegible] a request starts a free trial. Write today for [illegible] catalog giving prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 174 Spring St., Portland, Me.

BURROWES Billiard Tables, Instant Scorers are World Standard. Demand BURROWES. Sold on Easy Terms. Sold by good Furniture Dealers.

The Naturalness of HANGER Improved Limbs

Do you realize that you are constantly [illegible] people who are wearing **Hanger Improved Limbs**? Probably [illegible] they allow such perfect freedom of movement and such absolute control of each joint that they pass unnoticed. They are backed by [illegible] of personal experience in manufacturing and wearing artificial limbs.

If you have lost a limb or have to be fitted in any way at all, write for our interesting book "Nature's Rivals." Sent free on request.

J. E. Hanger, Inc. 227 G St., Washington, D. C.
Factories in St. Louis and Atlanta

Would You Accept This Special 30-Day Offer?

Standard of the World. Endorsed by Government and Railway Officials. Harris Goar's enlarged Easy Credit Plan now enables you to own one of these superb Elgin Watches or a beautiful Diamond without missing the money. Write for Free Catalog.

17 Jewel Elgin

Now, during this Special 30-day Sale, is the time to buy this elegant 17 JEWEL Elgin. Thoroughly factory tested, fitted in a beautiful Gold Strata Case, Factory stamped and Guaranteed 25 years, hand engraved, plain polished or with your own monogram, and our startling offer is to send you this celebrated 1914 Model free of charge for your approval

No Money Down

Because we want to prove to you that the great volume of our business actually enables us to do better by you than any other Watch or Diamond House in the World, and that on this particular watch we save you nearly half for it sells regularly at about $20 to $22. Our

Special Price is Only $12.75

We don't want you to send us one cent—not a penny. Merely give us your full name and address that we may send you this superb 17 Jewel Elgin or a Diamond on approval and if after you receive it, and want to keep it, pay us the sum of

Only $2 a Month

But if after you have worn it 30 days FREE and don't want to keep it, send it back at our expense. You assume no risk whatever. You do not buy or pay one cent until we have proven the watch or diamond right in your own hand for your decision. We want no security, no interest, no red tape, just common honesty among men. Write for our BIG FREE WATCH AND DIAMOND BOOK today. Do it now!

Bank Presidents Endorse Harris-Goar Company.

We take very great pleasure in recommending the Harris-Goar Jewelry Co., to the business public. The company has large financial resources with quarters everywhere throughout the United States. Mr. Harris and Mr. Goar are well and favorably known as men of energy and business integrity, and we believe them worthy of the fullest confidence of the public. (Signed)

J. R. DOMINICK, Pres.
Traders National Bank
W. T. KEMPER, Pres.
Commerce Trust Co.

HARRIS-GOAR CO., Dept. 1501 Kansas City, Mo.

The House That Sells More Elgin Watches Than Any Other Firm in the World.

Deafness

From All Causes, Head Noises and Other Ear Troubles Easily and Permanently Relieved!

Thousands who were formerly deaf, now hear distinctly every sound — whispers even do not escape them. Their life of loneliness has ended and all is now joy and sunshine. The impaired or lacking portions of their ear drums have been reinforced by simple little devices, scientifically constructed for that special purpose.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

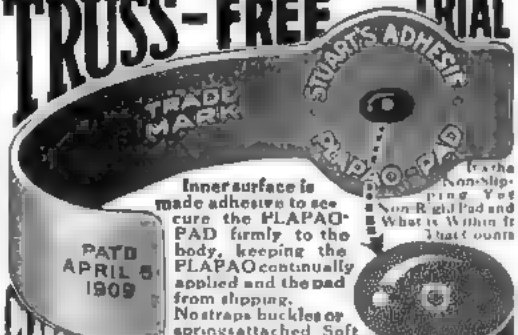
often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

Drum in Position

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—**Write today** for our FREE 168 page BOOK on DEAFNESS—giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
511 Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Scientific Device That Does Away With TRUSS—FREE TRIAL



Is the Non-Slipping Vest Right Pad and What is Within It That Counts

Inner surface is made adhesive to secure the PLAPAO-PAD firmly to the body, keeping the PLAPAO continually applied and the pad from slipping. No straps buckles or springs attached Soft as velvet—easy to apply.

Over 250,000 Now In Use

We have proved to hundreds of thousands of sufferers from hernia (rupture) that to obtain lasting relief and develop a natural process for betterment comes by wearing a Plapao-Pad. This patented mechanico-chemico device can do the same for you. The weakening of the intra-abdominal muscles is the cause of 9 ruptures in 10 and draws the muscles in giving pressure, thereby relieving effort and Nature is encouraged to restore the weakened muscles. Because of adhesive there is no slipping and shifting of pad with resultant irritation and chafing. Most convenient to wear and keep from work. Awarded Gold Medal at Rome and Grand Prix at Paris.

Send No Money. We will send you a trial of Plapao absolutely FREE, you pay nothing for this trial now or later. Write for it today, also for information.

PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Block 1728 St. Louis, Mo

RH

6 MONTHS TO PAY

Made To Order

Again we end to lowest prices and save you over half. Our nation-wide reputation as America's greatest pr[illegible] retailed. Our tremendous buying power enabled us to buy world's finest fabrics at lowest prices known.

Save Half

[illegible] Regular $35 tailored-to-your-measure suits and overcoats only $15 from us; $45 values only $18, etc. These are only examples. Don't pay other tailors [illegible] we charge.

Just Off the Press

[illegible] Book of Summer Styles. [illegible] pages. [illegible]

$2.00 Monthly

Our remarkable credit plan beats every plan known. [illegible] terms to suit your convenience. [illegible] Stanley-Rogers garments.

Don't Be Deceived

by [illegible] advertising "made-to-measure" [illegible]. Don't let [illegible] you buy ing what they are making your clothes [illegible]. This is why you're dissatisfied—no style, no fit, no class, no wear.

$1,000 Reward

to anyone who proves that we do not make all our garments to measure, no matter how [illegible] the figure. Stanley-Rogers measurements [illegible] would not have them to fit. We guarantee [illegible] money back if you are not [illegible] with Stanley-Rogers garments. We treat our customers right!

FREE 1915 Spring and Summer Fashion Book Over 70 Magnificent New Styles

Beautiful [illegible] Boulevards [illegible]. The [illegible] of the great [illegible] Styles are exclusive [illegible] cannot be duplicated. Write for free copy. Don't be without one.

WRITE Now for Special Offer Save big money, dress smart, get better [illegible]. Write [illegible] for most startling clothes facts, proof that we save you over half and free style catalog. Don't buy clothes until you hear from us. Send no money—write us.

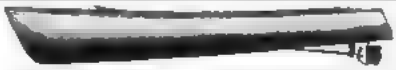
STANLEY-ROGERS COMPANY,
542 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and show a new 1915 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our liberal terms DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

FACTORY CLEARING SALE a limited number of old models of various makes, $7 to $12. A few good second-hand wheels $3 to $8. Write if you want a bargain. Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, motorcycle supplies of all kinds at half usual prices. Write us before buy ing.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. T-31, CHICAGO



Build Your New Boat

Save Money

The Brooks System brings [illegible] and [illegible] ready to put together. [illegible] Size patterns of [illegible] Boats. [illegible] a saw cut to shape before [illegible] $2 and up. We sell [illegible] and stock. Write for boat book. Free.

BROOKS MFG. COMPANY, 5283 Brooks Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

$2.00 and you get this Superb Cornet

An astounding offer. This Triple Silver Plated Cornet will be sent on [illegible] for only $2.00. Pay the balance at the rate of only 10c a day. Free trial before you decide to buy.

WURLITZER FREE Band Catalog!

100 years of instrument making

Send your name and address and get our Big 250 page Band Catalog. Buy direct from the manufacturer. Rock bottom prices on all kinds of instruments—easy payments. Generous allowance for old instruments. Write today for Free Band Catalog.

Free Carrying Case with this Superb Triple Silver Plated Cyr Cornet, genuine leather. Write today.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio Dept. 1093 Chicago, Illinois

Some Day You'll Want a Home of Your Own

Most men cherish the hope that some day they will own their own home. They realize that in no better way can they assure the happiness and comfort of those that are dearest to them.

Buying a home requires money, however, and to most men that means more money than they are earning now.

You can put yourself in the home-buying class by learning more about the kind of work to which you are best adapted.

Let the International Correspondence Schools give *you* the training that means advancement, better salary and a home of your own.

Without loss of time from your present occupation and at small expense, they can show *you* how to succeed by training you for bigger responsibilities. All you need is the *determination to succeed.*

Mark the Coupon and mail TO-DAY

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1003 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X:

Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeping
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenography & Typewriting
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Architect	Show Card Writing
Building Contractor	Lettering & Sign Painting
Architectural Draftsman	Advertising
Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechan. Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Running
Civil Engineer	English Branches
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Stationary Engineer	Teacher — Spanish
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture — French
Gas Engines	Chemist — German

Name _____

Present Employer _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

RI

Creating a New Art

At the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the exhibit of the Bell System consisted of two telephones capable of talking from one part of the room to another.

Faint as the transmission of speech then was, it became at once the marvel of all the world, causing scientists, as well as laymen, to exclaim with wonder.

Starting with only these feeble instruments, the Bell Company, by persistent study, incessant experimentation and the expenditure of immense sums of money, has created a new art, inventing, developing and perfecting; making improvements great and small in telephones, transmitter, lines, cables, switchboards and every other piece of apparatus and plant required for the transmission of speech.

As the culmination of all this, the Bell exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition marks the completion of a Trans-continental Telephone line three thousand four hundred miles long, joining the Atlantic and the Pacific and carrying the human voice instantly and distinctly between New York and San Francisco.

This telephone line is part of the Bell System of twenty-one million miles of wire connecting nine million telephone stations located everywhere throughout the United States.

Composing this System, are the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and Associated Companies, and connecting companies, giving to one hundred million people Universal Service unparalleled among the nations of the earth.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

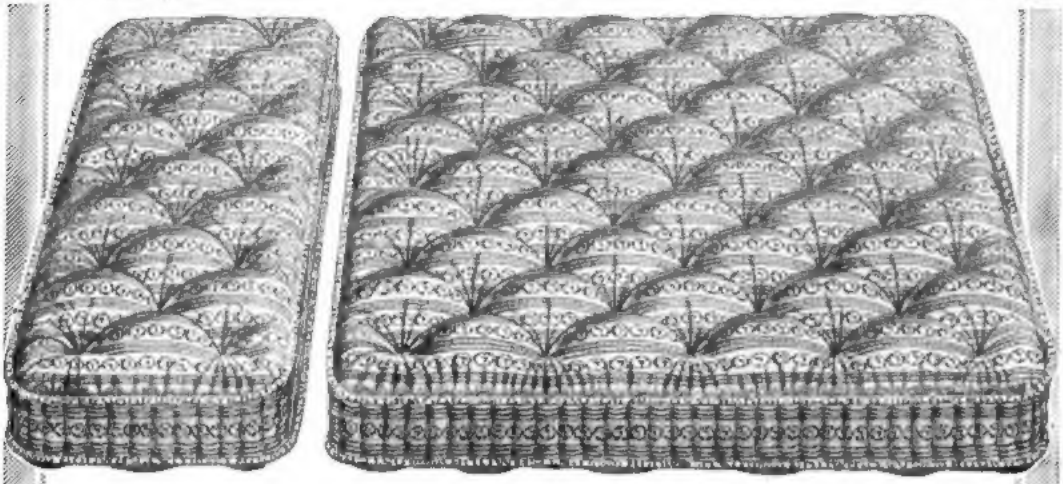
One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

RJ

Nation-wide Special Sale

Ostermoor

$23.50 Regular Hotel Style Mattress **$16.50** Spec'l



4 feet 6 inches wide by 6 feet 3 inches long — weighing 50 pounds.

A Mattress Bargain for You!

Built (not stuffed) layer-wise, in the Ostermoor way, and much better even than the regular Ostermoor.

They contain 5 pounds more, hand-laid, sheeted filling than regular, and are much thicker, plumper, softer and even more luxuriously comfortable.

Coverings are the finest, most durable and most expensive Tickings made, both Dust-Proof Satin Finish and French Mercerized Art Twill.

Finished with boxed borders, bound edges, round corners and close tuftings, their construction is both the daintiest and most substantial possible.

Regular Price, $23.50—Made in either One or Two parts—**Special Price, $16.50**

If your dealer has none in stock, we will deliver at your home by express, all charges prepaid, immediately upon receipt of check or money order.

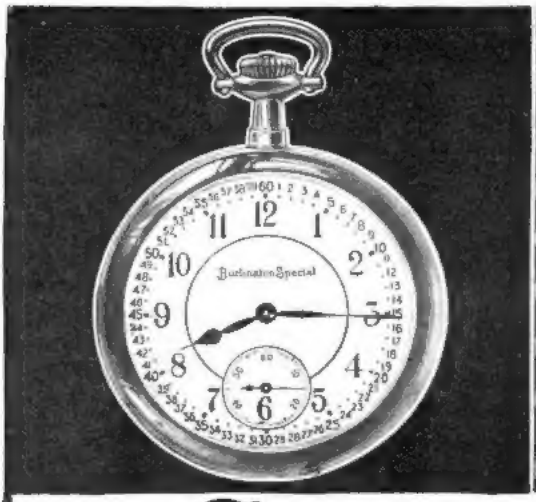
Act quickly, now, while the opportunity lasts. Even though you have no immediate use for a mattress now, we know you will never regret your purchase of so real a bargain. We are so sure of pleasing you, we sell it with our guarantee of "money back if not satisfied" during thirty days' trial.

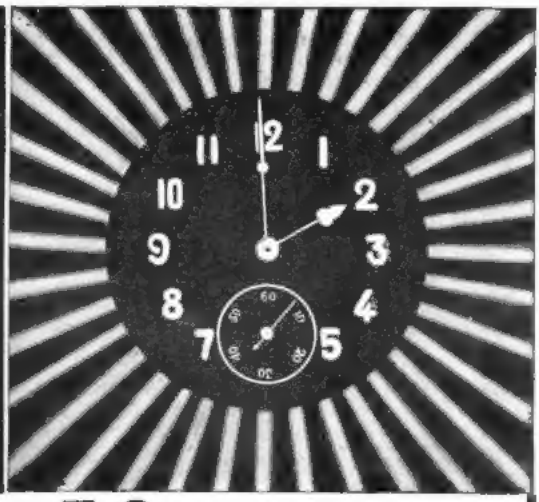
Mattresses are shipped carefully wrapped in leatheretie paper and burlap. They come to you directly from our work-room, absolutely untouched and unhandled. A postal brings you our illustrated 144-page Free Book descriptive of Mattresses, Springs, Cushions, Divans, etc., and Samples of Coverings. Write today.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 248 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

RK





Startling

New Ideas in Watches

Send for watch catalog describing, among others, the new radium dials that shine at night—*the remarkable discovery enabling you to read time plainly in pitch darkness!* The new catalog shows many other novel ideas in Burlington watches. The newest ribbon and enamel monogram designs—exquisite new ideas—your own initials in colors on a rich gold background. Send the coupon today.

On Approval: The new radium dial Burlington or any other Burlington, with your own monogram engraved on the superb gold strata case will be sent to you *on approval*, prepaid, without a cent in advance. You risk absolutely nothing—you pay nothing—not one cent, unless you want *this exceptional* offer after seeing and thoroughly inspecting the watch.

If —after examination—you decide to keep it, pay only the **direct** rock-bottom price—the same price that **even the wholesale** jeweler must pay. And in order to encourage everybody to secure this watch now we allow this rock-bottom price, either for cash or $2.50 a month. Remember—we send this watch on approval.

Send the Coupon for New Watch Book

Learn the inside facts about watch prices and the many superior points of the Burlington over double-priced products. Just send the coupon or a letter or a postal. Don't delay—write—get this great offer while it lasts.

Burlington Watch Co., 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1083, Chicago, Ill.

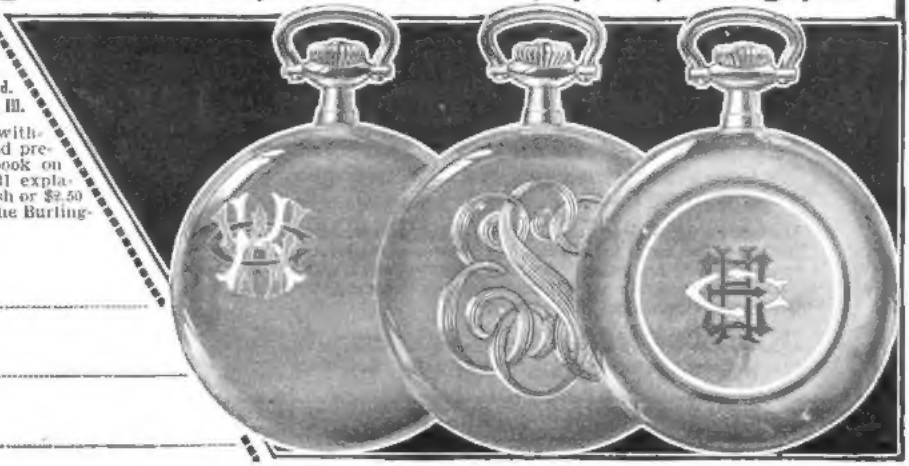
Burlington Watch Co.
19th St. & Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 1083 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches, with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watches.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



RL

Life without any troubles would be as po' sport as shootin' birds on the ground — Velvet Joe

A FROSTY, clear morning, with a gun on your shoulder and a pipe of **VELVET** between your teeth, makes you understand why hunting is the "sport of kings" and **VELVET** "a royal smoke."

The keen air in your face makes the general warmth and cheer of **VELVET**, Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, in your pipe—even more gratifying.

And then the aged-in-the-wood mellowness, which makes cool, slow-smoking **VELVET** the smoothest smoking tobacco, completes the circuit of content.

As pipe "ammunition" in field or forest, as a "reminiscence producer" in camp fire circles, **VELVET** is the smoke of smokes.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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10c Tins
5c Metal-Lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

1/2 Actual Size

FATIMA

THE TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTE

Men like Fatima—
like the good
tobacco—like
the blend—a
"distinctively
individual"
character that
pleases the
whole country!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

20 for 15¢

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